BAPTIST HYMNAL

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee; thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name.

Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of Saints.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

Let the people praise thee, O God: let all the people praise thee. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy.

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BAPTIST HYMNAL,

FOR USE IN THE

CHURCH AND HOME.

MUSICAL EDITOR:
W. HOWARD DOANE, Mus. Doc.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR:
E. H. JOHNSON, D.D.

PHILADELPHIA:
American Baptist Publication Society,
1420 Chestnut Street.

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PREFACE.

THE design of those concerned in the preparation of the BAPTIST HYMNAL, has been to furnish the churches a book which shall aid in the worship of God, and so make the service of His house more attractive and delightful. They have sought both in the selection of Hymns, and in the choice and adaptation of music, to secure to God's people the best possible expression of the praises, pleadings, and aspirations of their hearts.

By restricting the number of hymns to those which are believed to be all that are necessary, space has been found for a most liberal provision in music. A definite plan has controlled the selection, viz:

1. Wherever the book is opened, a familiar tune is provided, if possible, for every hymn before the eye, preferably a tune already wedded to the words. The book thus becomes at once and in every part available.

2. As advancing tastes desire richer effects in harmony, on the same or opposite page with most hymns is afforded the alternative of a less familiar tune of the highest musical worth. The melodies of these more elaborate compositions may be sung by the congregation in unison, harmony being supplied by choir or organ.

3. As it is impossible to supply certain hymns of irregular measure with a choice of tunes, they are attended simply by the music, old or new, to which their established or growing popularity is largely due.

4. In the few instances where for regular meters but one tune was found practicable, the choice has been given to a familiar one, except in a minimum of cases and for controlling reasons.

All sources have been laid under contribution for the music. The animated Sacred Songs of Lowry, Bliss, and others; Psalm-tunes hallowed by use for more than a generation; the familiar Church Psalmody of Mason, Bradbury, Kingsley, and Woodbury; the stately Ancient Chorals of Europe, and the free melodies and rich harmonies from the school of church music represented in England by Dykes and Barnby; on the Continent by Gounod and Hiller, and in America by Cutler and Cornell; all will be found here represented.

The especial features of the Hymnal are therefore:

1. A collection of hymns shown by experience to be useful. 2. A larger provision of popular melodies than is usual in books of this character. 3. A choice, subject to few exceptions, between tunes generally known and newer or more elaborate melodies.

With this brief preface the book is sent forth with the earnest prayer that it may prove a blessing to the churches and the world. To God be the glory of any success it may achieve.

W. H. DOANE, MUS. DOC.,
E. H. JOHNSON, D.D., } MUSICAL EDITORS.

A. J. ROWLAND, D.D.,
P. S. HENSON, D.D.,
REV. L. P. HORNBERGER, } HYMNAL COMMITTEE.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Two years ago the Publication Society resolved to publish another Hymn Book, and appointed a Committee, consisting of A. J. Rowland, D.D., P. S. Henson, D. D., and Rev. L. P. Hornberger, to attend to its compilation. Under instructions from the Board, this Committee, in connection with the Secretary of the Society, B. Griffith, D. D., invited H. M. King, D. D., of Boston, Mass., H. H. Tucker, D. D., of Atlanta, Ga., J. A. Smith, D. D., of Chicago, Ill., E. G. Taylor, D. D., of Providence, R. I., Rev. H. M. Richardson, of Maryville, Mo., Samuel Graves, D. D., of Grand Rapids, Mich., T. T. Eaton, D. D., of Petersburgh, Va., Basil Manly, D. D., of Louisville, Ky., E. T. Winkler, D.D., of Marion, Ala., Rev. T. S. Griffith, of Holmdel, N. J., Daniel Read, D. D., of Bloomington, Ill., T. H. Pritchard, D. D., of Wake Forest, N. C., and Wayland Hoyt, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., to become a Consulting Committee, and to furnish lists of Hymns necessary in their judgment for purposes of worship. The Hymns thus sent were carefully considered by the Committee, and wherever five or more of those sending them concurred, were adopted for publication. The hymns were then placed in the hands of W. H. Doane, Mus. Doc., and E. H. Johnson, D. D., Musical Editors, who, during the process of the work, were in frequent consultation with A. J. Rowland, D.D., Chairman of the Society's Committee. On the completion of their labors, a Proof of the entire book was taken and sent to the Consulting Committee and others, for criticisms and suggestions.

It will thus be seen that the BAPTIST HYMNAL is the result of long and painstaking toil, and that it embodies the choices and tastes of a large number of our well-known workers. The Publication Society trusts that the book will prove acceptable to the churches in all parts of the country, and a real addition to the Service of Praise. Its officers and managers desire to express their gratitude to the members of the Consulting Committee, to the Hymnal Committee of the Board, to E. H. Johnson, D. D., for very important and uncompensated labor, and especially to Dr. W. H. Doane for his invaluable and gratuitous service as Musical Editor-in-Chief.

Acknowledgments are also due, and are hereby made, to Messrs. Biglow & Main, Mr. George Kingsley, Dr. Robert Lowry, Dr. J. Ireland Tucker, W. W. Huntington, Esq., Messrs. E. & J. B. Young, T. E. Perkins, and others, for permission to use valuable copyright music.

B. GRIFFITH, SECRETARY.

CERTIFICATE.

The Undersigned, having been requested by the Officers of the AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY to examine the Proof sheets of the "Baptist Hymnal," for the compilation of which most of us sent lists of Hymns, and to suggest such emendations as might be thought by us expedient to make the Book more acceptable and useful, hereby certify that we have carefully performed the duties assigned us, and unite in heartily commending the Hymnal to the Churches. The list of hymns comprises all that are really needful for public worship; the adaptation of tunes and hymns by the Musical Editors is all that could be wished; and the provision of so much variety, especially in the music, fits the book to the varied culture and tastes of all grades of worshipers.

We earnestly hope that this new and most excellent aid to worship will have the widest possible circulation and use.

William R. Williams

Jesse B. Thomas

John A. Broadus

Wayland Hoyt

H. Harman Miller

Basil Manly.—

J. A. Smith.

C. B. Crane

T. H. Pritchard

Henry W. King

S. Graves.

Edward G. Taylor.

D. Read

H. M. Richardson

T. T. Eaton.

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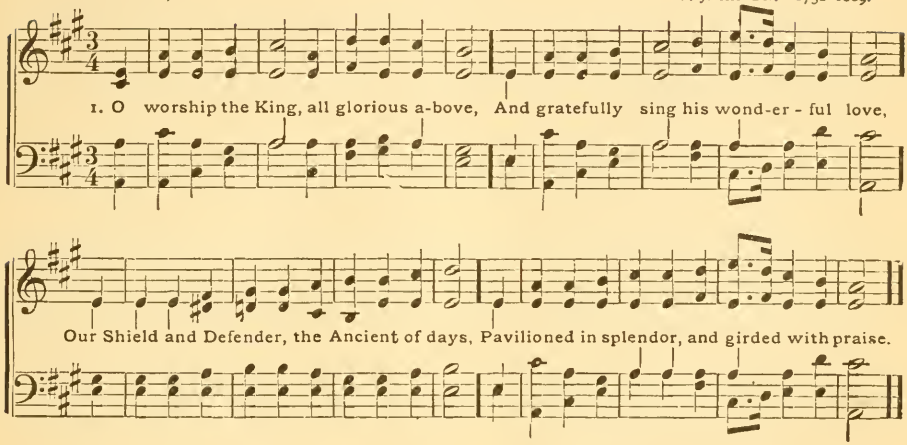
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BAPTIST HYMNAL.

WORSHIP.

LYONS. 10s, 11s. F. J. HAYDN. 1732–1809.



1

SIR ROBERT GRANT. 1830.

1 O worship the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

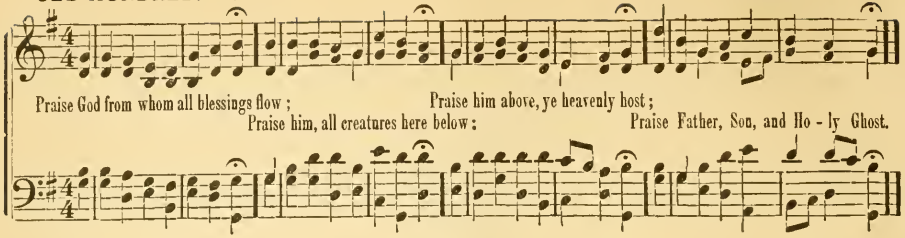
2

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. LOUIS BOURGEOIS. 1541—.



3 ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King,
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

4 TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

1 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 't is bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I 'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

5 ISAAC WATTS. 1719. Alt. by J. WESLEY. 1741.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

6 ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

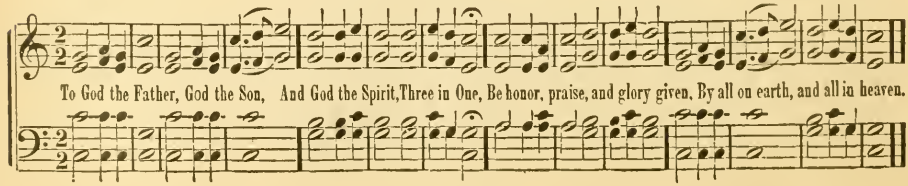
1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

DOXOLOGY.

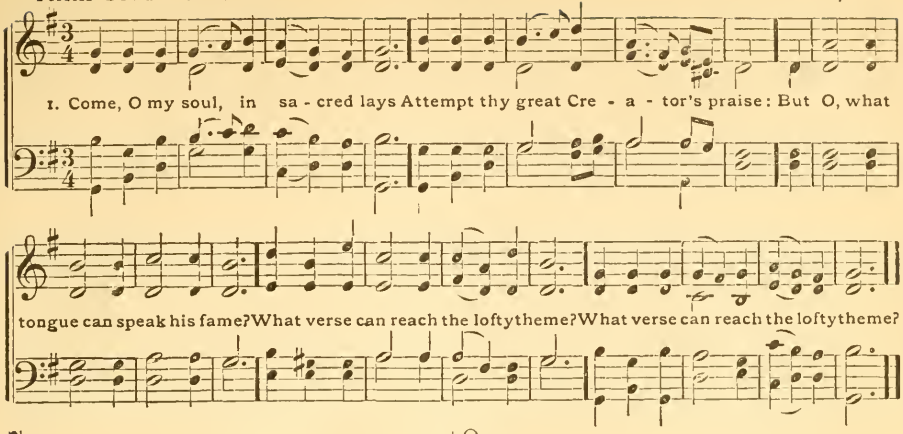
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA. 1788.



7

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. 1754.

1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

8

NAHUM TATE. 1696.

1 With one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:
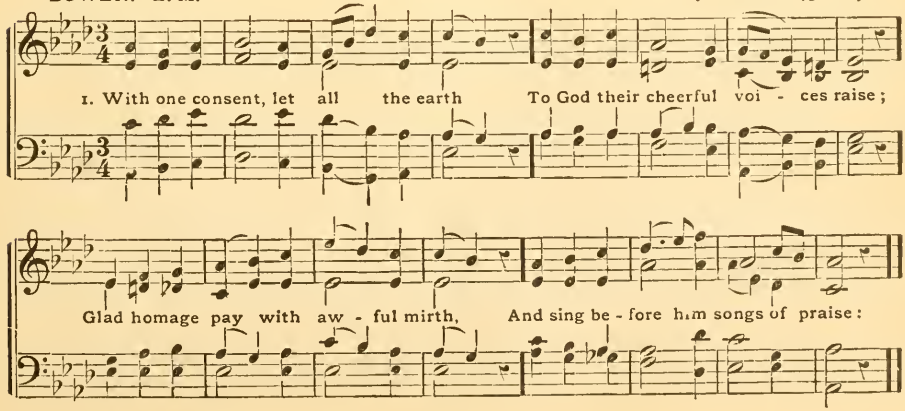
2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

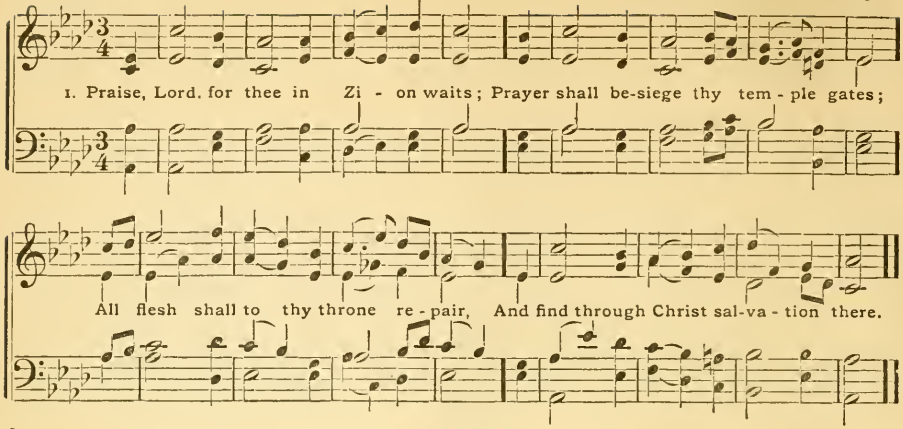
4 For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

BOWEN. L. M.

F. J. HAYDN. 1732-1809.



SEASONS. L. M. IGNACE PLEYEL. 1757–1831.



9 HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1834.

1 Praise, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find through Christ salvation there.

2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee.

3 The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.

4 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

10 ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

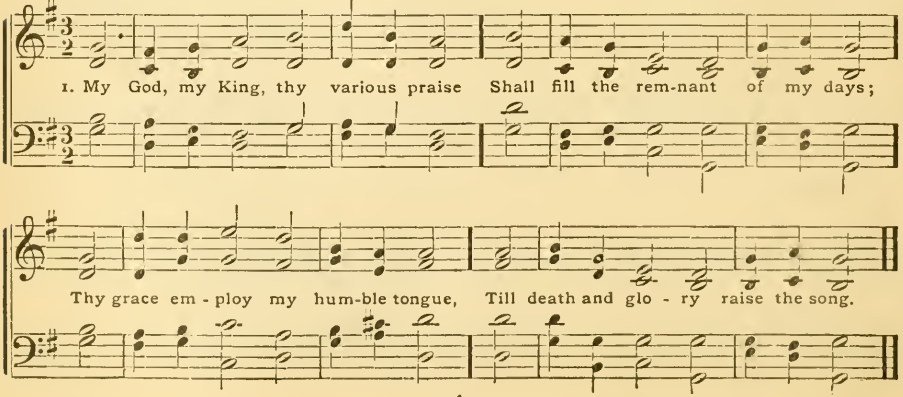
1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.
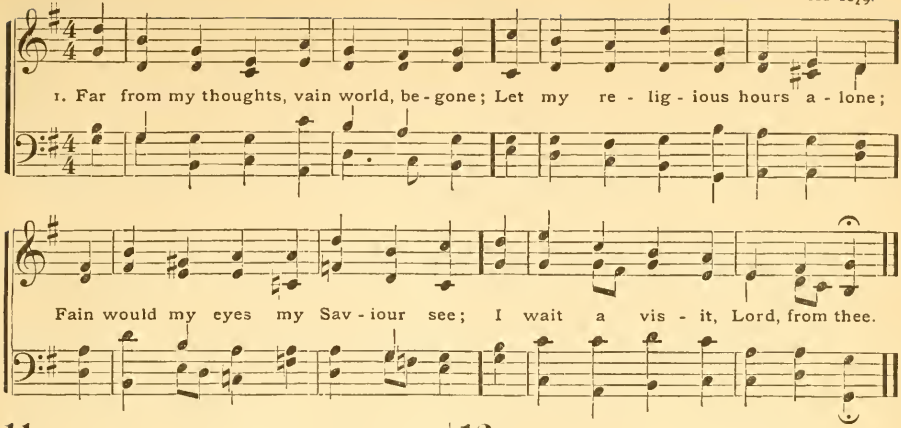
4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



HAMPTON. L. M.

HENRY SMART. 1812–1879.



11

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

12

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
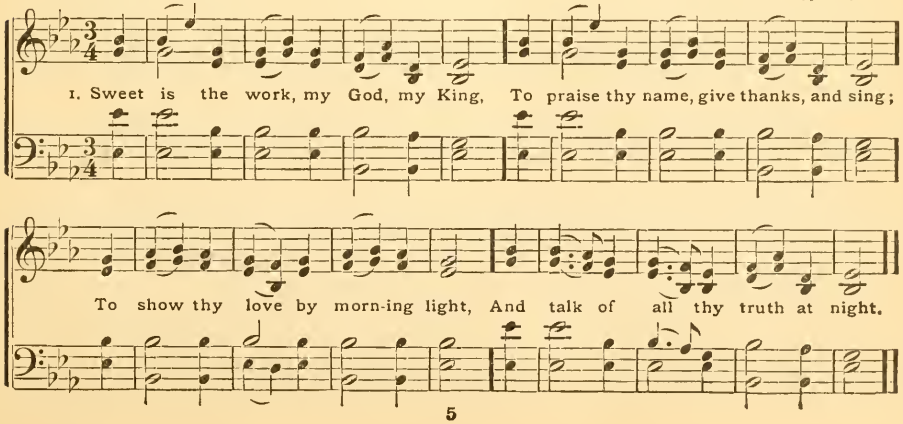
2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

3 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

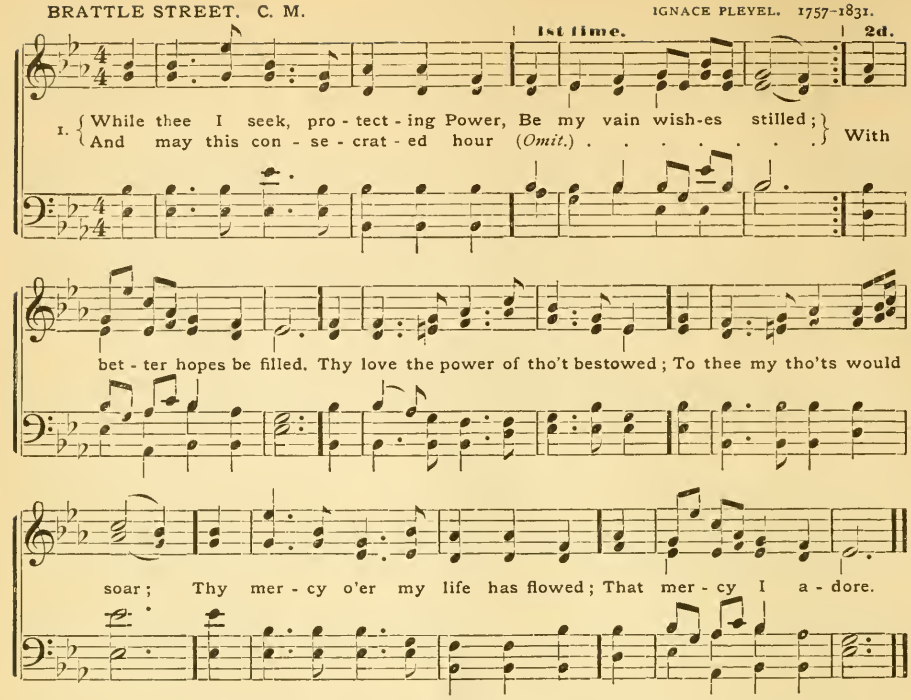
4 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

P. A. D. BOST. 1790–1874.



BRATTLE STREET. C. M. IGNACE PLEYEL. 1757–1831.



13

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. 1786.

1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

14
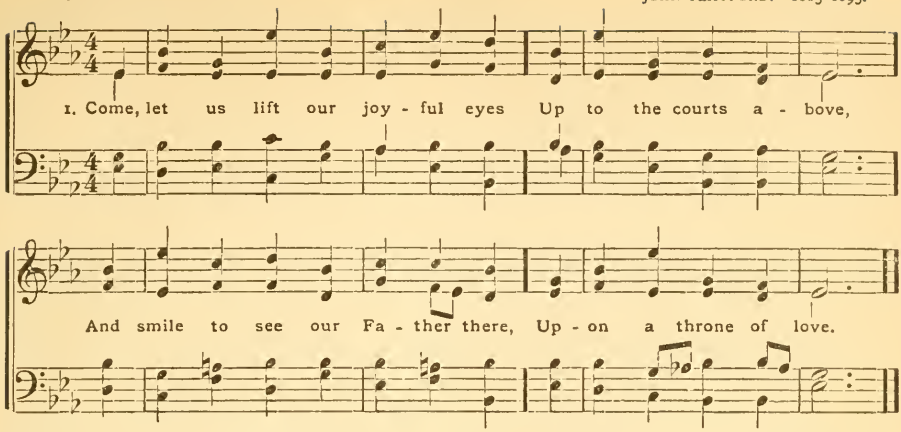
OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM. 1794.

1 Father of mercies! God of Love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
Thou boundless Source of every good,
My best desires fulfill;
O help me to adore thy grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may my soul
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange my heart from thee.
In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

3 Through every period of my life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
Then I may close my eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life, and labor rest,
If thou art with me there.

LONDON NEW. C. M. JOHN PLAYFORD. 1613–1693.



15

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

16

J. NEEDHAM. 1768.
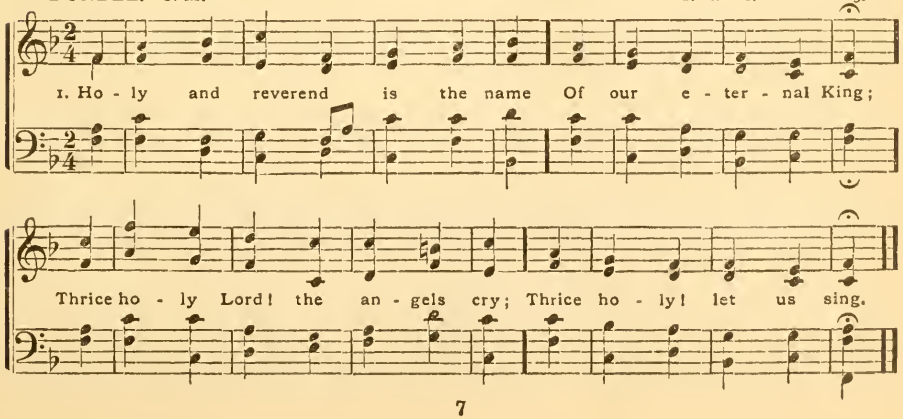
1 Holy and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.
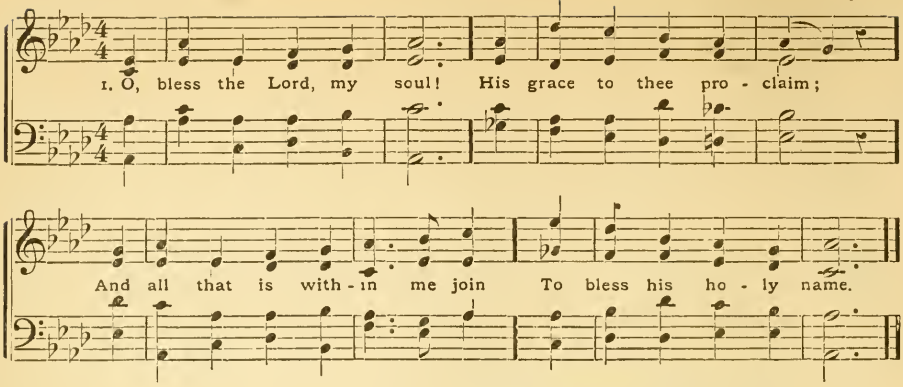
3 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free:
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

DUNDEE. C. M. G. FRANC. Pub'd 1615.



HESPERUS. S. M. R. SCHUMANN. 1810–1856.



17

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

1 O, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait:
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days,
O, bless the Lord, my soul!

18
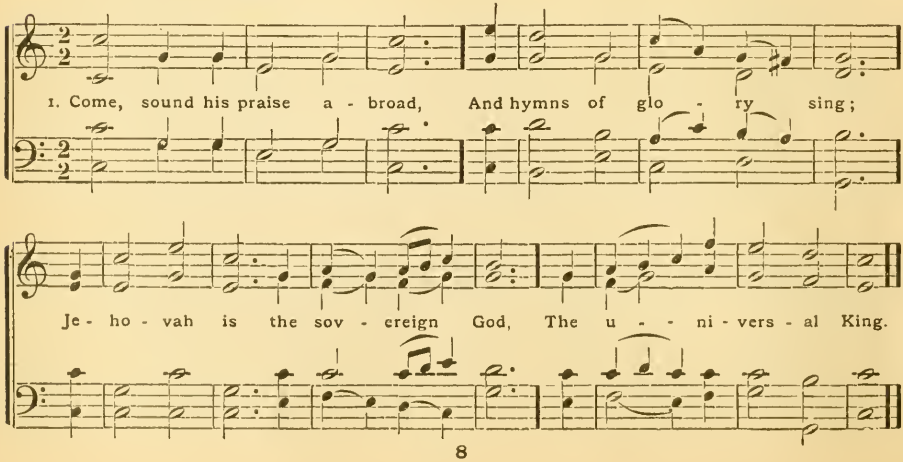
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

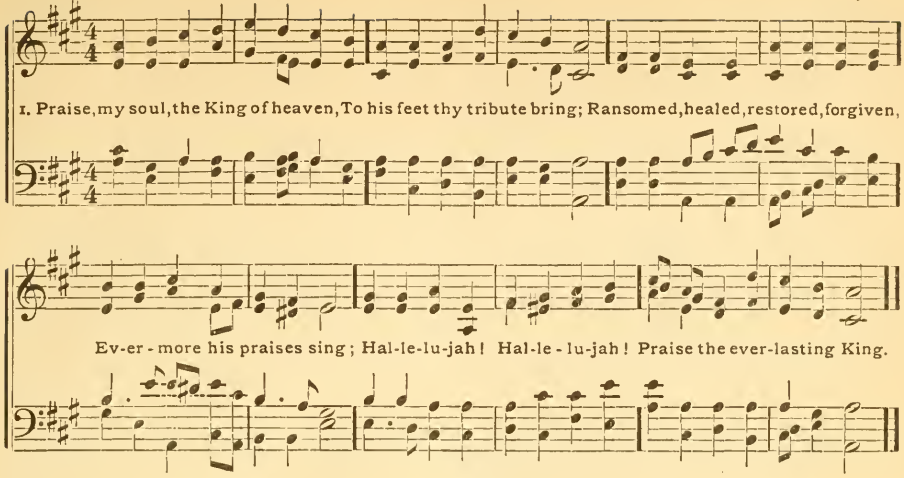
2 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own:
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

SILVER STREET. S. M. I. SMITH. 1770–1800.



BENEDICTION. 8s, 7s, 4s. F. J. HAYDN. 1732-1809.



19

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1834.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing;
Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Hallelujah!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Hallelujah!
Praise Jehovah, God of grace.

20
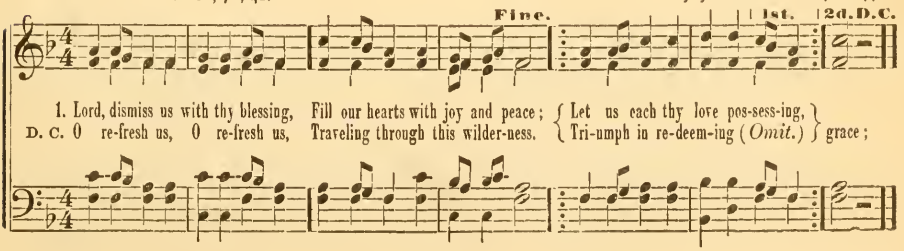
ROBERT HAWKER. 1774.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

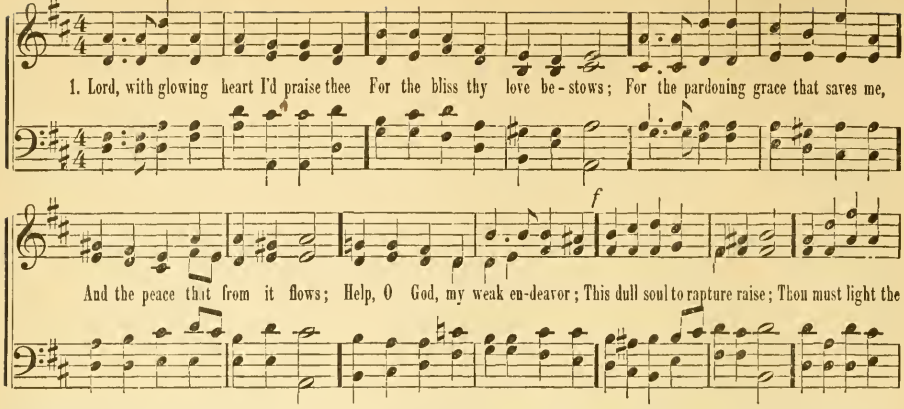
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,—
Glad the summons to obey,—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, 4s. J. J. ROUSSEAU. 1712-1778.



JUDSON. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. from A. S. SULLIVAN. 1842—.



21

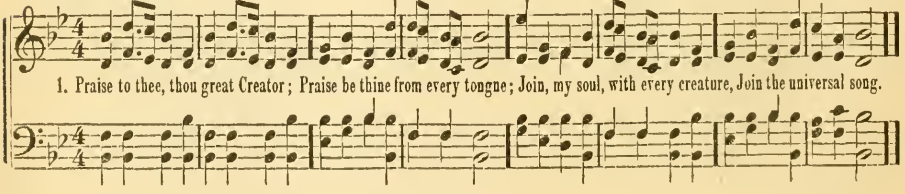
FRANCIS S. KEY. 1779–1843.

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s, or 7s. C. M. VON WEBER. 1786–1826.



22

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

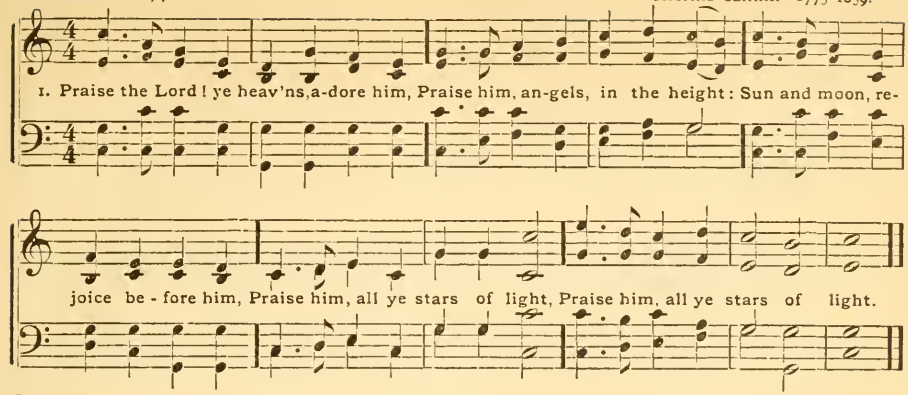
2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him.
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

ESSEX. 8s, 7s.

THOMAS CLARK. 1775–1859.



23

J. KEMPTHORNE. 1775–1838.

1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels, in the height:
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

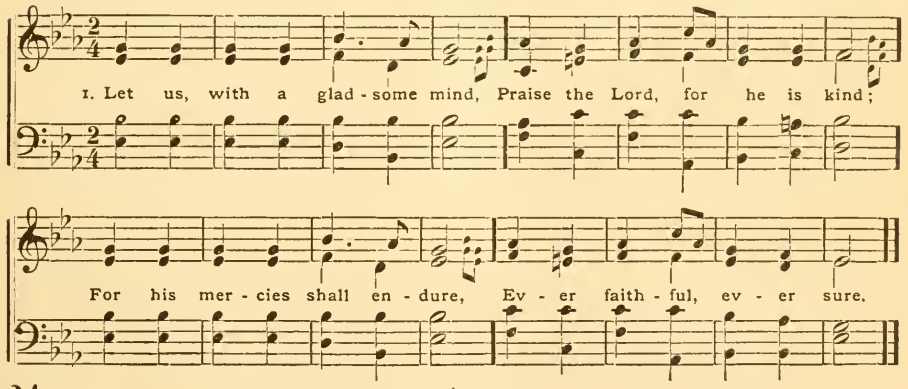
2 Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name!

AMADEUS. 7s.

Arr. from MOZART. 1756–1799.



24

JOHN MILTON. 1623.

1 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

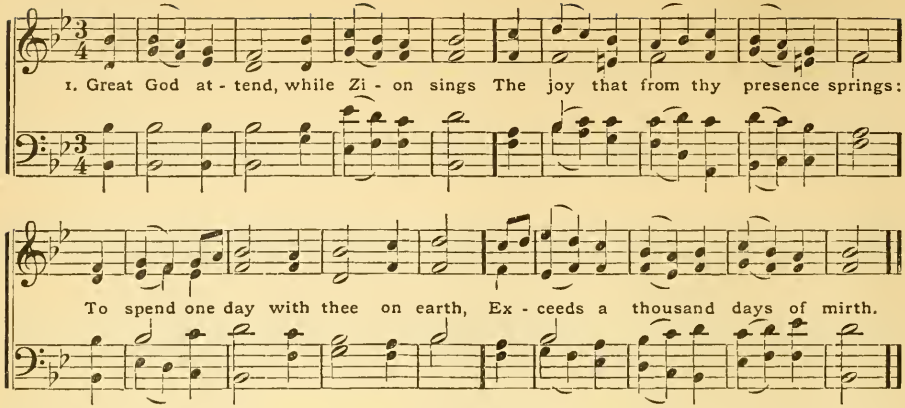
2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP. 1698–1768.



25

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Great God attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun,—he makes our day;
God is our shield,—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4. All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore!

26

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

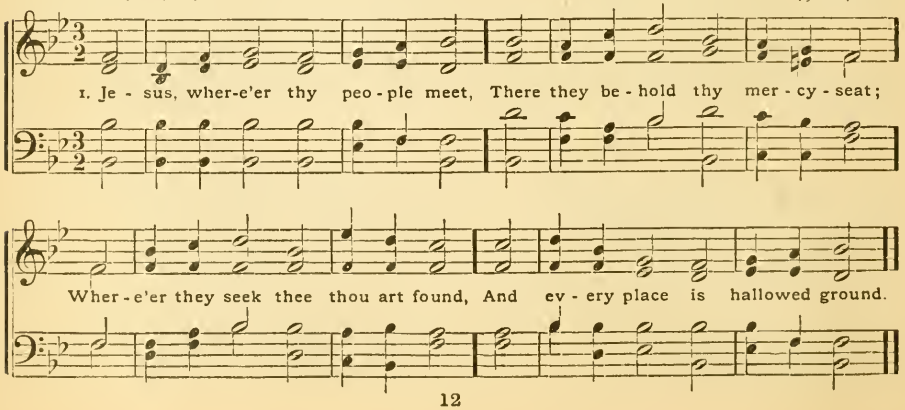
1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
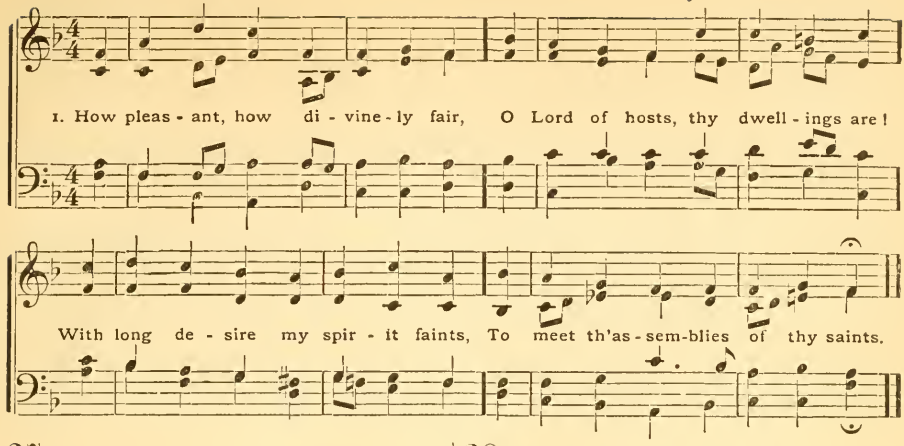
HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



LITLINGTON TOWER. L. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY. 1862.



27

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

4 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

28

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD. 1773.

1 When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign name abroad?

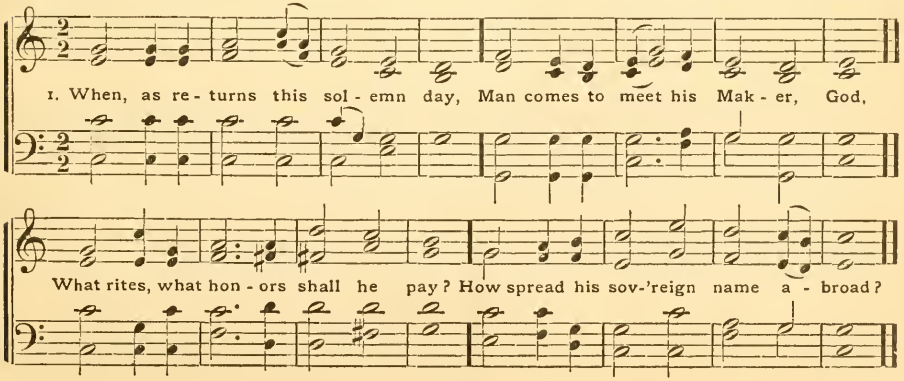
2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems and gold and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

4 O, grant us, in this solemn hour,
From earth and sin's allurements free,
To feel thy love, to own thy power,
And raise each raptured thought to thee.

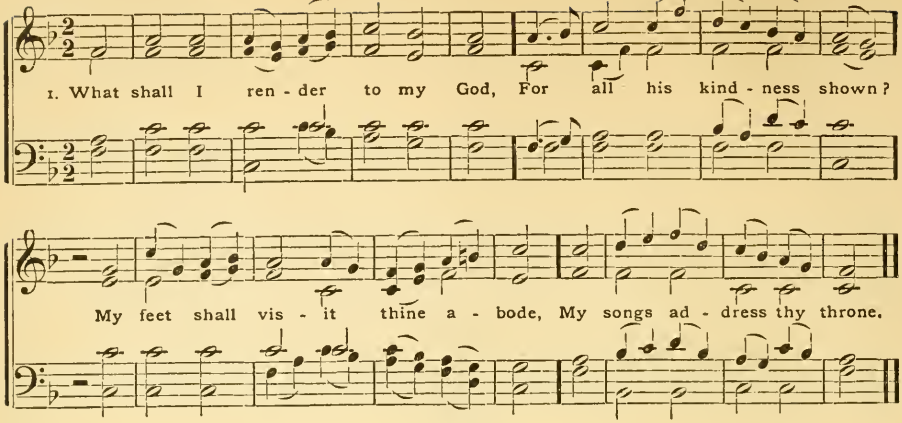
ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



CLARENDON. C. M.

I. TUCKER. 1761–1825.



29

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 What shall I render to my God,
For all his mercies shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God?
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

30

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"
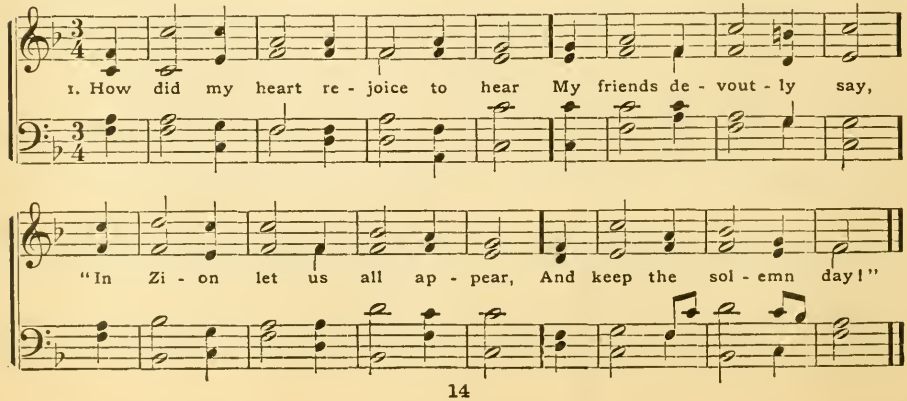
2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blessed.

4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

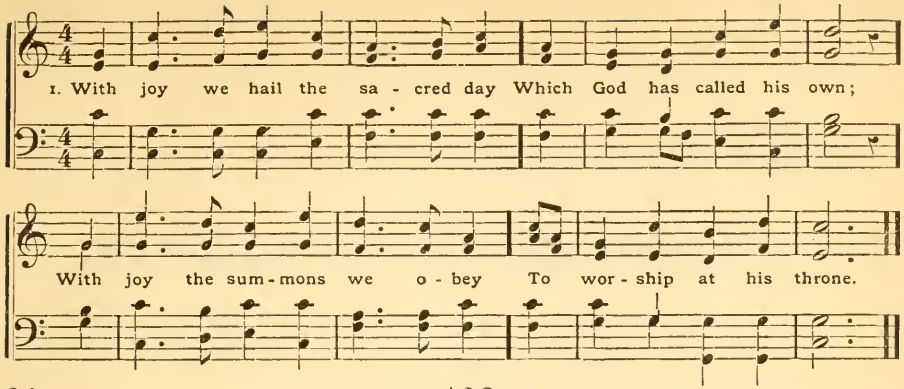
MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAMS. 1762.



BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



31

HARRIET AUBER. 1829.

1 With joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

3 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

4 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

32

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

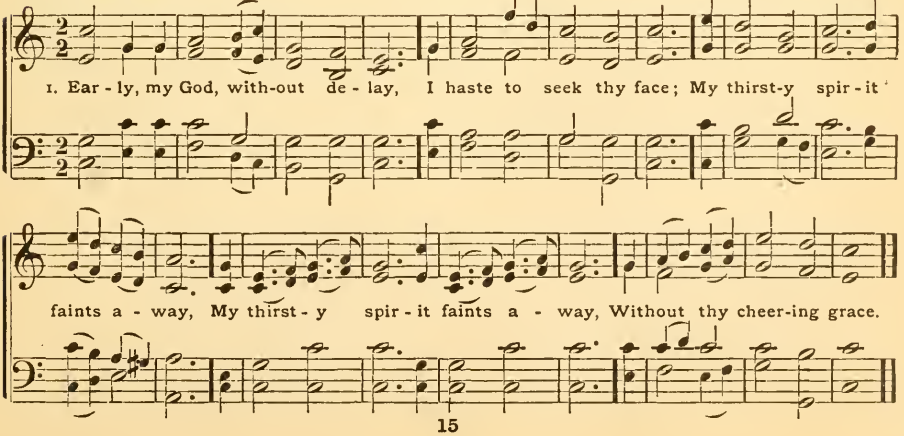
2 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

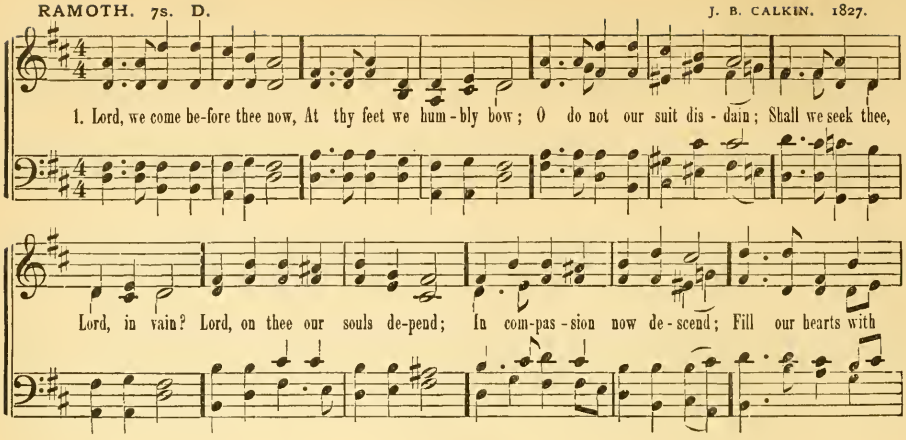
4 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

LANESBORO'. C. M.

W. DIXON. 1805.



RAMOTH. 7s. D. J. B. CALKIN. 1827.



33

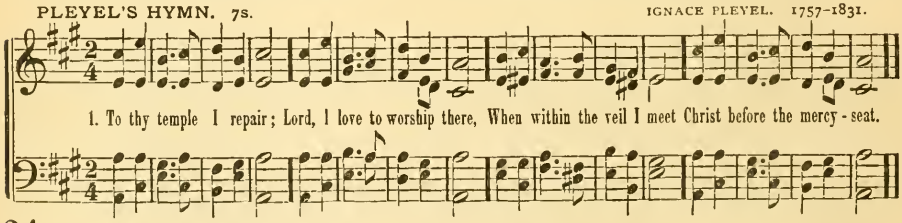
WILLIAM HAMMOND. 1745

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

2 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.
Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.
Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. IGNACE PLEYEL. 1757–1831.



34

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

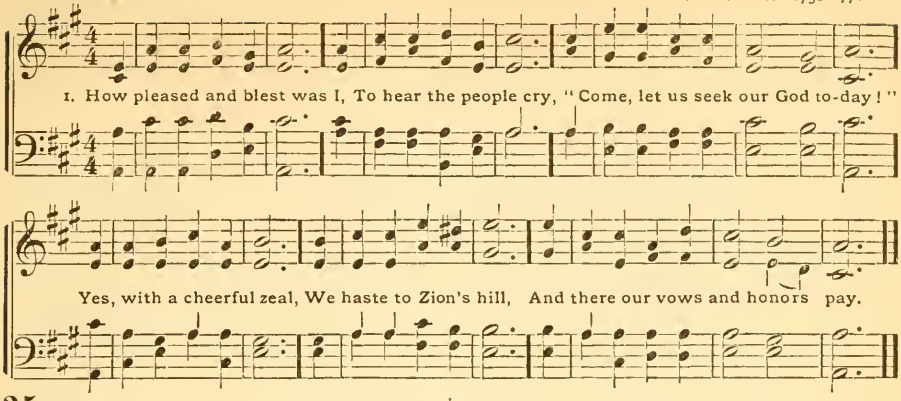
1 To thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

DALSTON. S. P. M. A. WILLIAMS. 1731–1776



35

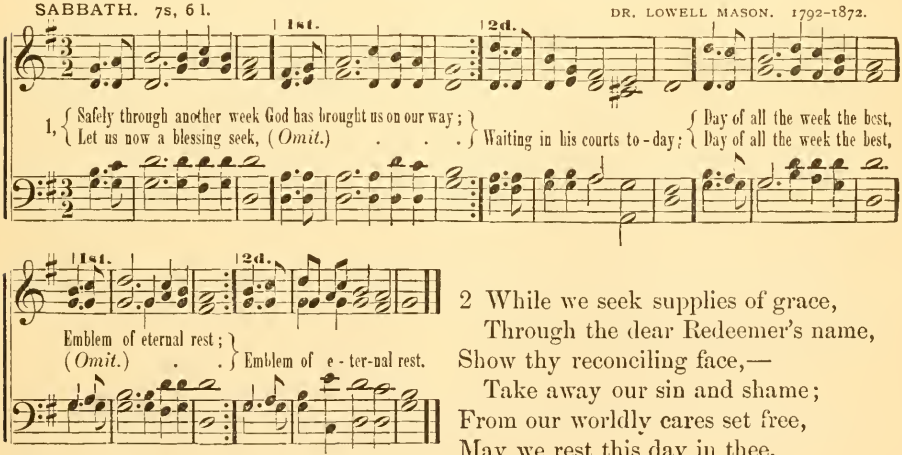
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

SABBATH. 7s, 6 l. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.
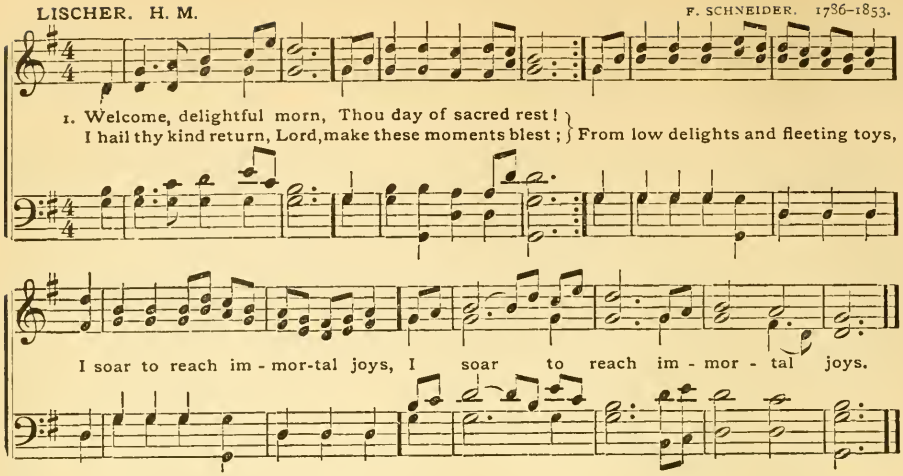


36

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.



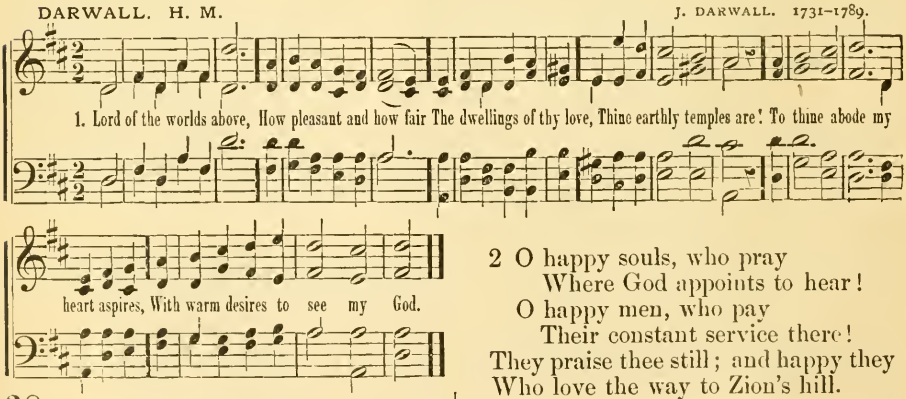
37

THOMAS HAYWARD. 1806.

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest;
From low delights and fleeting toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.



38

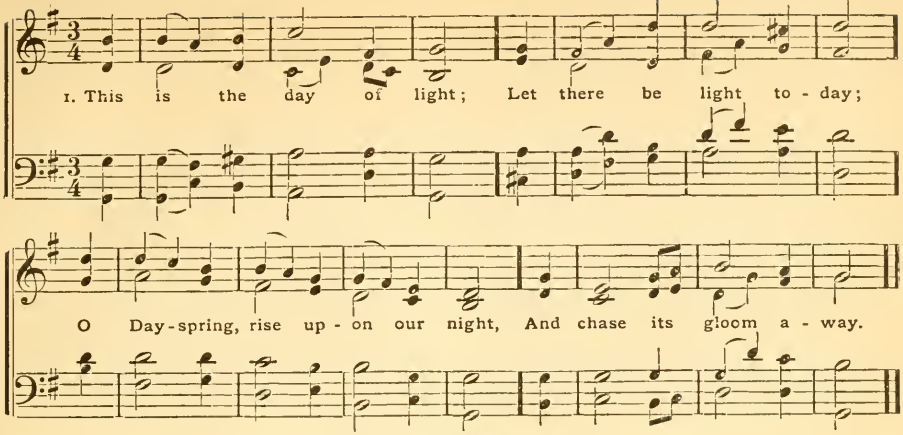
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

DAYSPRING. S. M. C. BRYAN.



39 JOHN ELLERTON. 1867.

1 This is the day of light;
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest;
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace;
With peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer;
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

40 SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

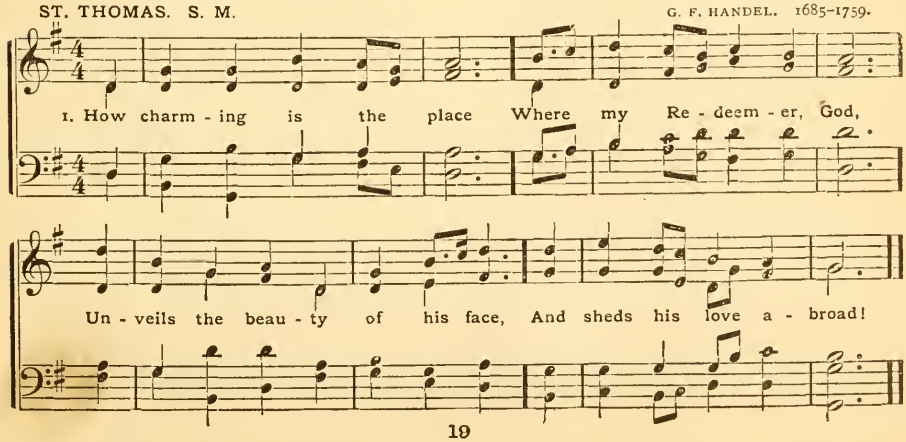
1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

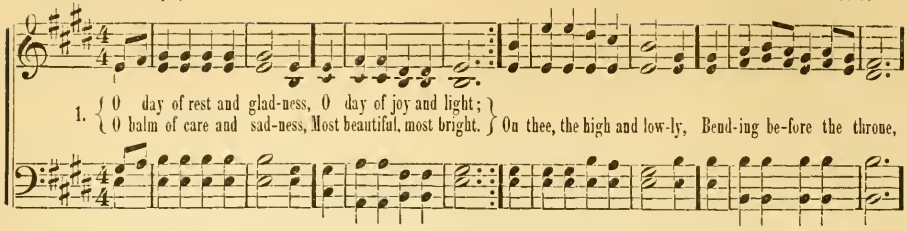
3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. G. F. HANDEL. 1685–1759.



CRUCIFIX. 7s, 6s. GREEK MELODY.



41

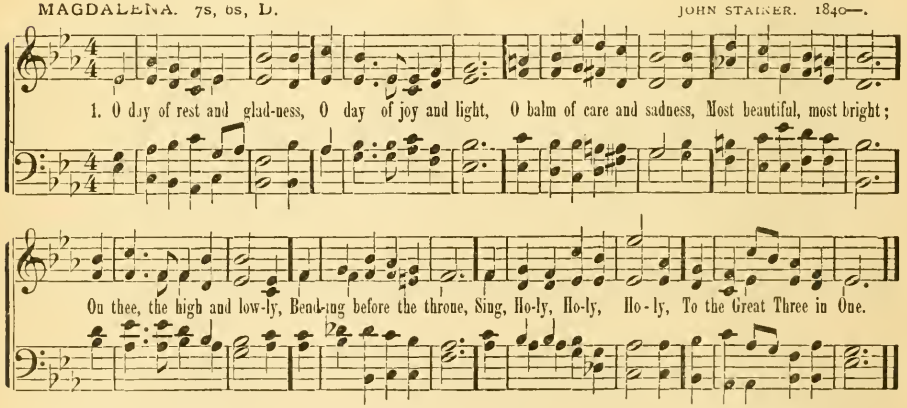
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. 1865.

1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

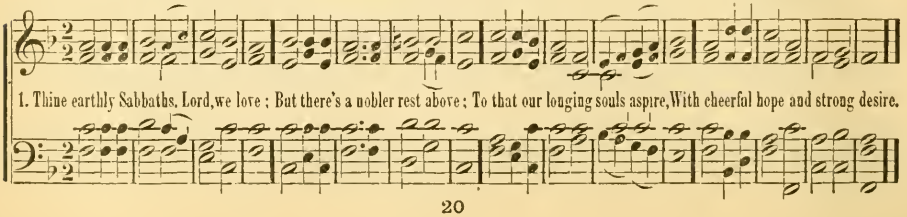
2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven:
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 To-day, on weary nations,
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

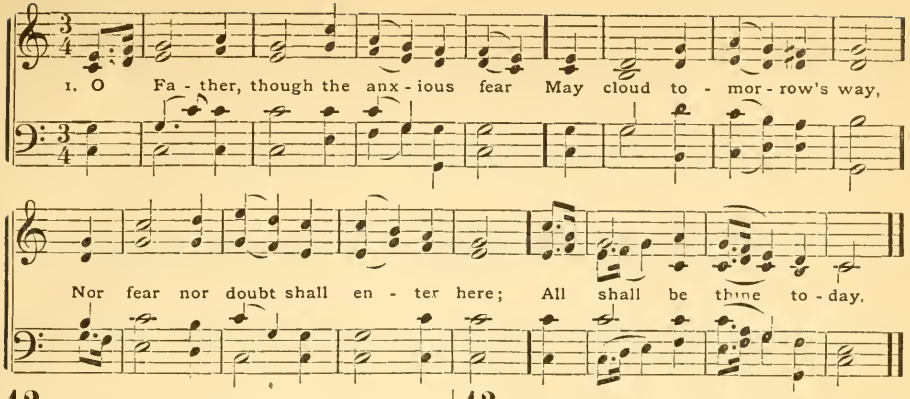
MAGDALENA. 7s, 6s, D. JOHN STAINER. 1840—.



FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER. 1800—.



HOWARD. C. M. MRS. E. H. CUTHBERT. 1857.



42 ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD. 1825.

1 O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not desecrate, this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

43 ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

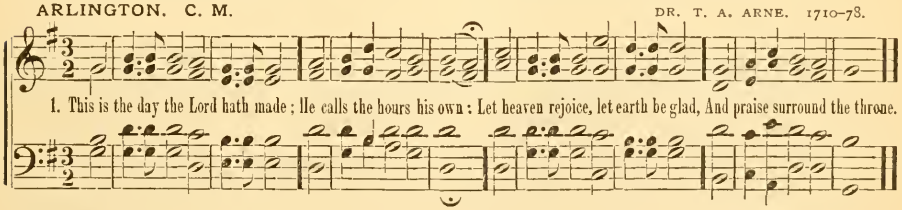
1 This is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna, to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

ARLINGTON. C. M. DR. T. A. ARNE. 1710–78.



44 L. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1737.

1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

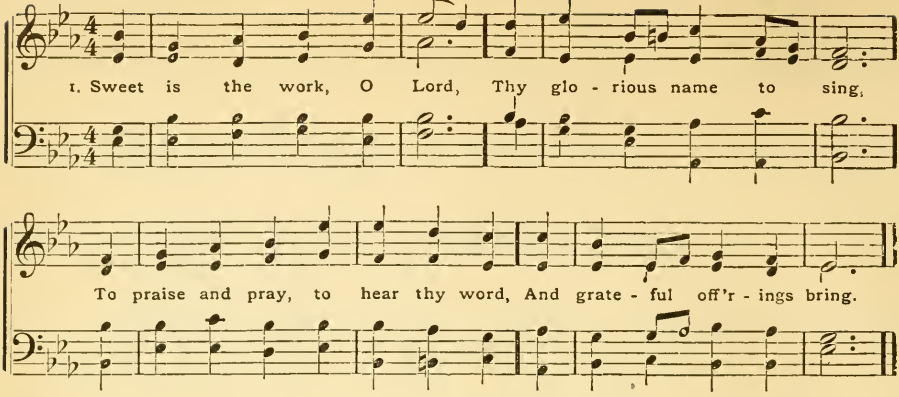
2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares, to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

CAREW. S. M.

D. STEIBELT. 1755–1823.



45

HARRIET AUBER. 1829.

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

46

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

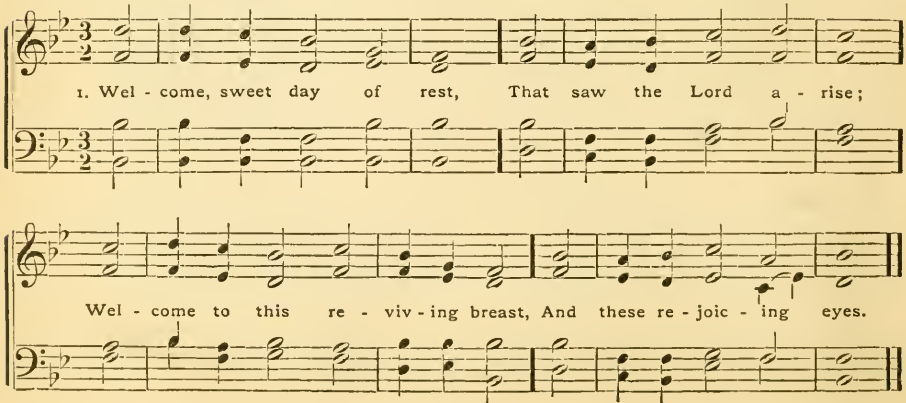
2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

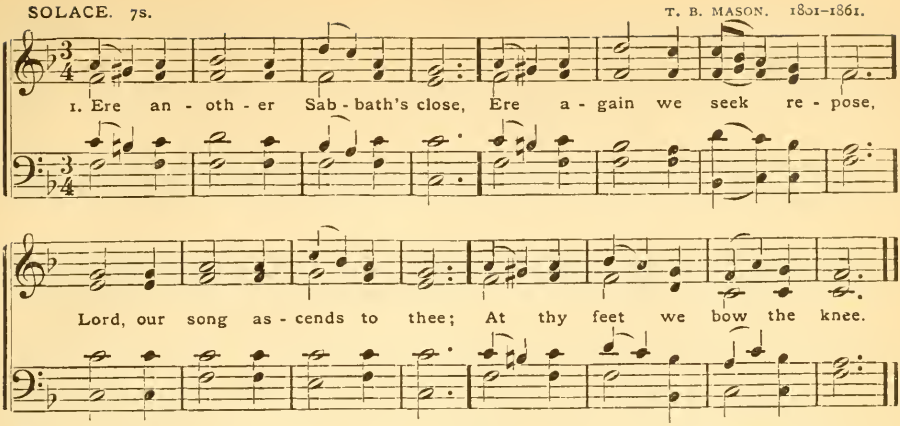
4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



SOLACE. 7s. T. B. MASON. 1801–1861.



47

7s. ANON. 1833.

1 Ere another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee;
At thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

3 Cold our services have been;
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

48

C. M. JAMES EDMESTON. 1820.
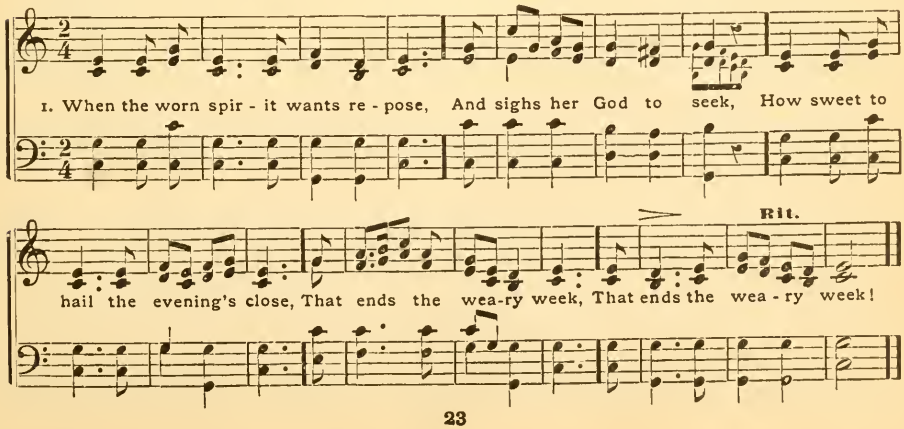
1 When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

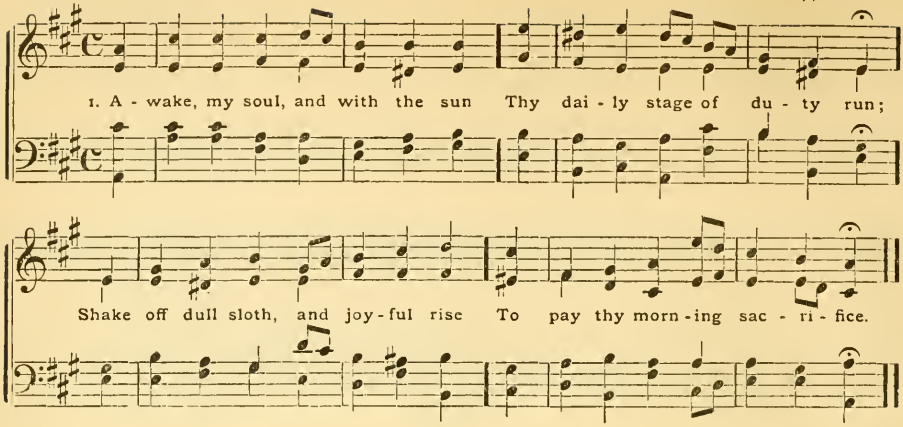
3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
The Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more.

EDMESTON. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY. 1819-1858.



MORNING HYMN. L. M. F. H. BARTHOLOMEW. 1741–1808.



49

THOMAS KEN. 1697.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 Glory to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

50
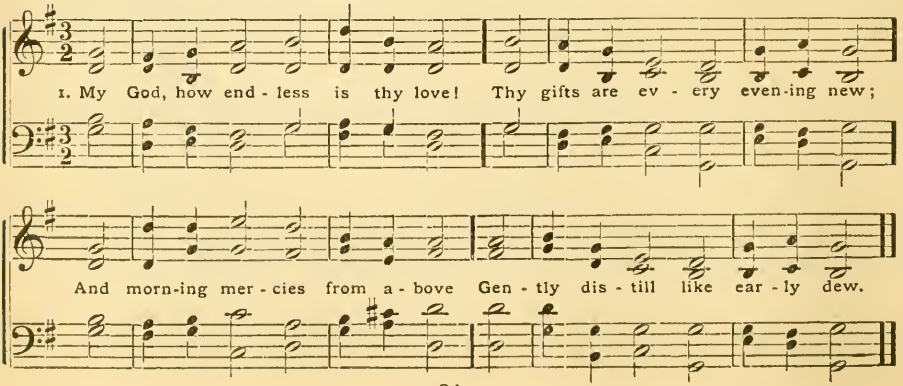
ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

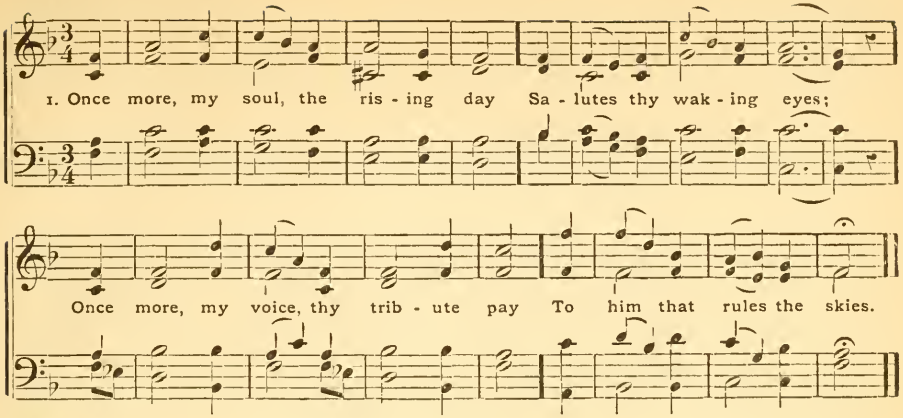
3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



SALZBURGH. C. M.

M. HAYDN 1737-1806.



51

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

52

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

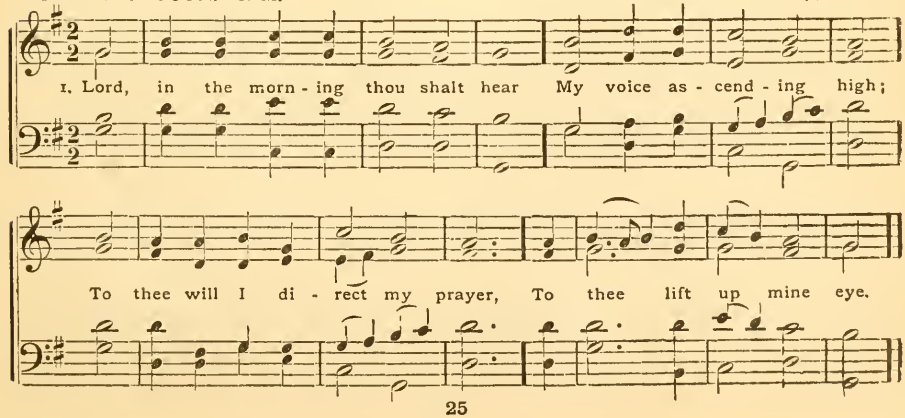
2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

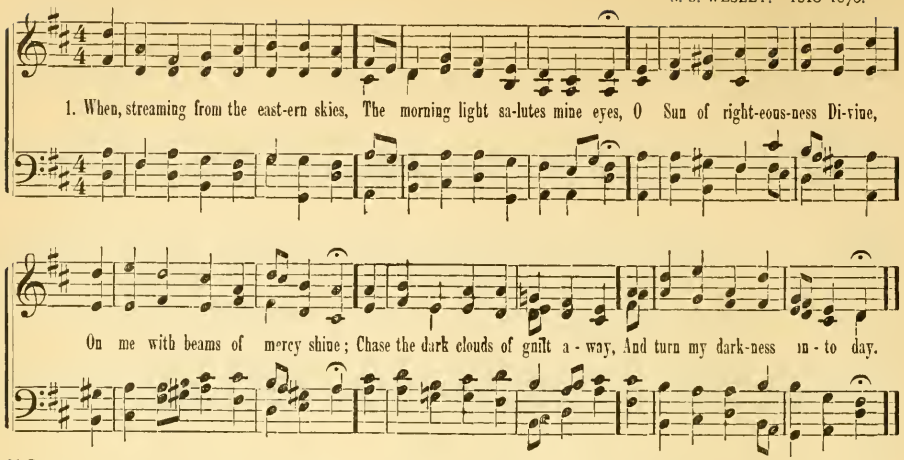
PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

R. HARRISON. 1748-1810.



PLUMPTRE. L. M. 61.

S. S. WESLEY. 1810–1876.



53

W. SHRUBSOLE JR. 1813.

1 When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness Divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

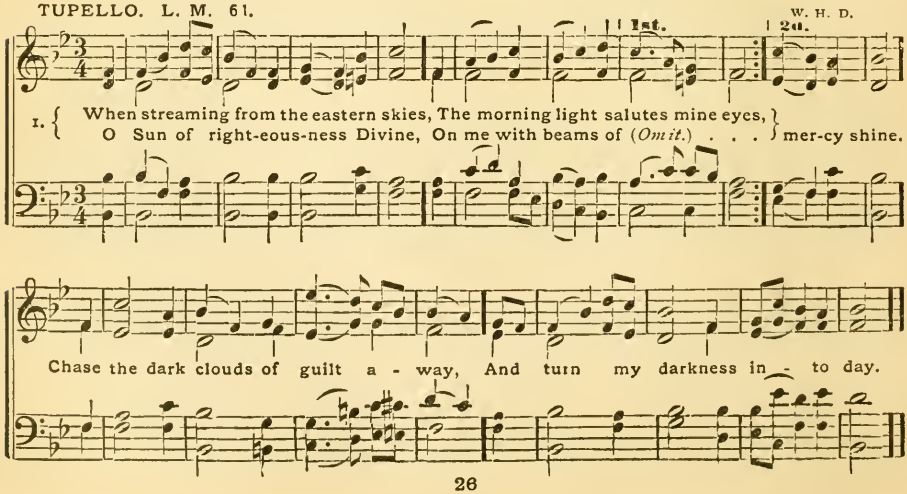
2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!

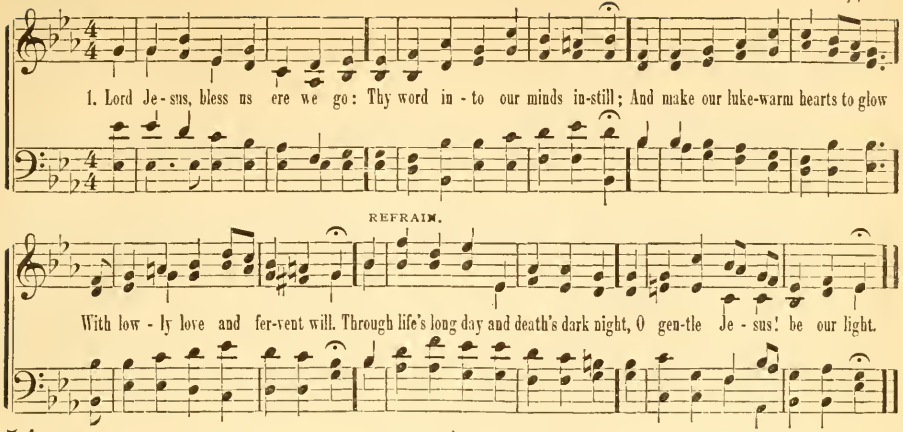
4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

TUPELLO. L. M. 61.

W. H. D.



VALETE. L. M. 61. A. S. SULLIVAN. 1874.



54

FREDERICK W. FABER. 1849.

1 Lord Jesus, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

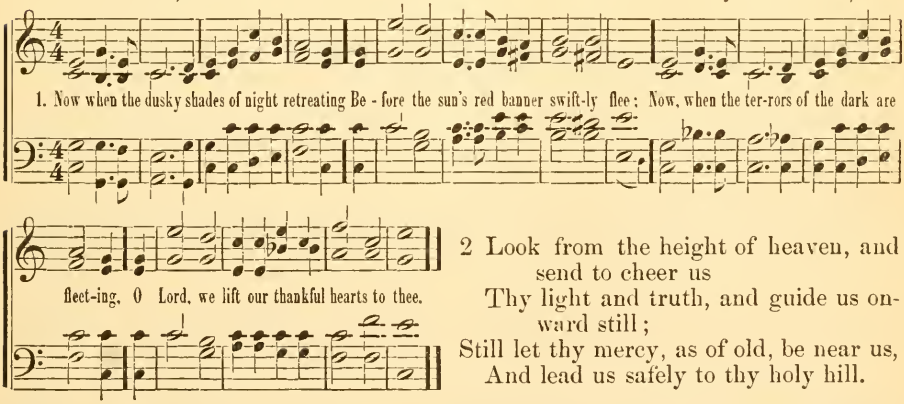
REF.—Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

2 The day is done, its hours have run;
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.

STAINER. 11s, 10s. J. STAINER. 1872.



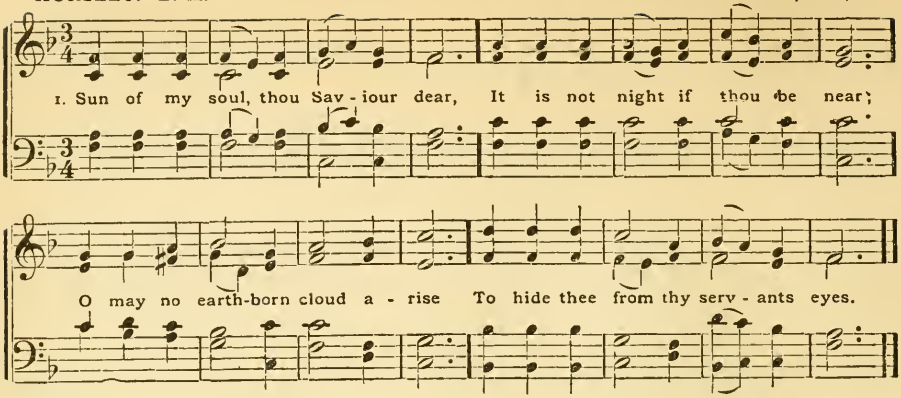
55

1 Now, when the dusky shades of night
retreating
Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are
fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee.

2 Look from the height of heaven, and
send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy holy hill.

3 So, when that morn of endless light is
waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale
forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to
dwell with thee.

HURSLEY. L. M. P. RITTER. 1760–1846.



56

JOHN KEBLE. 1827.

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

57

THOMAS KEN. 1697.

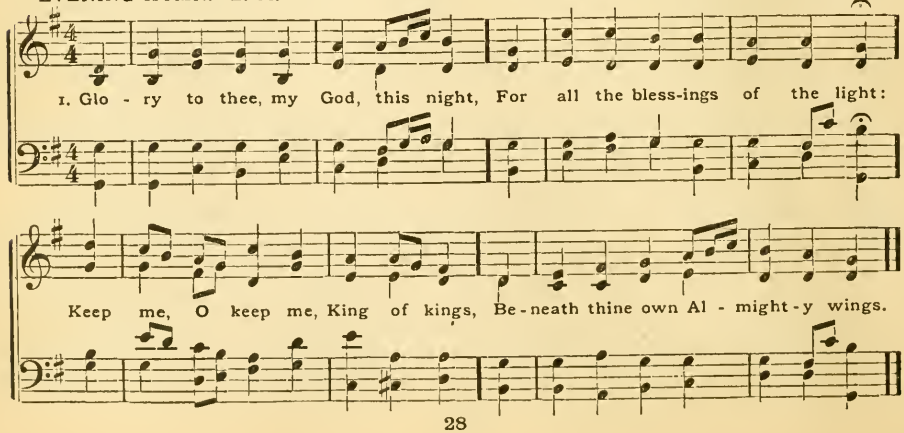
1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

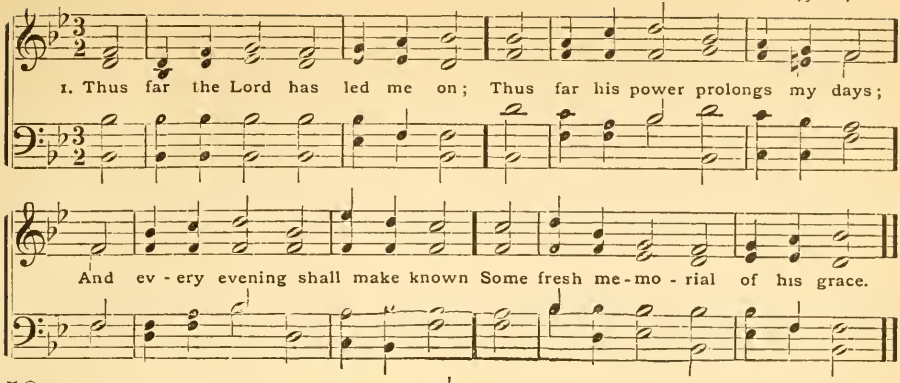
4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

EVENING HYMN. L. M. THOS. TALLIS. 1529–1585.



HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



58

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

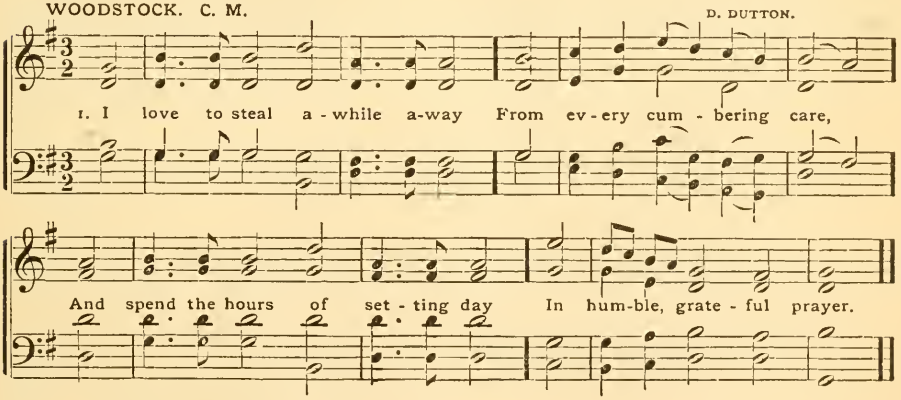
2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON.



59

PHŒBE H. BROWN. 1825.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
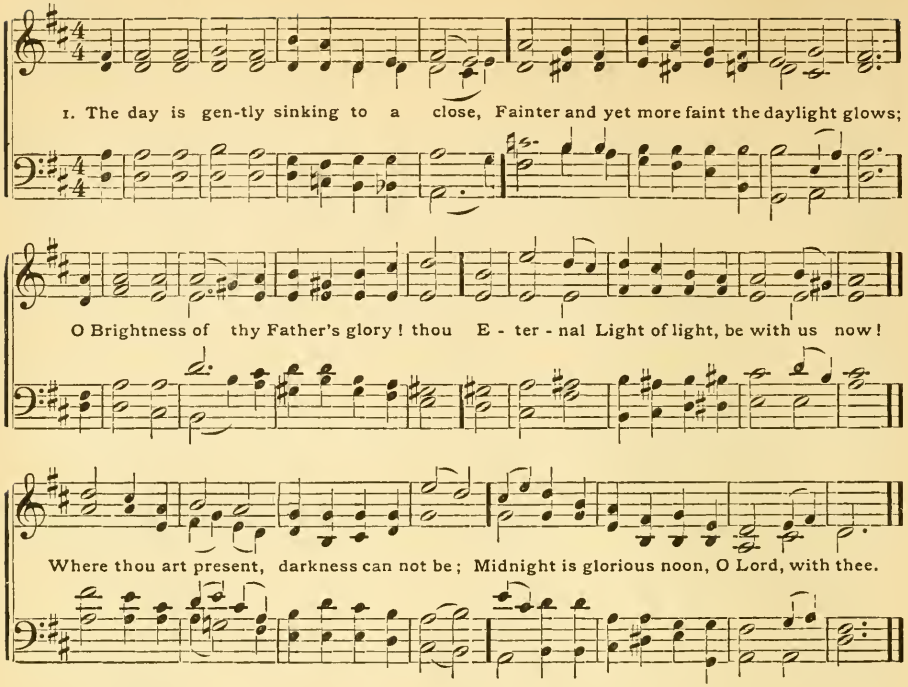
2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

WISHART. 10s. 6 l. HENRY SMART. 1812–1879.



60

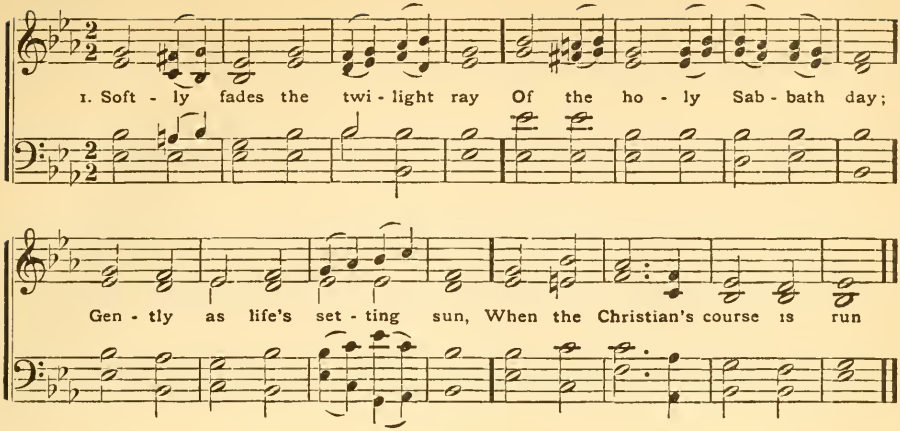
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. 1862.

1 The day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the daylight glows;
O Brightness of thy Father's glory! thou
Eternal Light of light, be with us now!
Where thou art present, darkness can not be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee.

2 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark, may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice, "Fear not; for it is I."

3 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave! be thou our Guide,
Be thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

HOLLEY. 7s. G. HEWS. 1806–1873.



61

S. F. SMITH. 1840.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

62

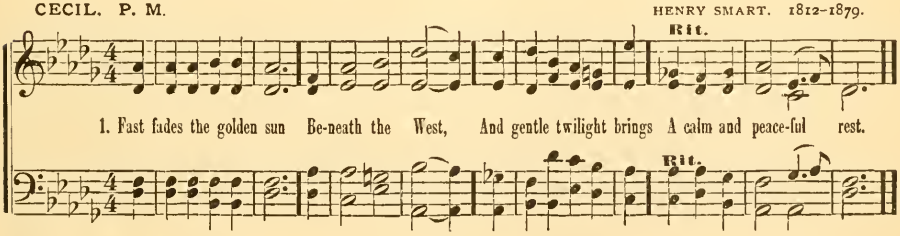
GEORGE W. DOANE. 1824.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee!

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

CECIL. P. M. HENRY SMART. 1812–1879.



63

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1882.
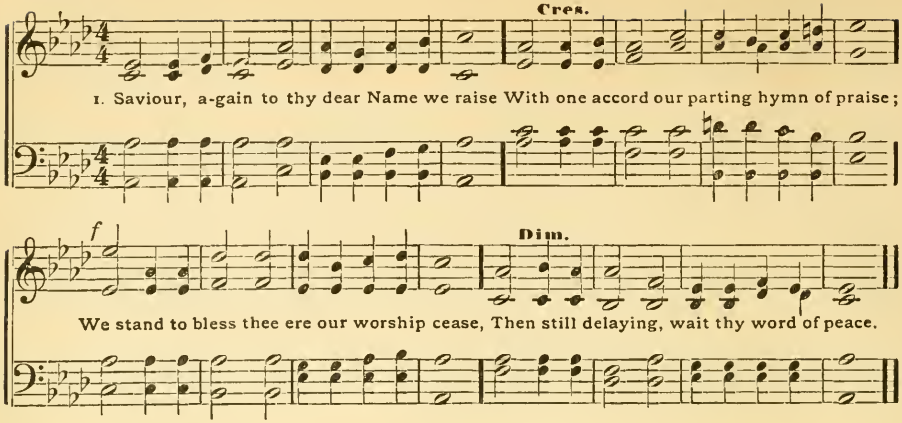
1 Fast fades the golden sun
Beneath the West,
And gentle twilight brings
A calm and peaceful rest.

2 Hear thou, O gracious Lord!
And grant my prayer;
Receive my humble thanks
For all thy tender care.

3 Defend and keep thy child
Through night's dark shade;
And let no thought of harm
My trusting heart invade.

4 And when life's closing day
For me shall come,
O may my soul awake
In thy eternal home.

IRENÉ. 10s. E. J. HOPKINS. 1818.



64

JOHN ELLERTON. 1861.

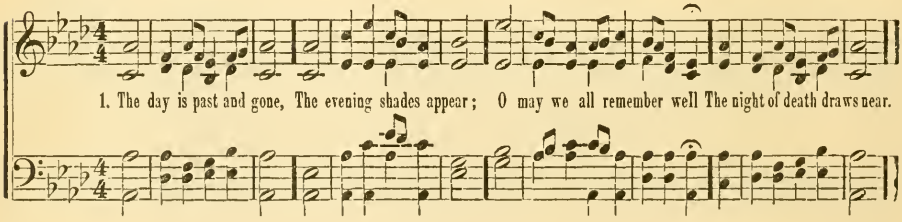
1 Saviour, again to thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, still delaying, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

EVENING. S. M. A. CHAPIN. 1813.



65

JOHN LELAND. 1804.

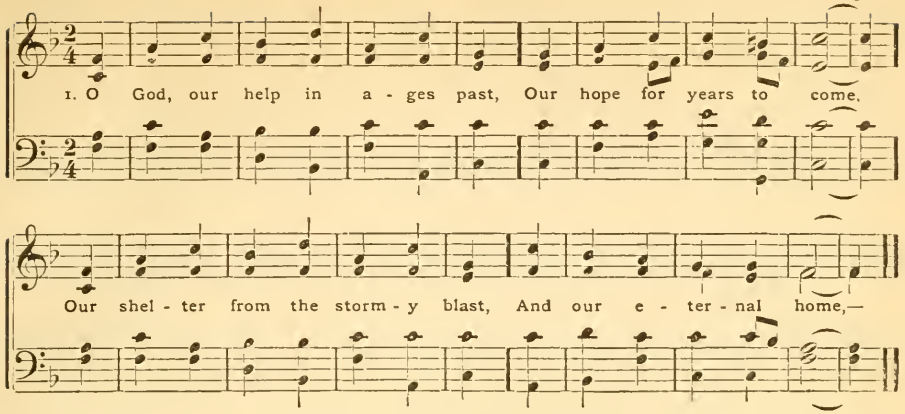
1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

YORK. C. M. SCOTCH PSALTER. 1615.



66

C. M. ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God;
To endless years the same.

4 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

67

L. M. ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

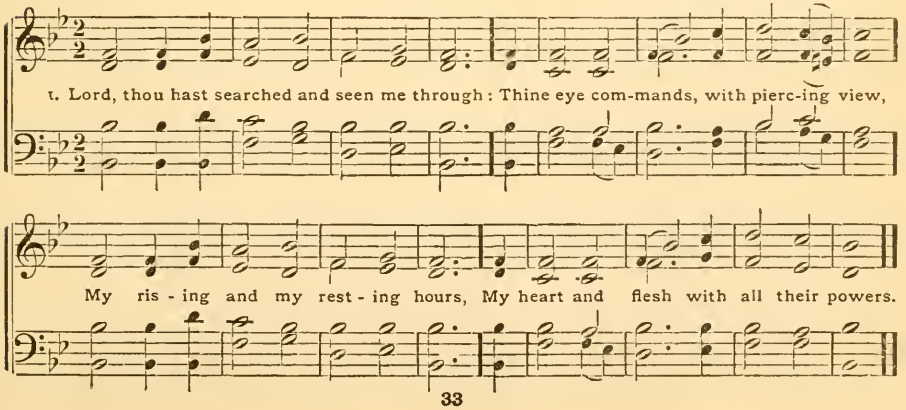
1 Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through:
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

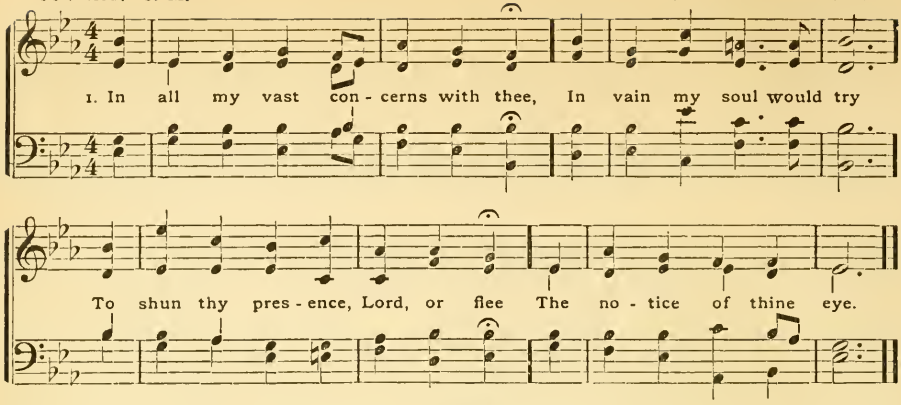
3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

WARD. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830.



COVERT. C. M. ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.



68

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

3 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

4 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

69

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

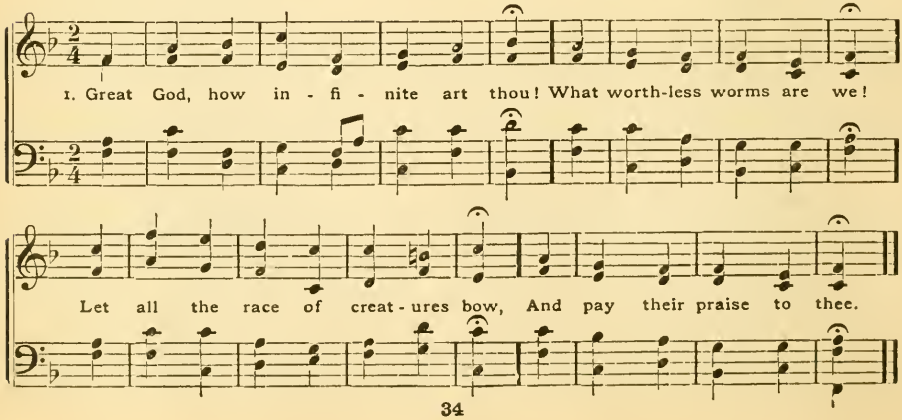
1 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.
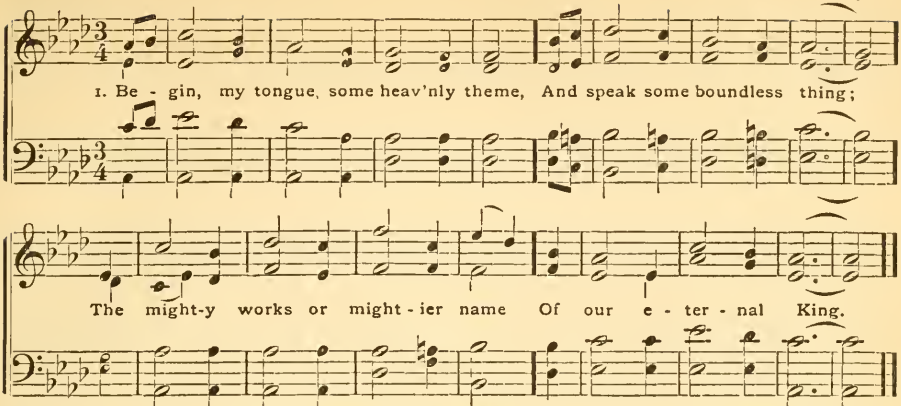
4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

DUNDEE. C. M. G. FRANC. 1520–1570.



MANOAH. C. M.

F. J. HAYDN. 1732–1809.



70

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

1 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the sky;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Proclaims it from on high.

4 O might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

71

G. BURDER. 1784.

1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that God is love.
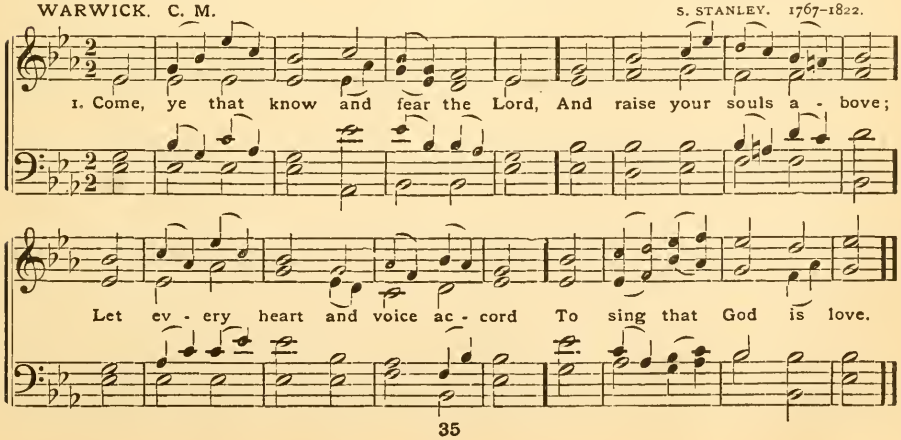
2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears
To show that God is love.

3 Behold, his loving kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them God is love.

4 O may we all, while here below,
This blest of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love.

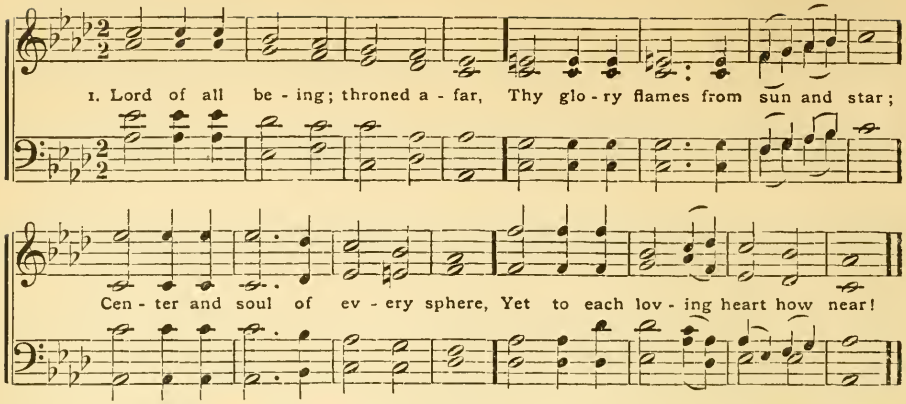
WARWICK. C. M.

S. STANLEY. 1767–1822.



GROSTETTE. L. M.

H. W. GREATOREX. 1811–1858.



72

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1809—.

1 Lord of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

73

S. S. CUTTING. 1835.

1 God of the world! thy glories shine,
Through earth and heaven with rays divine;
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thine anger to the tempest power.

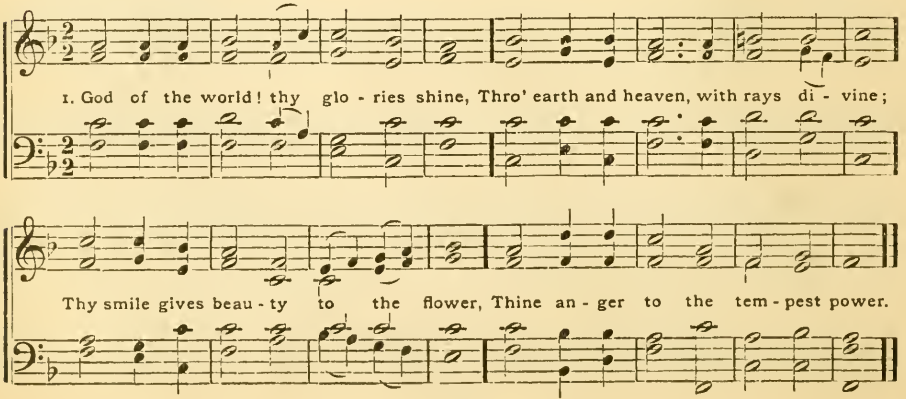
2 God of our lives! the throbbing heart
Doth at thy beck its action start;
Throbs on, obedient to thy will,
Or ceases at thy fatal chill.

3 God of eternal life! thy love
Doth every stain of sin remove;
The cross, the cross,—its hallowed light
Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.
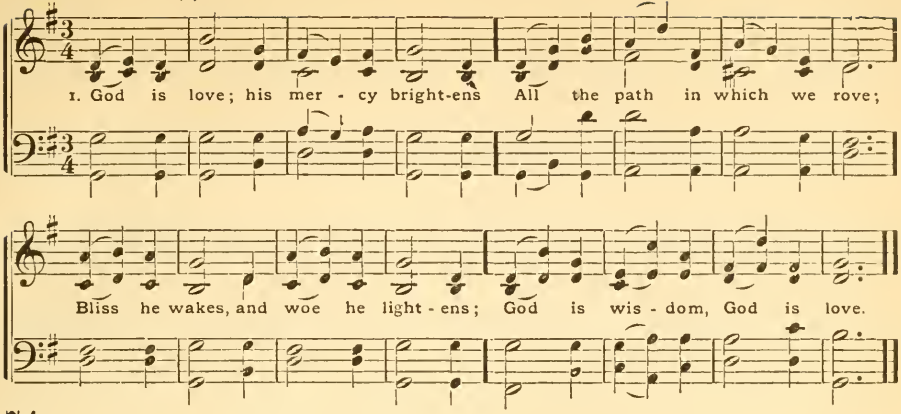
4 God of all goodness! to the skies
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
And to thy service shall be given
The rest of life, the whole of heaven.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. 1800—.



BOWRING. 8s, 7s.



74

SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1825.

1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

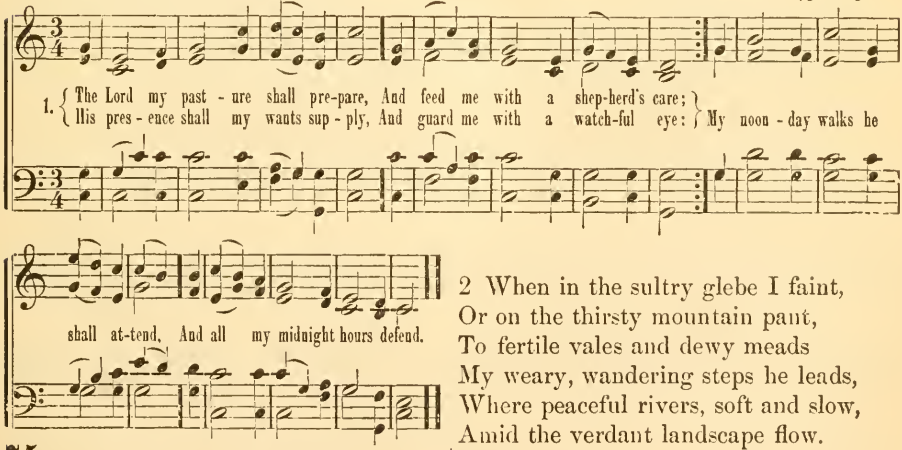
2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every-where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

ST. PETERSBURG. L. M. 61.

D. BORTNIANSKY. 1751–1825.



75
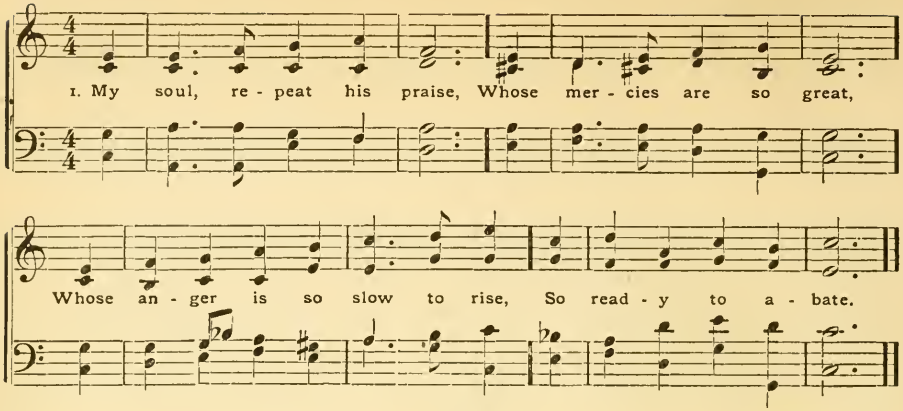
JOSEPH ADDISON. 1712.

1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

HAREWOOD. S. M. ARR. FROM H. PARKER.



76

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

77

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.
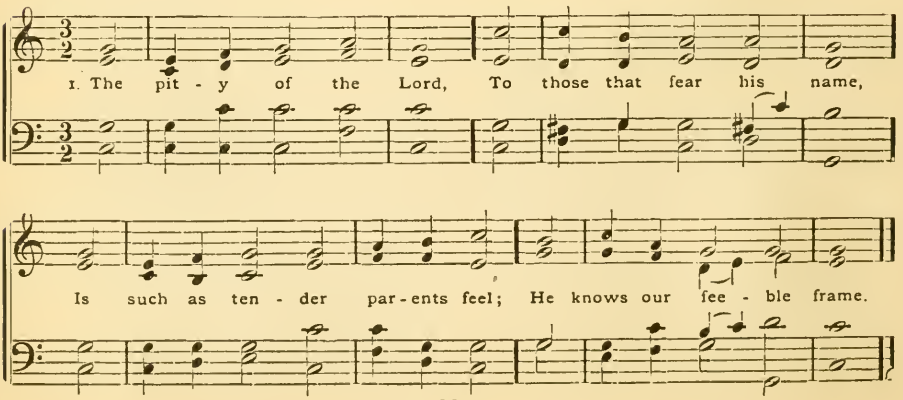
1 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

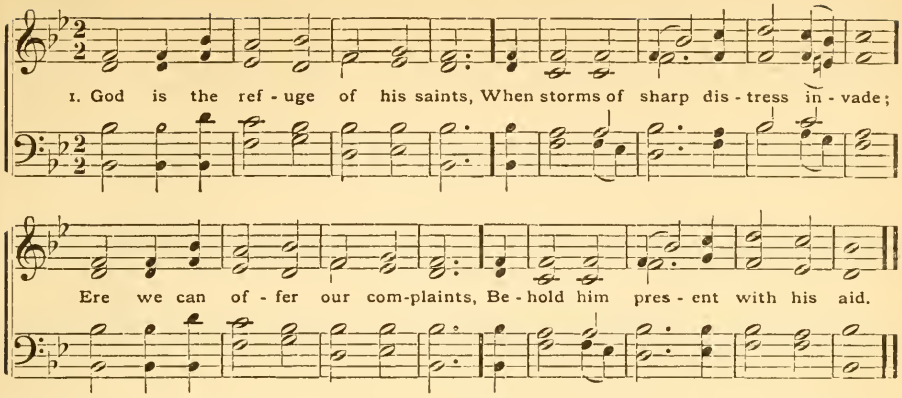
4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

BOYLSTON. S. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.



WARD. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830.



78

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

79

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song and join the praise.

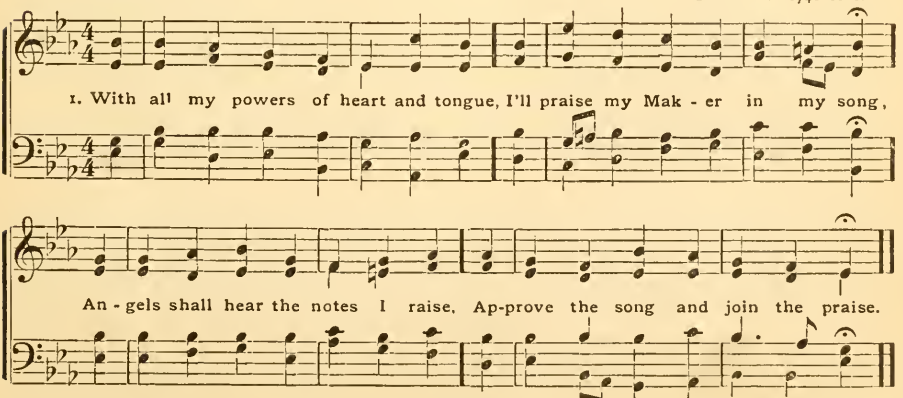
2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

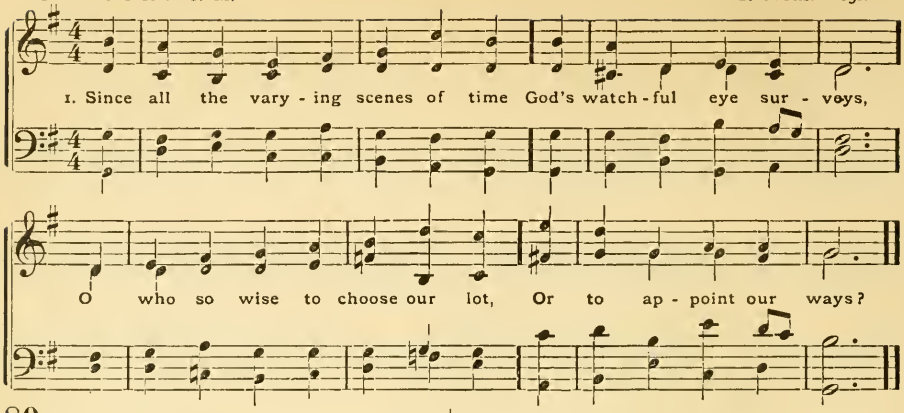
4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. WEBBE. 1740–1816.



GRONINGEN. C. M. B. TOURS. 1838.



80

JAMES HERVEY. 1745.

1 Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good, when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less when he denies:
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

81

WM. COWPER. 1779.

1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessing on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

82

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

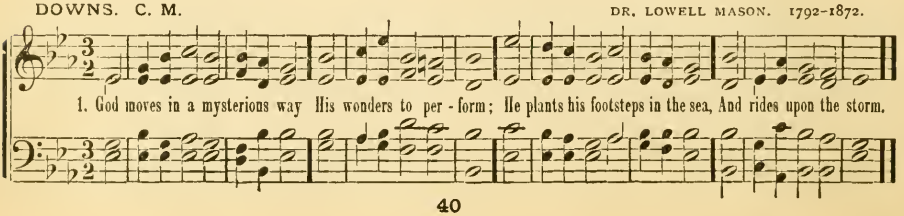
1 Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings,
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
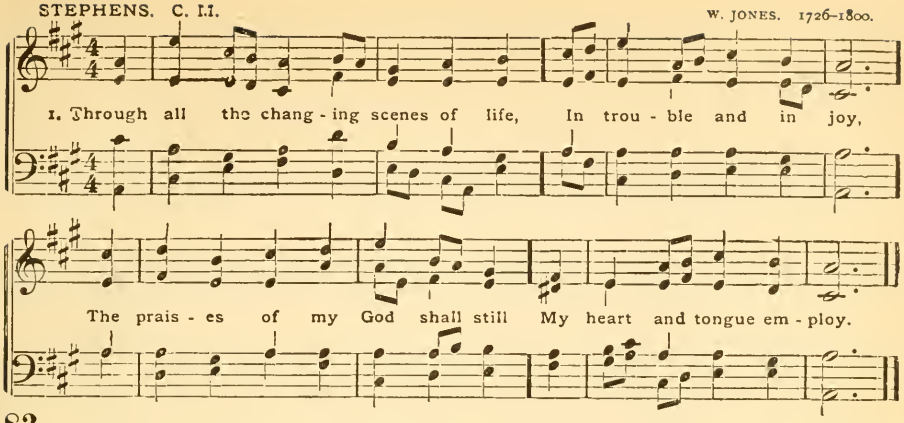
3 His providence unfolds a book,
In which his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

DOWNS. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



STEPHENS. C. M. W. JONES. 1726–1800.



83

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

3 O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

84

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through all the earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

85

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

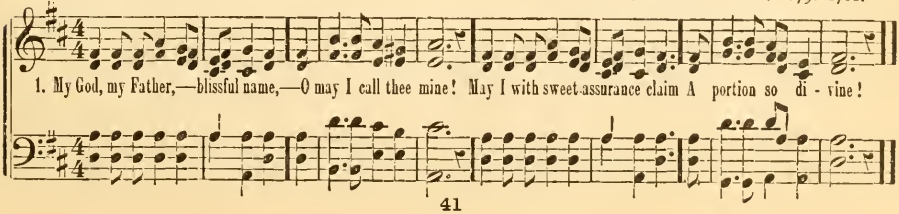
1 My God, my Father,—blissful name,—
O may I call thee mine!
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine!

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

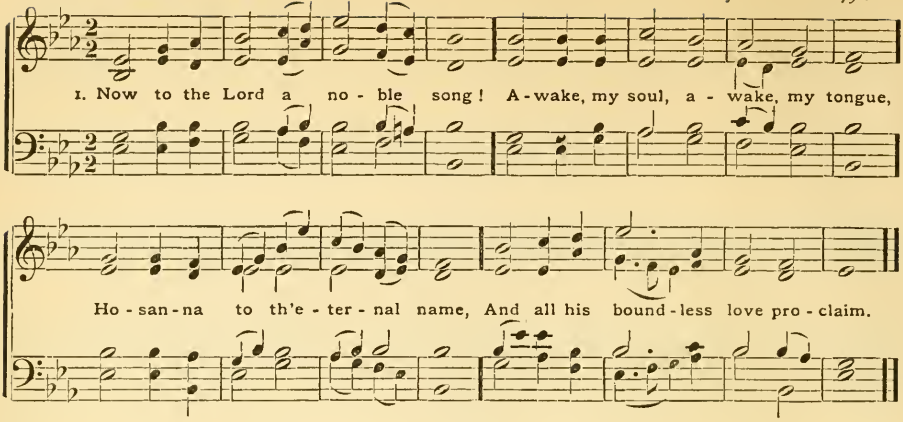
3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good and just and wise;
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

NAOMI. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1782.



DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON. 1790.



86

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

4 O may I reach the happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
His beauties there may I behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

87

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

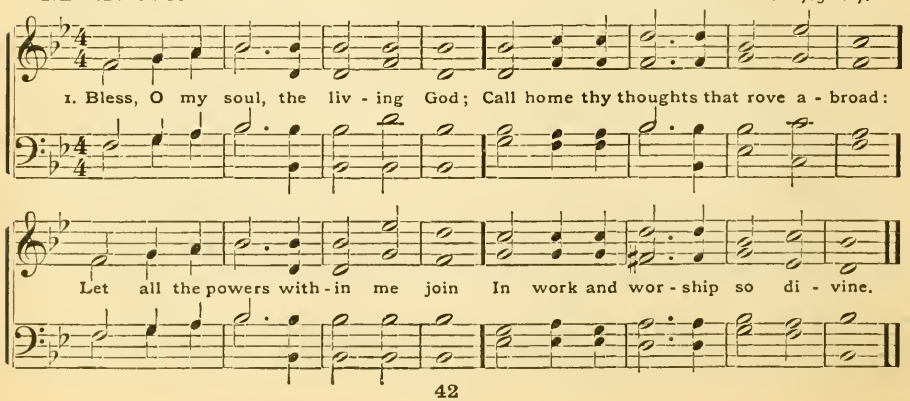
1 Bless, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

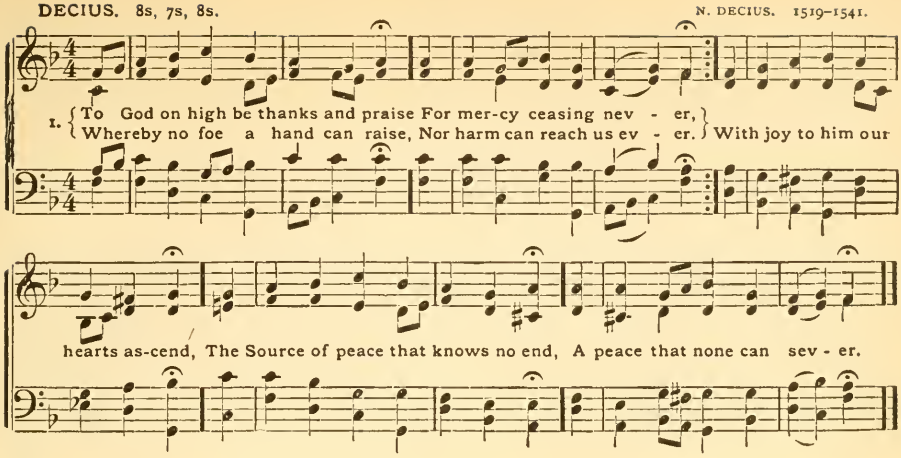
2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace:
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace;
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.

GILEAD. L. M. E. H. MEHUL. 1763–1817.
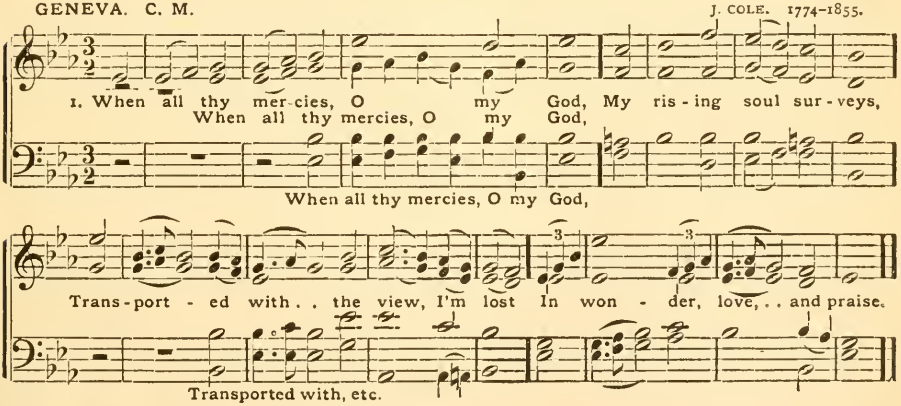




88

NICOLAUS DECIUS. 1525.
Tr. by CATH. WINKWORTH. 1863.

1 To God on high be thanks and praise
For mercy ceasing never,
Whereby no foe a hand can raise,
Nor harm can reach us ever.
With joy to him our hearts ascend,
The source of peace that knows no end,
A peace that none can sever.

2 The honors paid thy holy name
To hear thou ever deignest!
Then, God the Father, still the same
Unshaken ever reignest.
Unmeasured stands thy glorious might;
Thy thoughts, thy deeds, outstrip the light
Our heaven thou, Lord, remainest.



89

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1712.

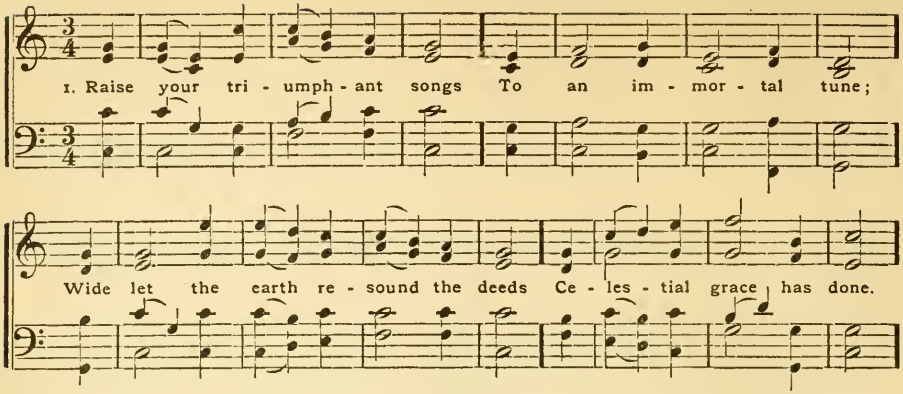
1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY. 1811.



90

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Wide let the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the scepter of his love,
And take the offered peace.

4 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

91

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

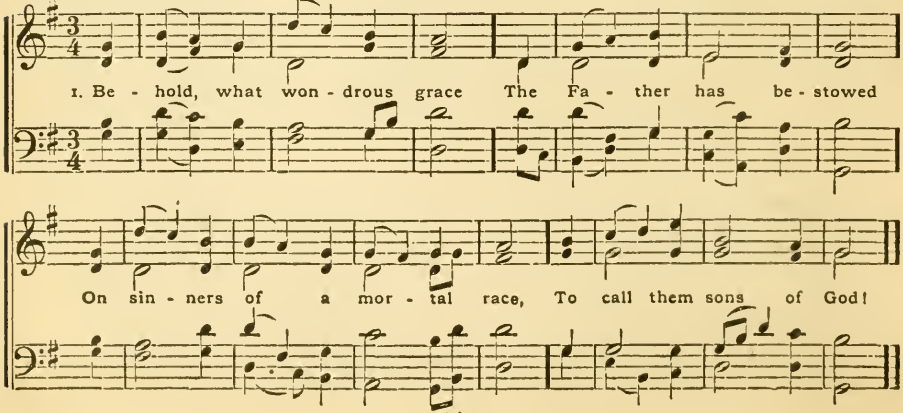
1 Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
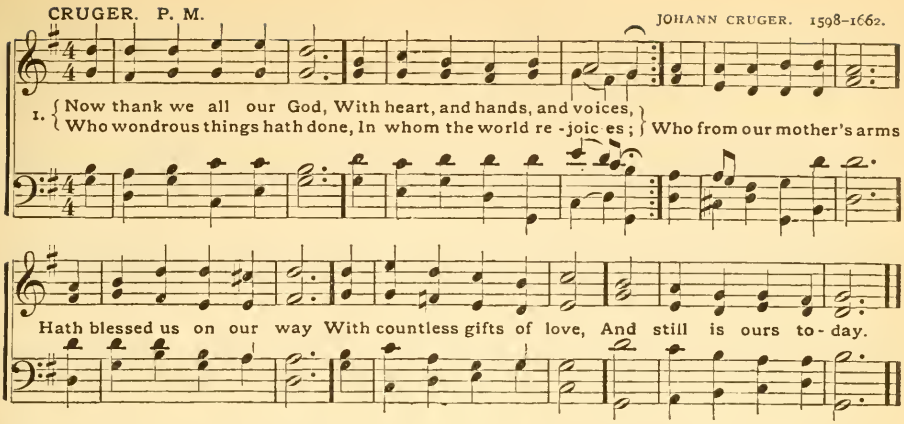
2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

THATCHER. S. M. G. F. HANDEL. 1685–1759.



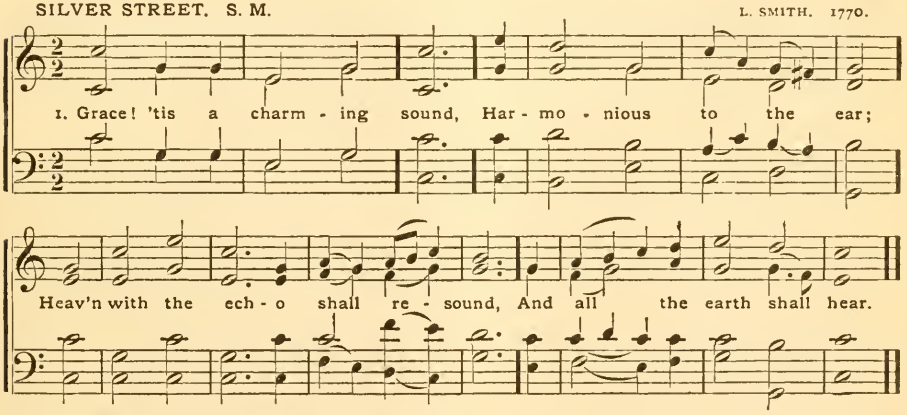


92

M. RINKART. 1644.
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH. 1858

1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom the world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
To keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.



93

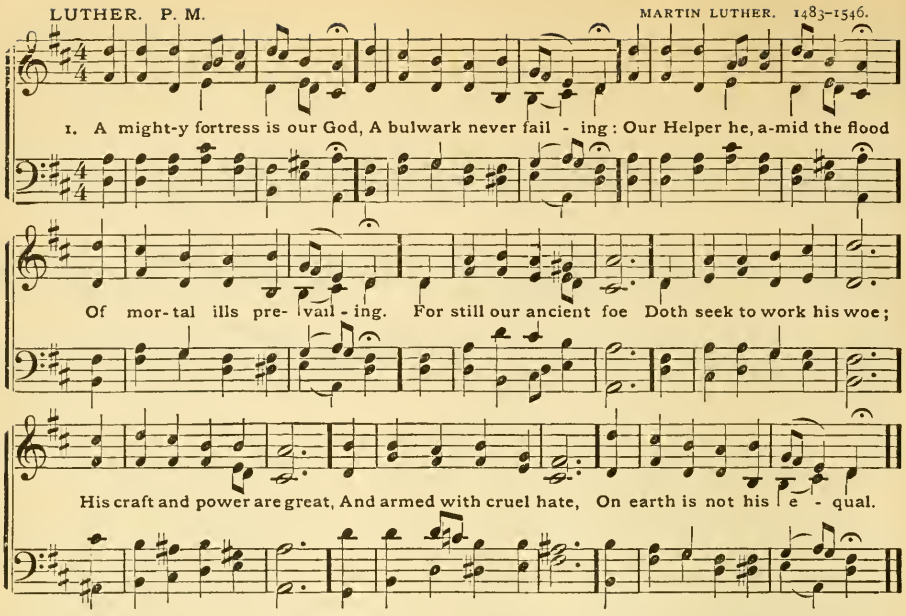
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1740.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.



94

MARTIN LUTHER. 1521.
Tr. F. H. HEDGE. 1853.

1 A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,—
One little word shall fell him!

4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

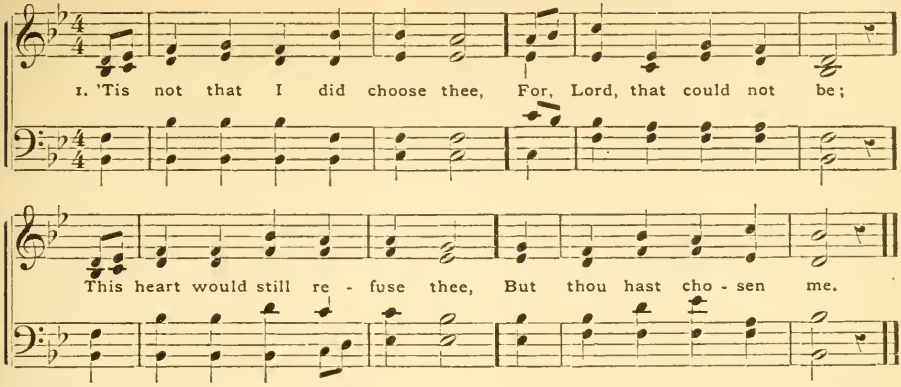
95

H. W. BAKER. 1821–1877

1 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name;
For he is God alone,
Who hath his mercy shown;
Let all his saints adore him.

2 When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"O praise our God alway;"
Let all his saints adore him.

AULÉ. 7s, 6s. Arr. from Old Melody. E. H. J.



96

JOSEPH CONDER. 1789–1855.

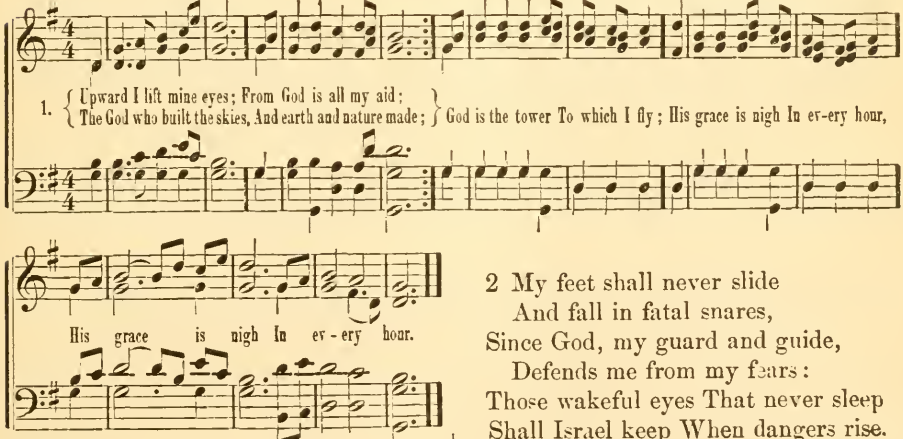
1 'Tis not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee,
But thou hast chosen me:

2 Thou from the sin that stained me
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

3 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.

4 My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing: if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

LISCHER. H. M. F. SCHNEIDER. 1786–1853.



97

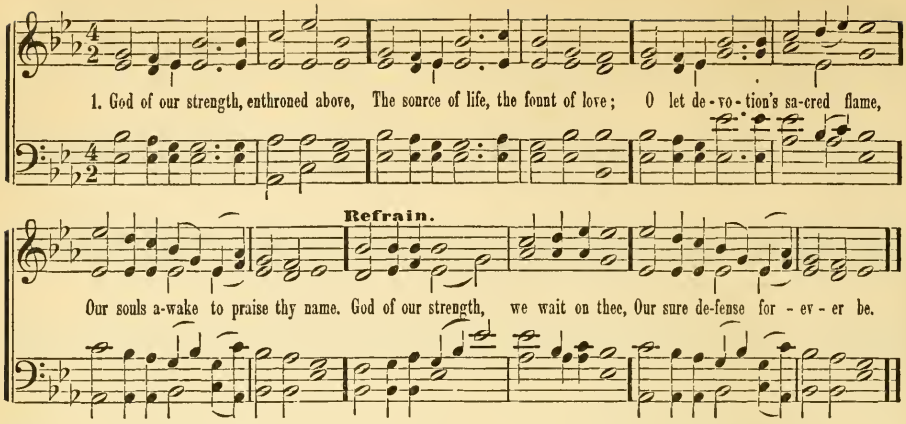
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Upward I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower To which I fly:
His grace is nigh In every hour

2 My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes That never sleep
Shall Israel keep When dangers rise.

3 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust thee, Lord,
To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come, Nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

GOD OF OUR STRENGTH. 8s. W. H. DOANE.



98

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1882.

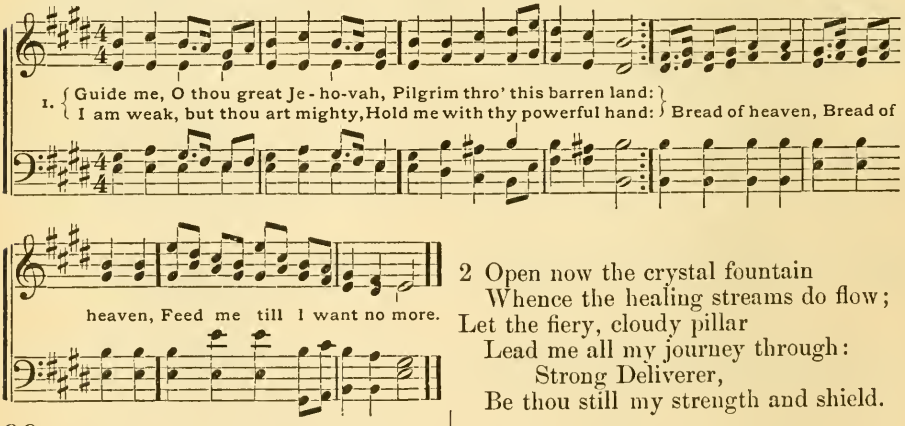
1 God of our strength, enthroned above,
The source of life, the fount of love;
O let devotion's sacred flame,
Our souls awake to praise thy name.

2 To thee we lift our joyful eyes,
To thee on wings of faith we rise;
Come thou, and let thy courts on earth
Ring out thy praise in holy mirth.

3 God of our strength from day to day,
Direct our thoughts and guide our way;
O may our hearts united be,
In sweet communion, Lord, with thee.

4 God of our strength, on thee we call;
God of our hope, our light, our all,
Thy name we praise, thy love adore,
Our Rock, our Shield for evermore.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s. SICILIAN MELODY.
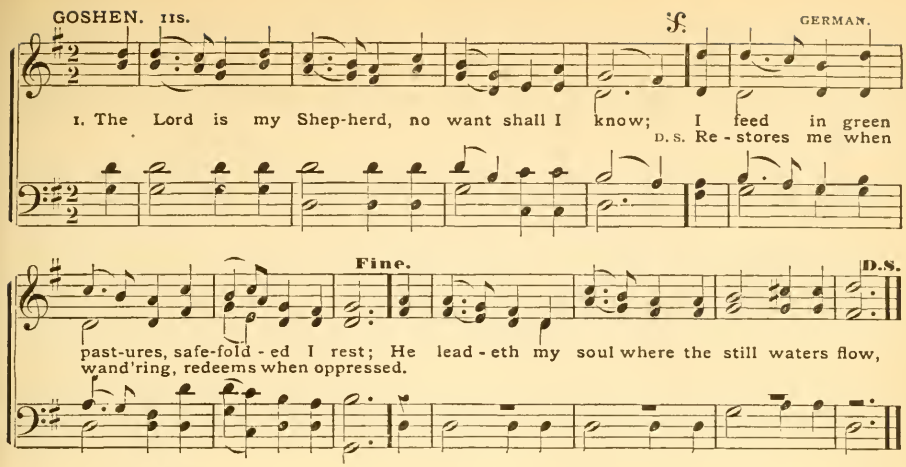


99

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. 1773.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.



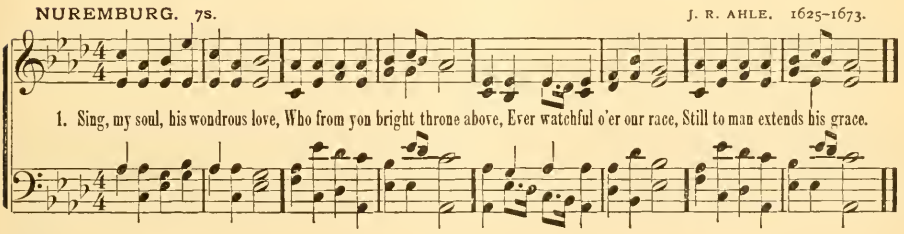
100

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771–1854.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy Providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.



101

ANON.

1 Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.
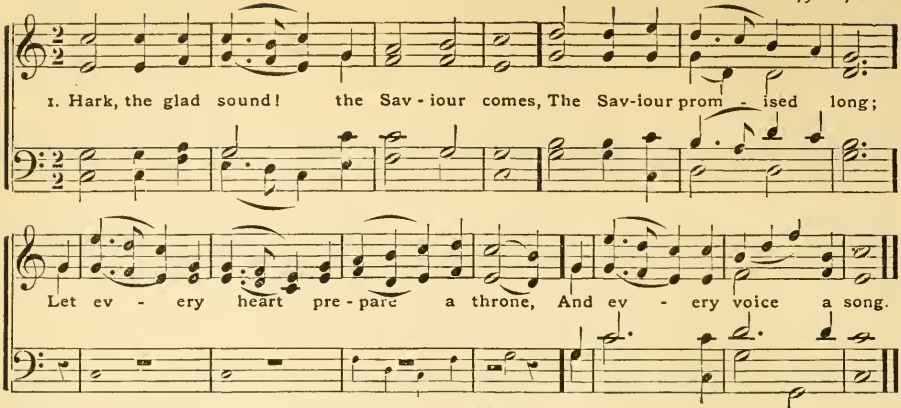
2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his scepter swayed;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below!

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his name;
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND. 1792–1871.



102

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1735.

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

103

J. MORRISON. 1770.

1 The race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious Light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

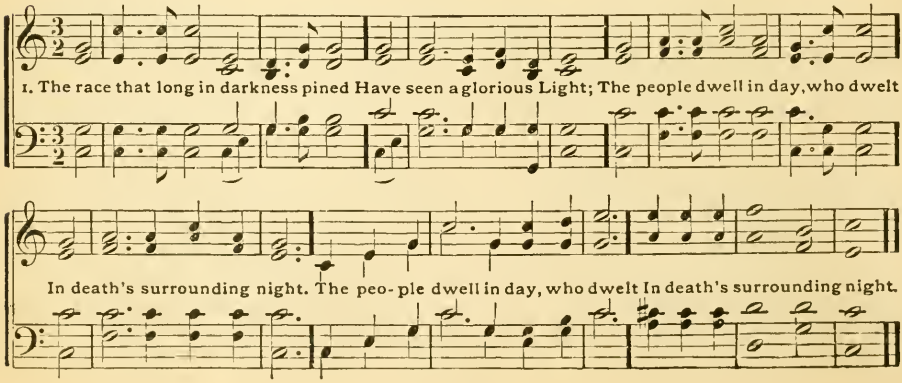
2 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

3 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

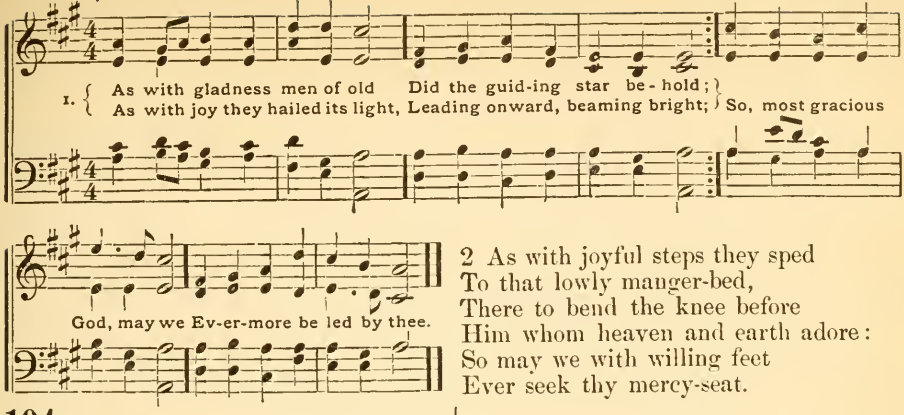
4 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above
And peace abound below.

ZERAH. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



DIX. 7s. 6 l. C. KOCHER. 1786–1838.



104
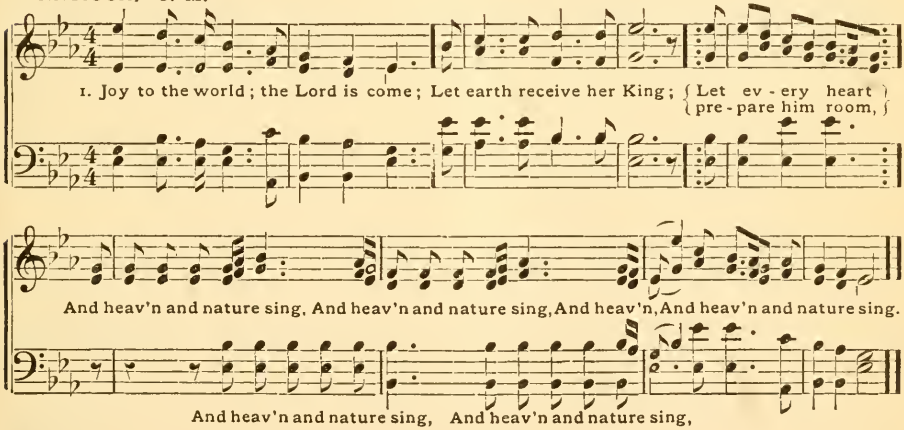
W. C. DIX. 1859.

1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led by thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore:
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

ANTIOCH. C. M. ARR. FROM G. F. HANDEL. 1685–1759.



105

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

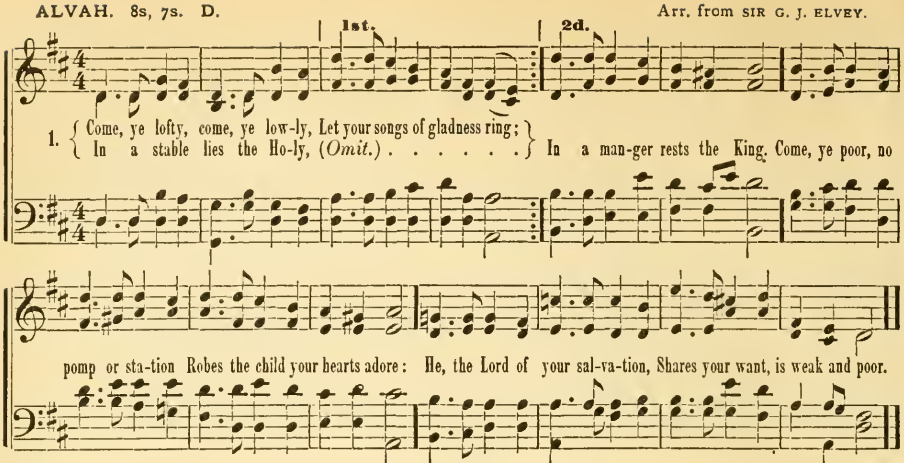
1 Joy to the world; the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ALVAH. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. from SIR G. J. ELVEY.



106

A. T. GURNEY. 1860.

1 Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly,
Let your songs of gladness ring;
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King.
Come, ye poor, no pomp or station
Robes the child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of your salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor.

2 Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
One and all on him to gaze.
Hark, the heaven of heavens is ringing,
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, happy morn?

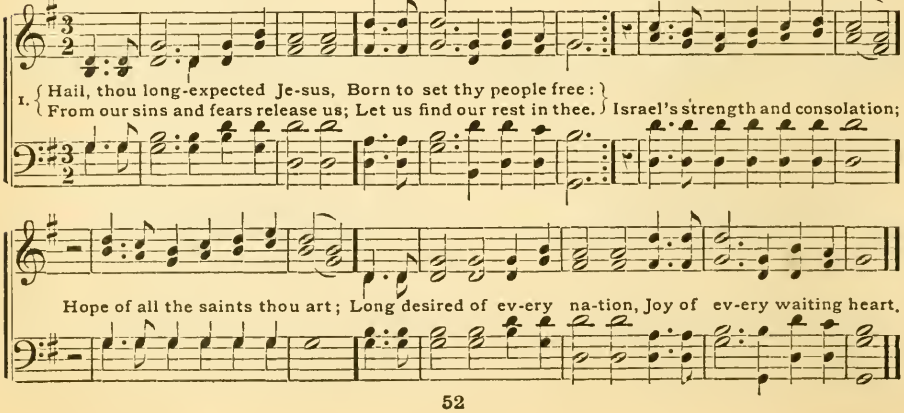
107

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

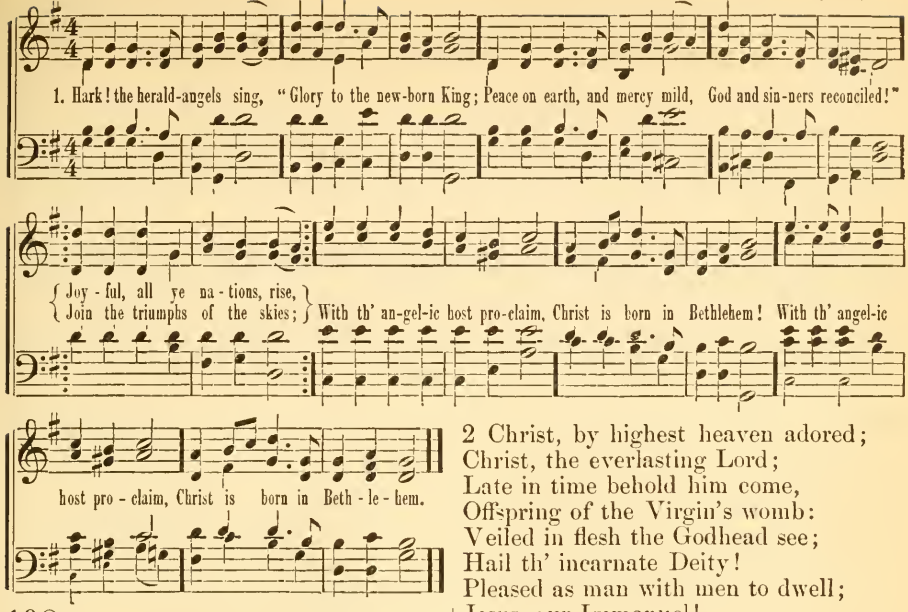
1 Hail, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our sins and fears release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation;
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child,—and yet a King,—
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D. FELIX MENDELSSOHN. 1809–1847.



108

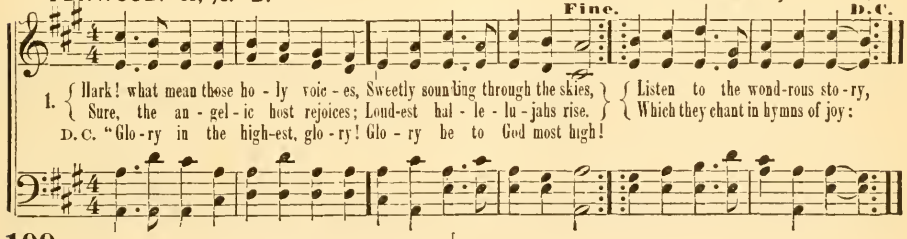
C WESLEY. 1739.
Alt. by M. MADAN. 1760.

1 Hark! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the the Sun of Righteousness!
Risen with healing in his wings:
Light and life to all he brings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

FENWOOD. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. from Old Melody. W. H. D.
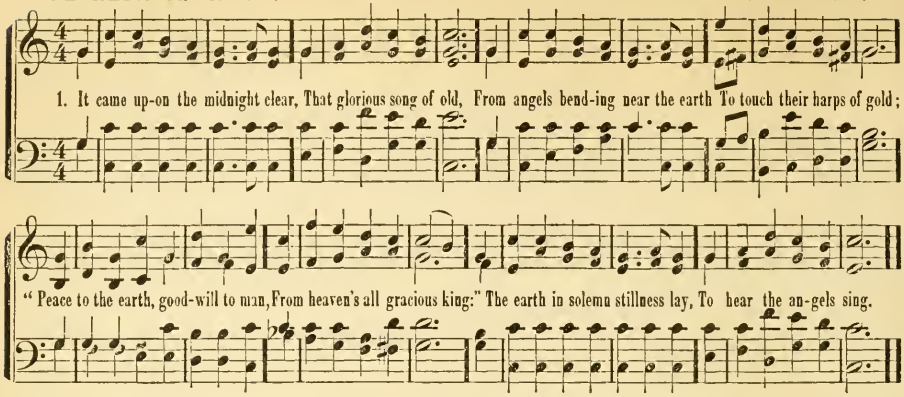


109

JOHN CAWOOD. 1819.

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy:
Till in heaven you sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth.

BETHLEHEM. C. M. D. Arr. from I. B. WOODBURY.



110

EDMUND H. SEARS. 1851.

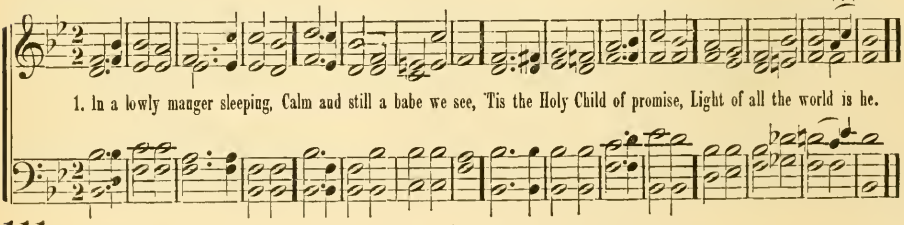
1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to man,
From heaven's all gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look up; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

ADORATION. 8s, 7s. W. H. DOANE.



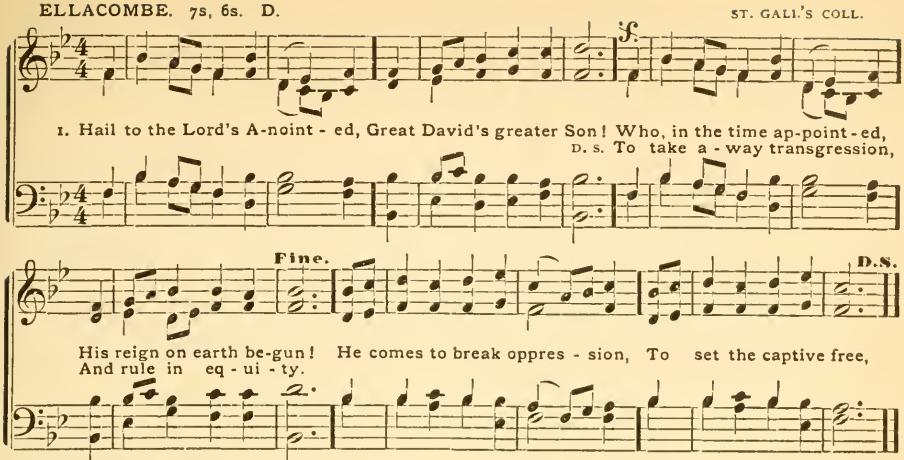
111

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. 1879.

1 In a lowly manger sleeping,
Calm and still a babe we see,
'Tis the Holy Child of promise,
Light of all the world is he.

2 Holy angels sing his welcome
In the realms of glory bright,
While the morning stars around him,
Fall in soft and tender light.

3 Blessed Saviour, dear Redeemer,
King of Judah, Prince of Peace,
Rock of ages, star of nations,
Thy dominion ne'er shall cease.



112

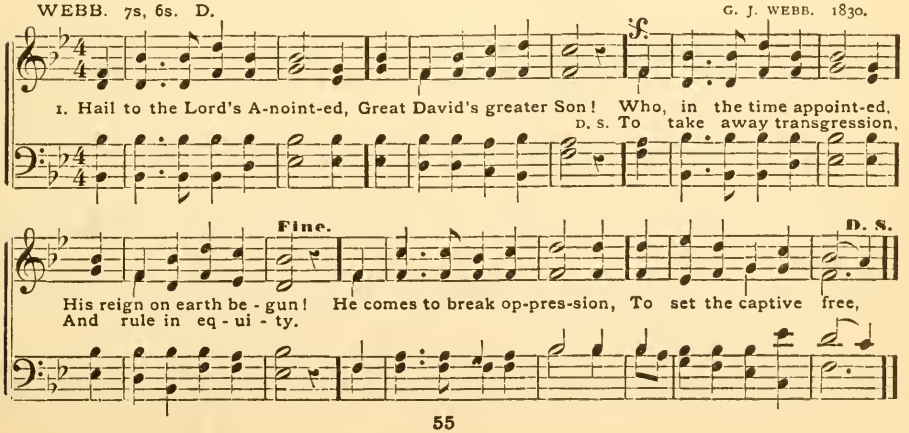
JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Who, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

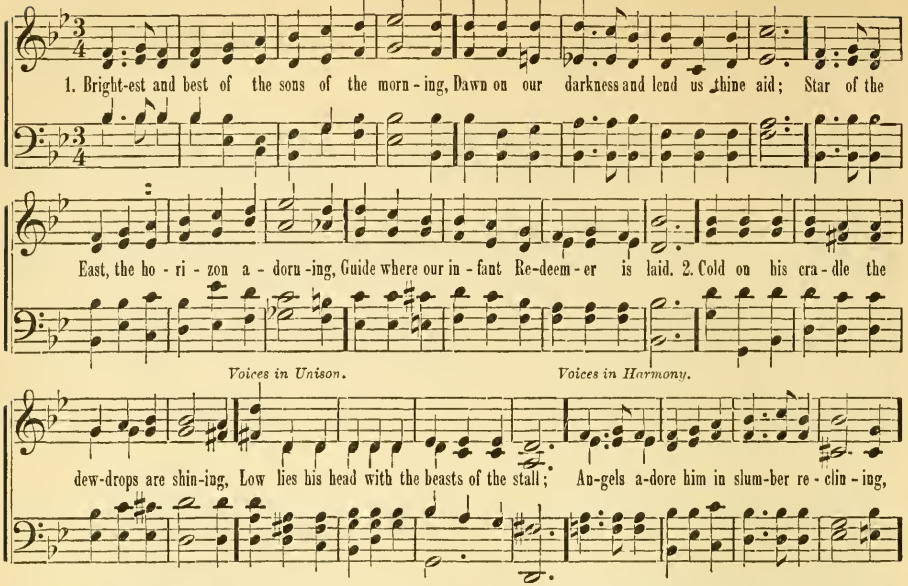
2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.



HERVEY'S HYMN. 11s, 10s. D. F. A. J. HERVEY.



2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

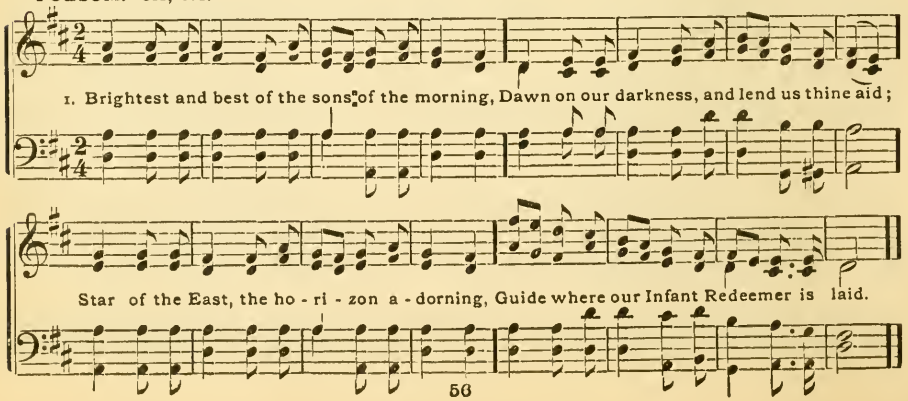
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

113

REGINALD HEBER. 1811.

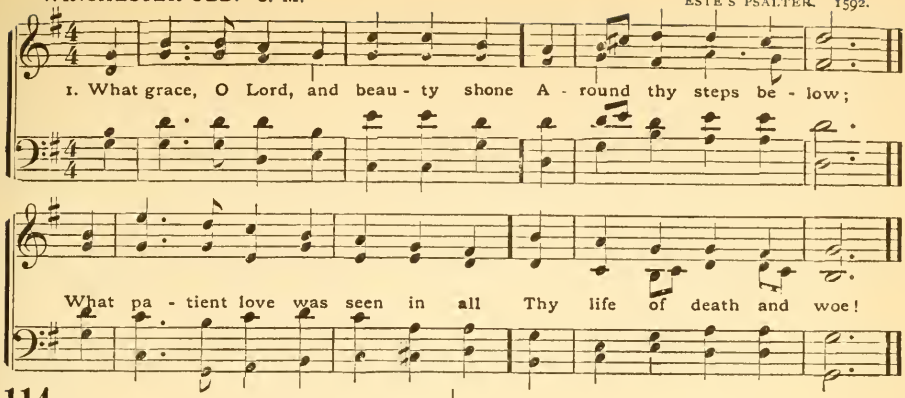
1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

FOLSOM. 11s, 10s. From MOZART.



WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

ESTE'S PSALTER. 1592.



114

SIR EDWARD DENNY. 1839.

1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

115

GEORGE W. DOANE. 1824

1 Thou art the Way,—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth,—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

116

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms
And spreads delight around.

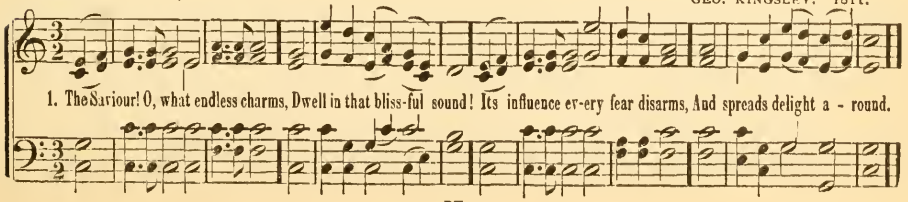
2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich profusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

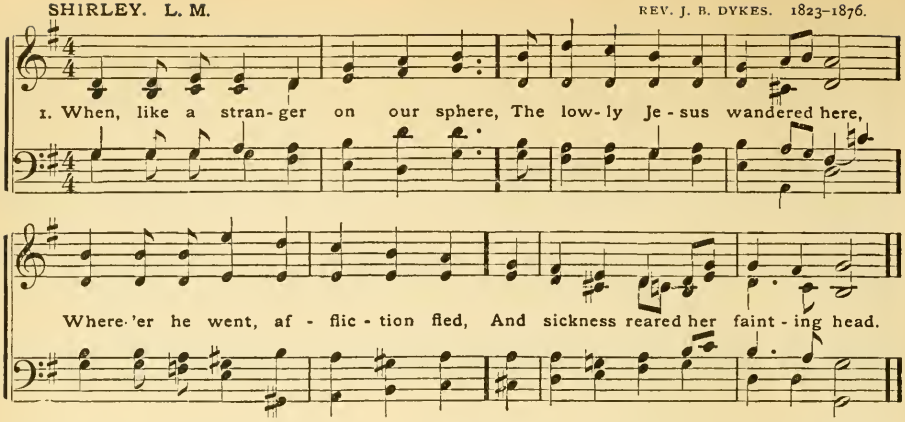
HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY. 1811.



SHIRLEY. L. M.

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.



117

J. MONTGOMERY. 1825.

1 When, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Through paths of loving kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
To all, with willing hands dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

118

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE. 1838.

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine;
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

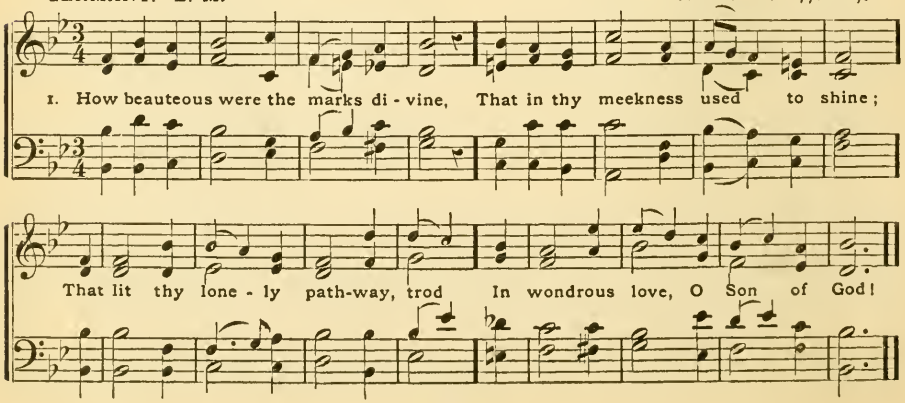
2 O who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light—
O who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 O who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 O in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe:
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God.

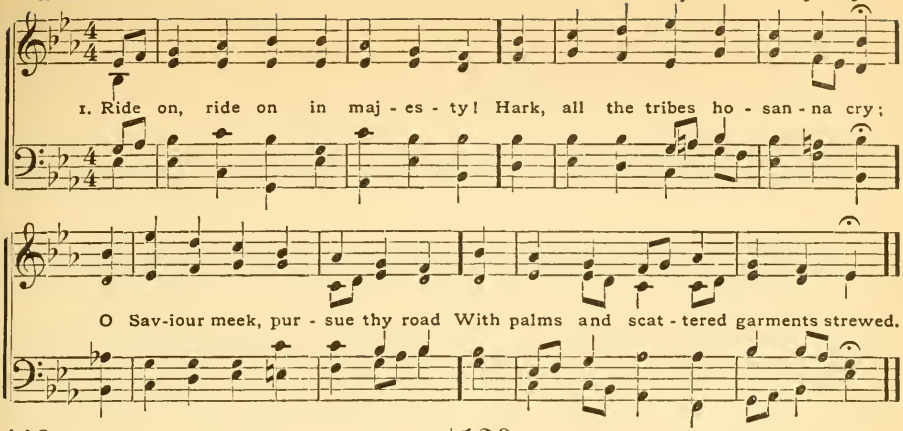
GERMANY. L. M.

BEETHOVEN. 1770–1827.



EISENACH. L. M.

J. H. SCHEIN. 1586–1630.



119

HENRY HART MILMAN. 1837.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power and reign.

120

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

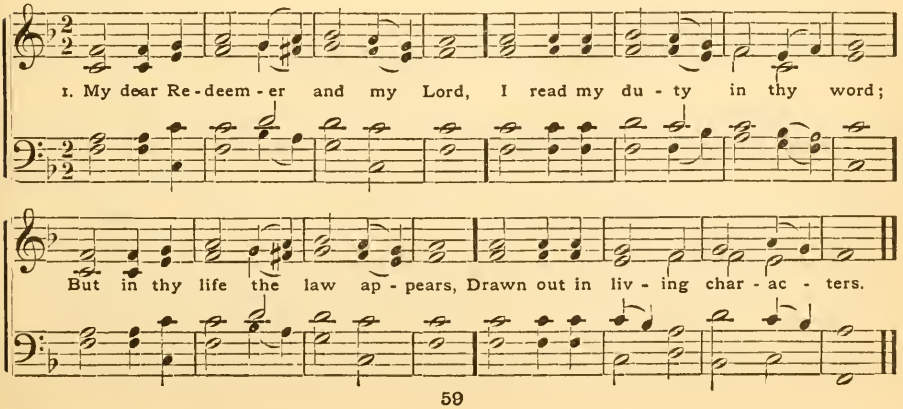
2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

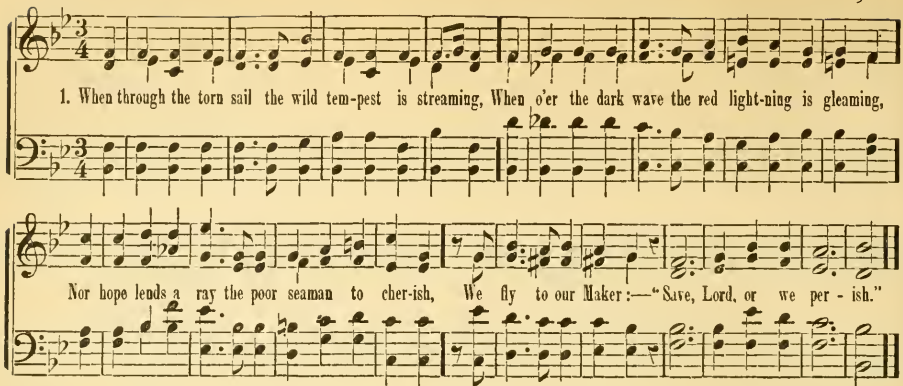
4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON, from Gregorian. Tone VIII.



SULLIVAN. 12s. A. S. SULLIVAN. 1869.



121

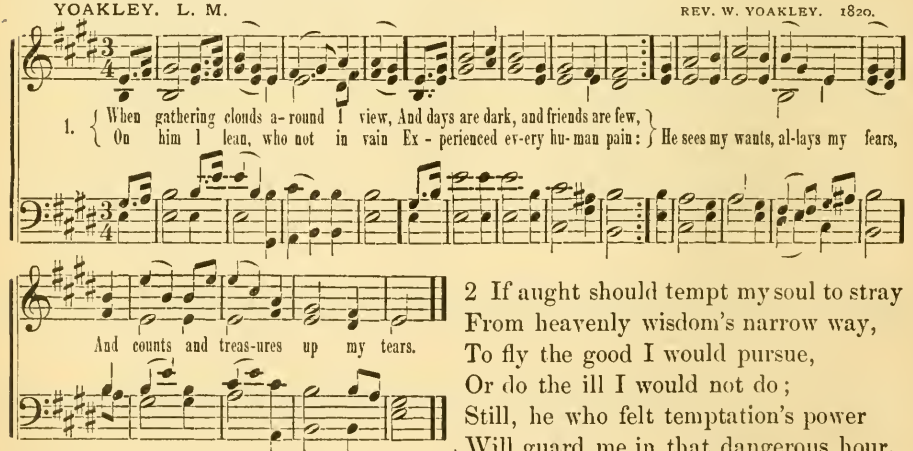
REGINALD HEBER. 1820.

1 When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker:—"Save, Lord, or we perish!"

2 O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger, "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

3 And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts, its wild warfare is waging,
Arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—"Help, Lord, or we perish!"

YOAKLEY. L. M. REV. W. YOAKLEY. 1820.



122

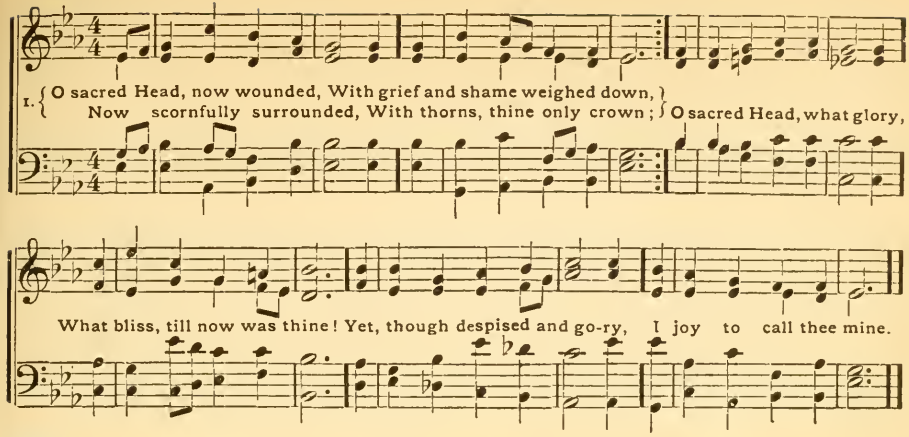
SIR ROBERT GRANT. 1812.

1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, and not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still, he who felt temptation's power
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 And, O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of pain, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

MUNICH. 7s, 6s. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.



123

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. 1153,
Tr. by J. W. ALEXANDER. 1849.

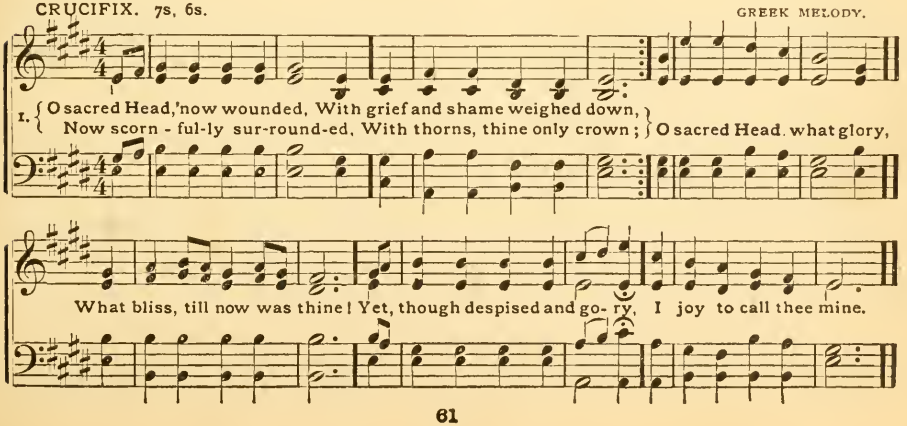
1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

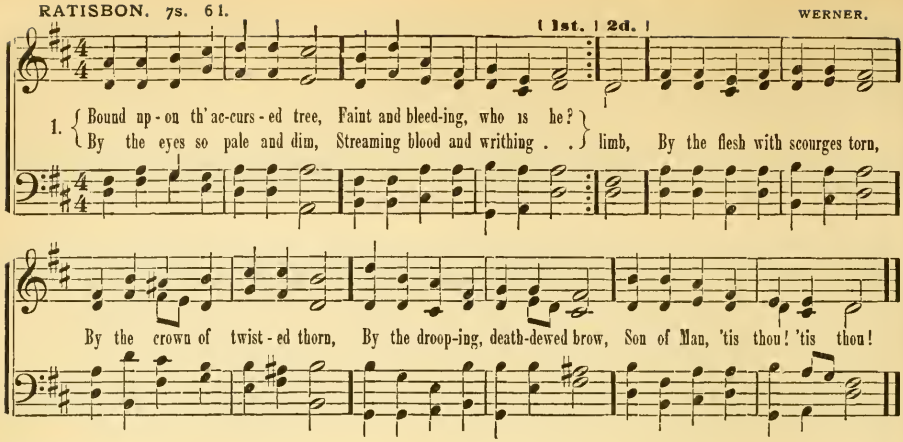
2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee!

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me!
And for some succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.

CRUCIFIX. 7s, 6s. GREEK MELODY.





124

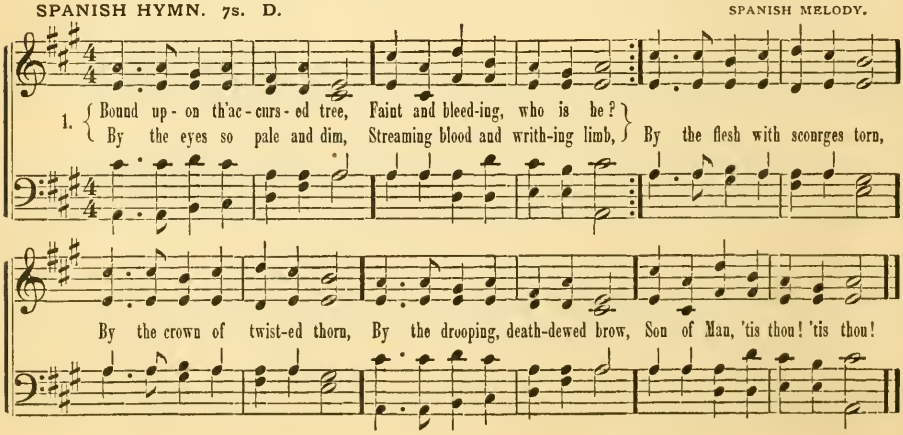
H. H. MILMAN. 1827

1 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of Man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!
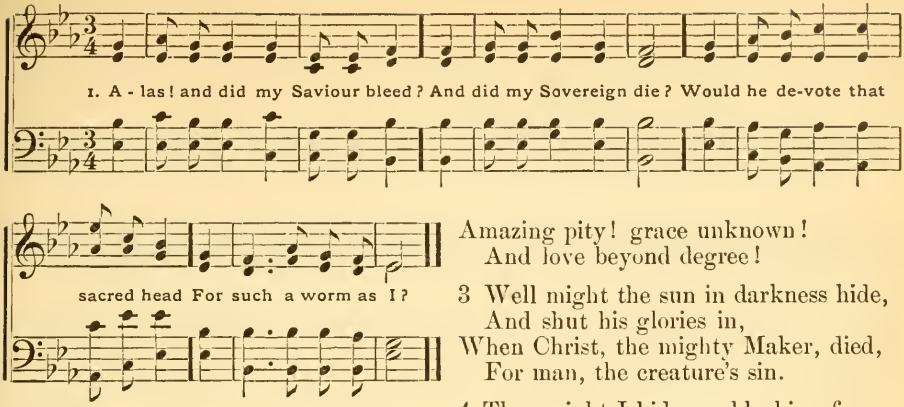
2 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
By the promise, ere he died,
To the felon at his side,
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry
In the final agony;
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the side so deeply pierced,
Crucified! we know thee now;
Son of Man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

4 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow;
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!



SACRIFICE. C. M. W. H. DOANE.



125

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

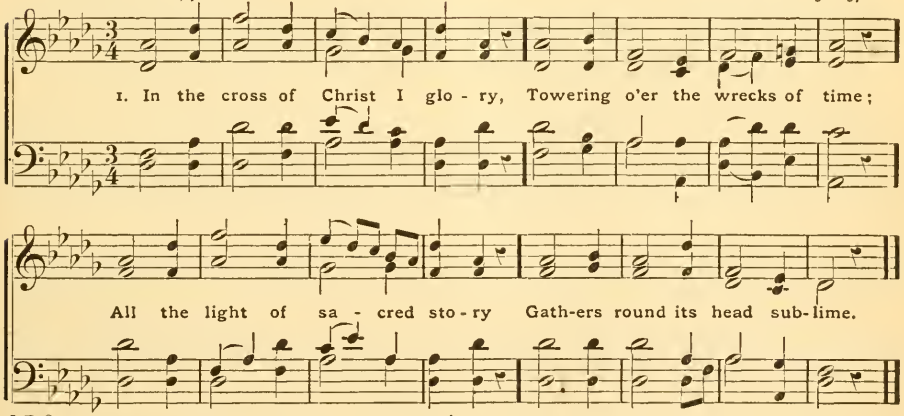
2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s. I. CONKEY. 1815–1857.



126

SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1825.

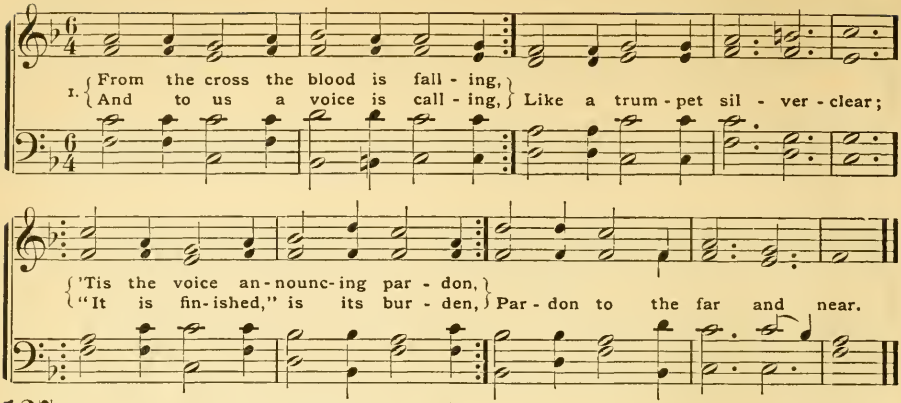
1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

BONAR. 8s, 8s, 7s. From an Old Melody.



127

HORATIUS BONAR. 1866.

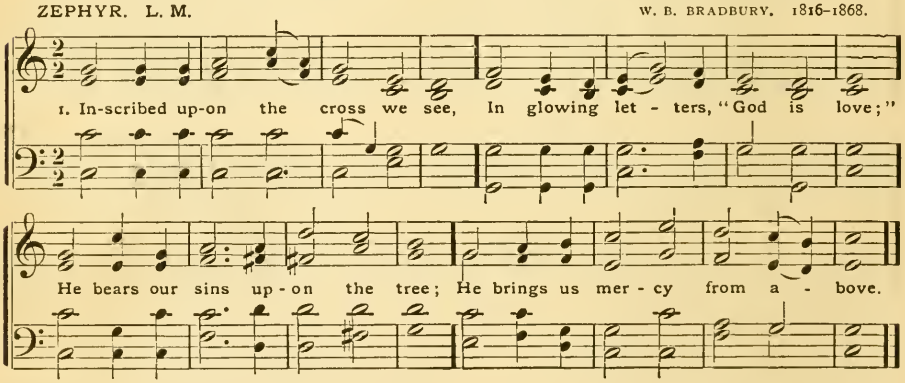
1 From the cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling,
Like a trumpet silver-clear;
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,
"It is finished," is its burden,
Pardon to the far and near.

2 Peace that precious Blood is sealing,
All our wounds forever healing,
And removing every load;
Words of peace that Voice has spoken
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.

3 God is love;—we read the writing
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious Surety there.
God is Light;—we see it beaming,
Like a heavenly dayspring gleaming,
So divinely sweet and fair.

4 Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,
Round thee winds the one great story,
Of this ever-changing earth;
Center of the true and holy,
Grave of human sin and folly,
Womb of Nature's second birth.

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



128
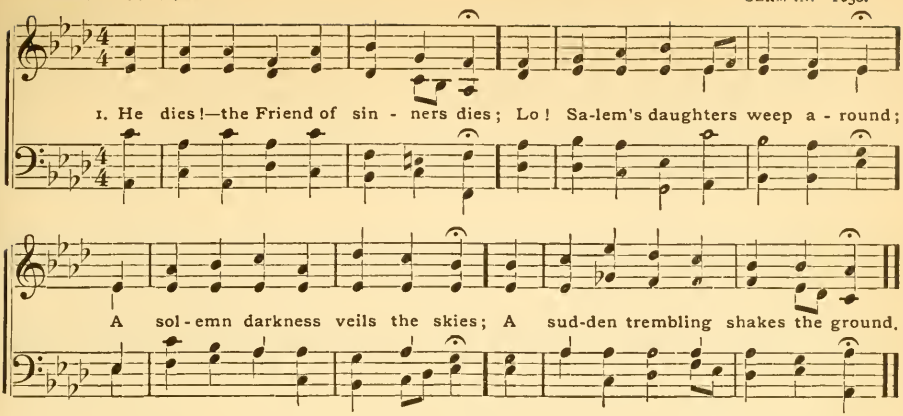
THOMAS KELLY. 1769–1855.

1 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In glowing letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

2 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;—

3 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

BRESLAU. L. M. GERMAN. 1630.



129

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,—
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell;
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

5 Say, "Live forever, glorious King;
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"

130

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1778.

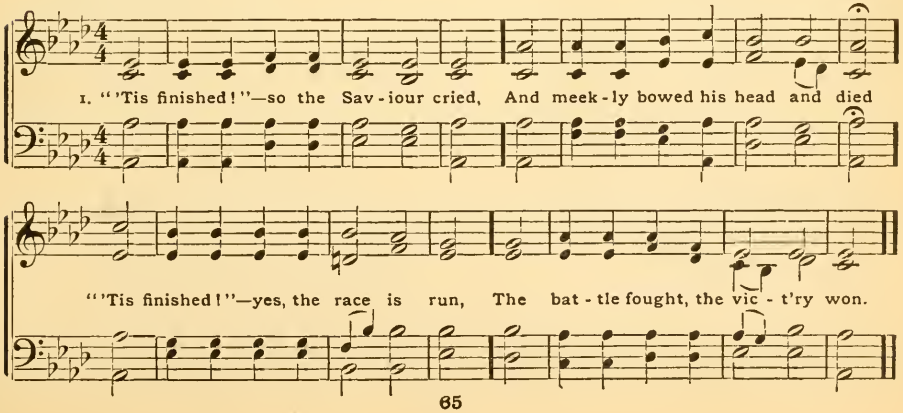
1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'Tis finished!"—this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

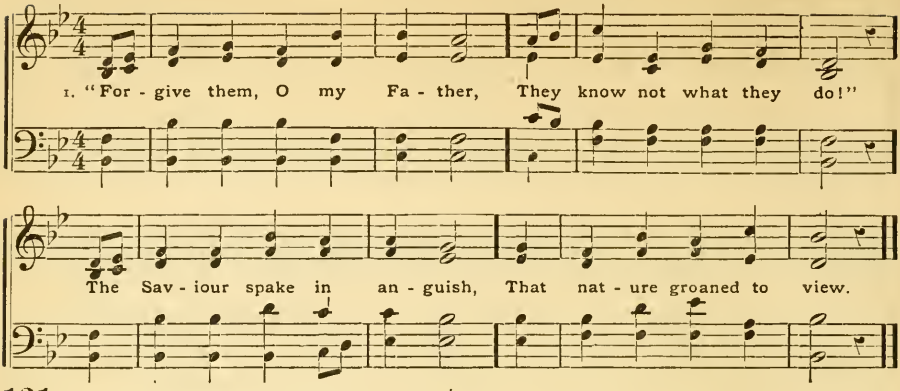
3 "'Tis finished!"—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"'Tis finished!"—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



AULÉ. 7s, 6s. Arr. from Old Melody. E. H. J.



131

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. 1874.

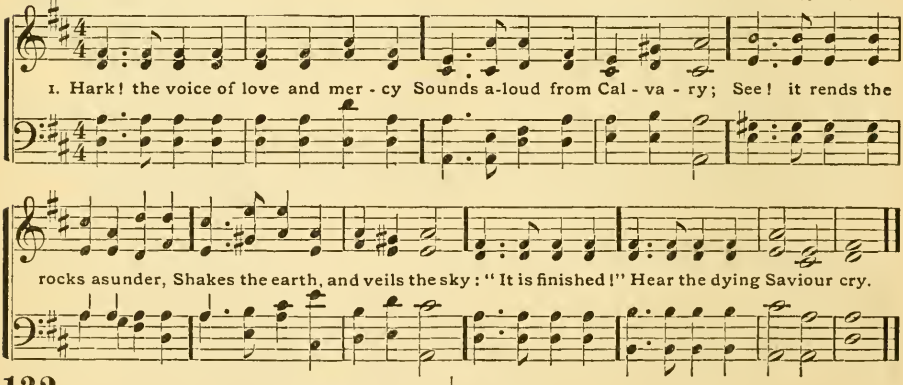
1 "Forgive them, O my Father,
They know not what they do!"
The Saviour spake in anguish,
That nature groaned to view.

2 No pained reproaches gave he
To them that shed his blood,
But prayer and tenderest pity,
Large as the love of God.

3 For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need his wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

4 O depth of sweet compassion!
O love divine and true!
Save thou the souls that slight thee,
They know not what they do!

BREST. 8s, 7s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



132

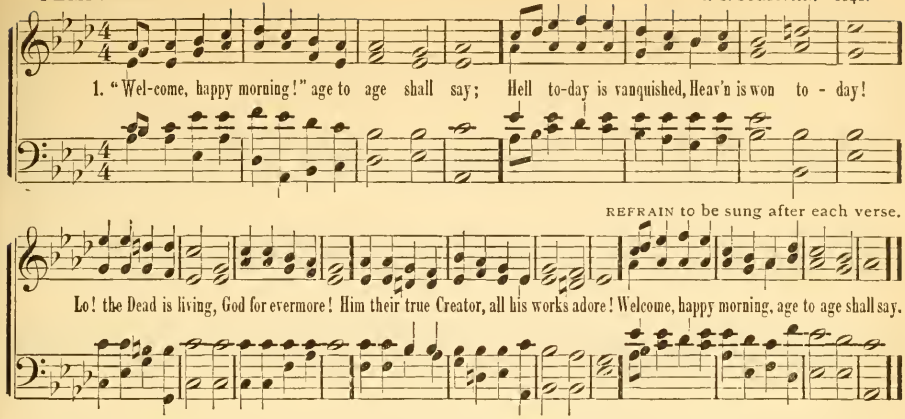
JONATHAN EVANS. 1787.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

PEMBROKE. 11s. A. S. SULLIVAN. 1842.



133

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. A. D. 530-609. Tr. by J. ELLERTON. 1826.—
[Sung by Jerome of Prague at the stake.]

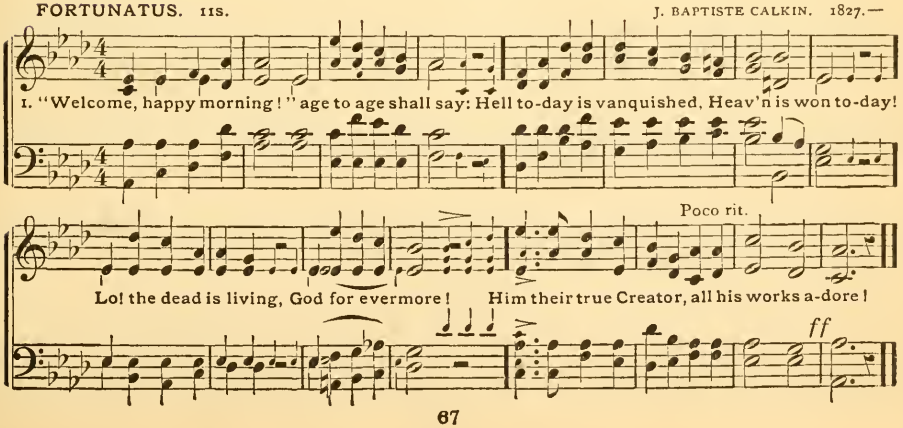
1 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say:
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all his works adore!

2 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on:

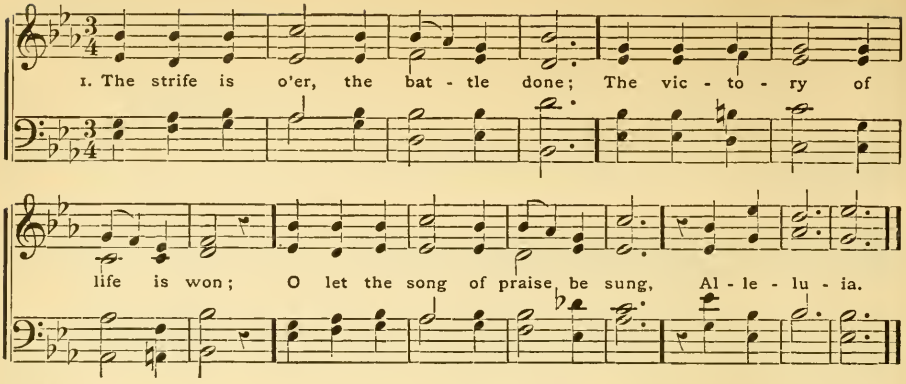
3 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill thy word;
'Tis thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!

4 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee!

FORTUNATUS. 11s. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN. 1827.—



CONQUEROR. 8s, 4. Arr. from PALESTRINA. W. H. D.



134

FRANCIS POTT. 1860.

1 The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia.

3 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumphs tell.
Alleluia.

4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee.
Alleluia.

135

WILLIAM COOK.

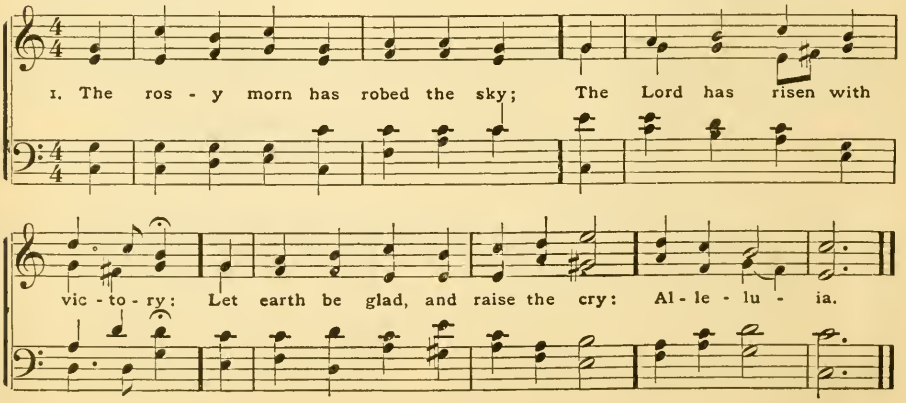
1 The rosy morn has robed the sky;
The Lord has risen with victory:
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry:
Alleluia.

2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth his blood has given;
Has rent the vail, and opened heaven:
Alleluia.

3 And he, dear Lord, that with thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body, like to thine, shall rise:
Alleluia.

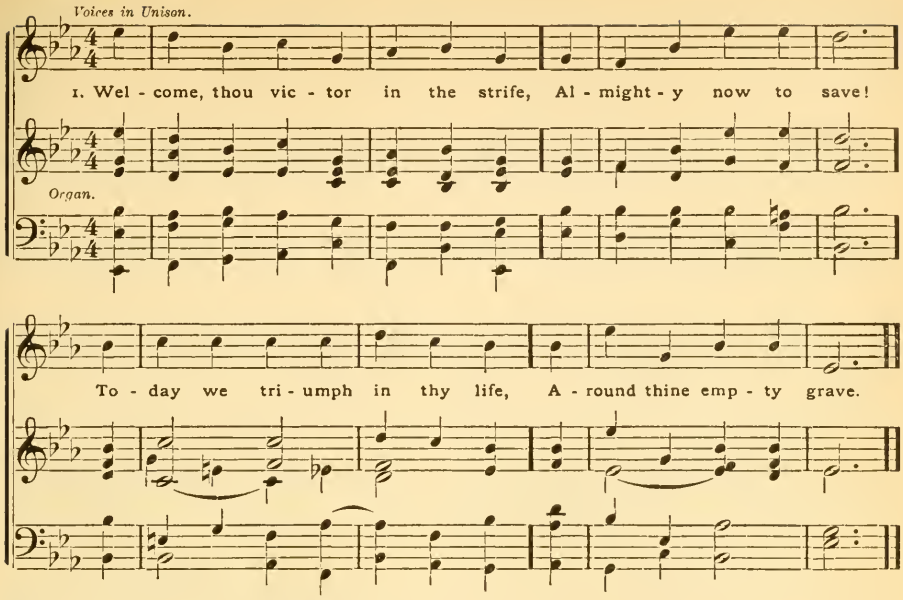
4 O grant us, then, with thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky:
Alleluia.

REDCLIFFE. 8s, 4. E. J. HOPKINS. 1818—.



SUTHER. C. M.

REV. WALTER LEIGH.



136

B. SCHMOLKE. 1712.
Tr. by C. WINKWORTH.

1 Welcome, thou victor in the strife,
Almighty now to save!
To-day we triumph in thy life,
Around thine empty grave.

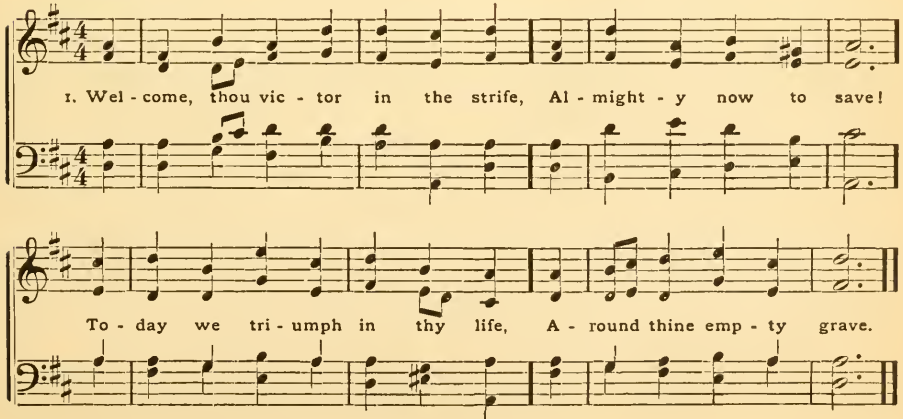
2 Our greatest foe is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

3 The dwellings of the just resound
With songs of victory;
For in the midst thou, Lord, art found,
And bringest peace with thee.

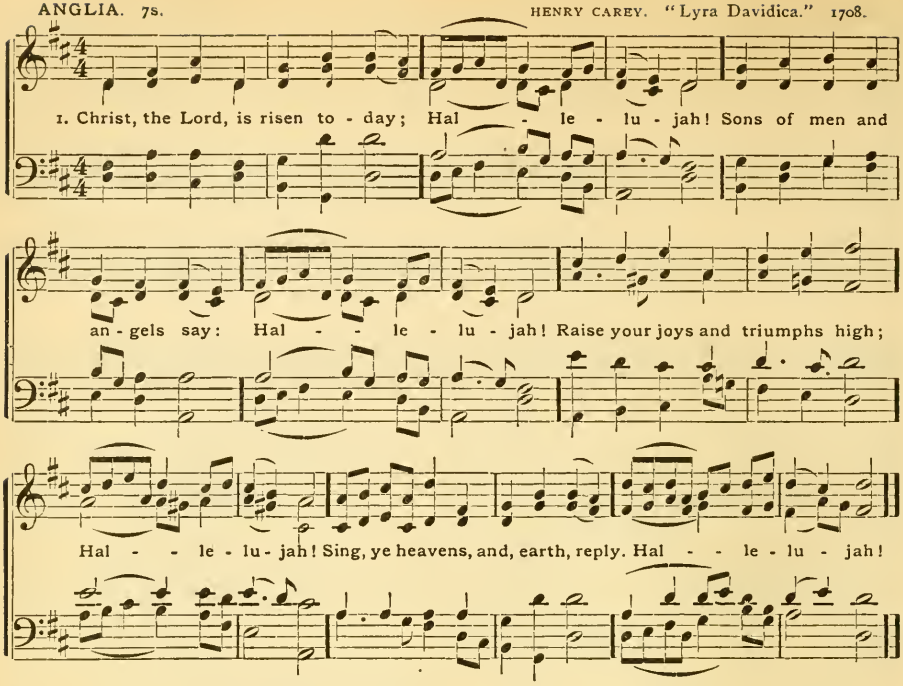
4 And let thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to thee.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

DR. W. CROFT. 1677–1727.



ANGLIA. 7s. HENRY CAREY. "Lyra Davidica." 1708.



137

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

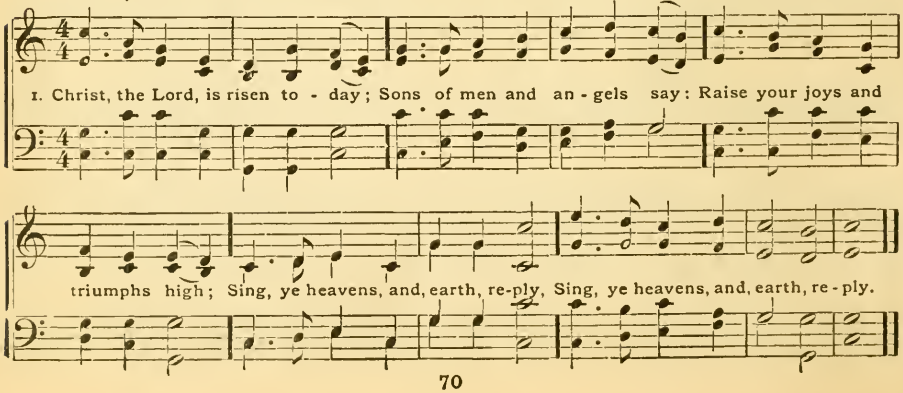
1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day;
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

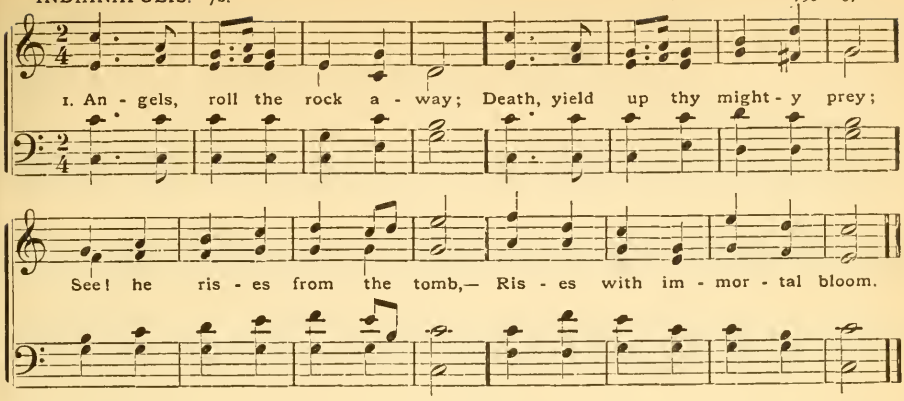
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we rise:
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

ESSEX. 7s. THOMAS CLARK. 1775–1859.



INDIANAPOLIS. 7s. H. C. ZEUNER. 1795–1857.



138

THOMAS SCOTT. 1769.

1 Angels, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,—
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres;
Praise him in your noblest songs;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

139

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

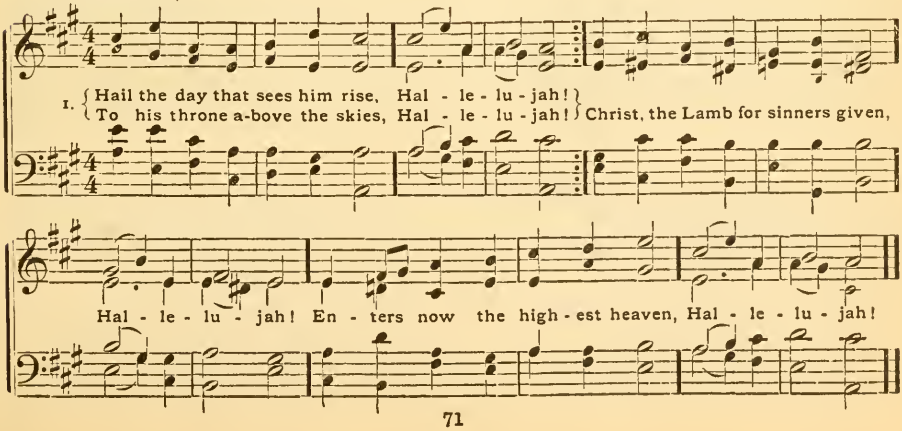
1 Hail the day that sees him rise,
To his throne above the skies;
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven.

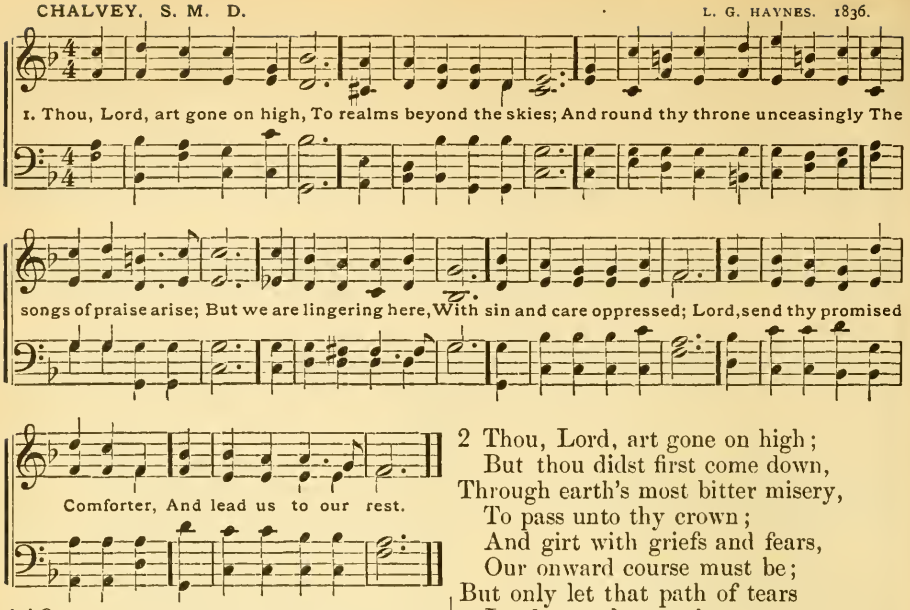
2 There for him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
He hath conquered death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Lord, though parted from our sight
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee above the skies.

ASCENSION. 7s. WM. H. MONK. 1823.





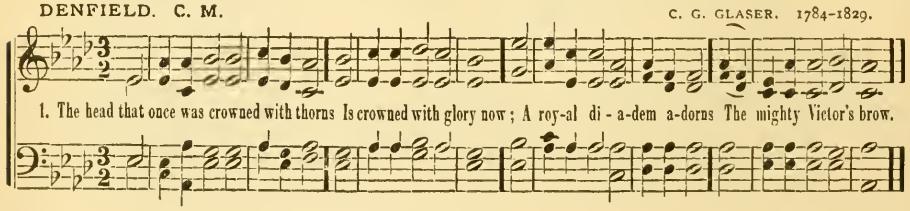
140

EMMA LESLIE STOKE. 1851.

1 Thou, Lord, art gone on high,
To realms beyond the skies;
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

2 Thou, Lord, art gone on high;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears,
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

3 Thou, Lord, art gone on high;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
O by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high.



141

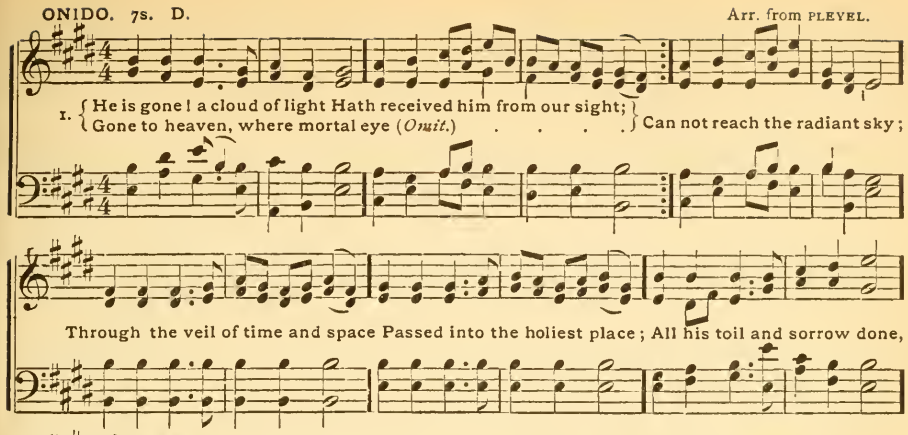
THOMAS KELLY. 1820.

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

3 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

4 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him,
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.
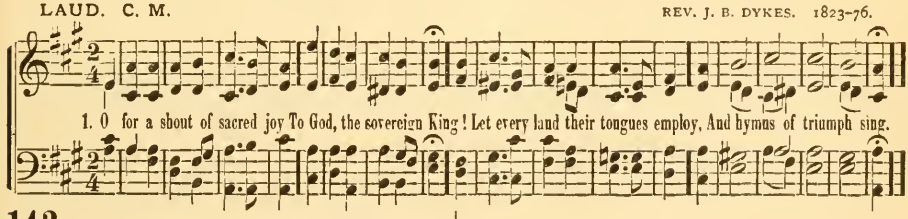


142

A. P. STANLEY. 1862.

1 He is gone! a cloud of light
Hath received him from our sight;
Gone to heaven, where mortal eye
Can not reach the radiant sky;
Through the veil of time and space
Passed into the holiest place;
All his toil and sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone! we heard him say,
"Good that I should go away;"
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone his present grace;
Though himself no more we see,
Comfortless we can not be:
No; his Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

3 He is gone! and we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which he has left,
On this earth of him bereft,
We have still his work to do,
We can still his path pursue;
We can follow him below,
And his bright example show.



143

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

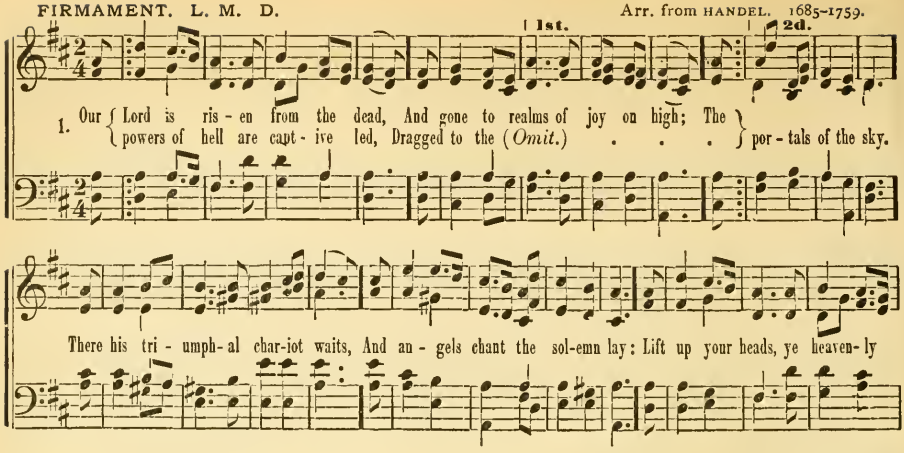
1 O for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Speak forth his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

FIRMAMENT. L. M. D. Arr. from HANDEL. 1685–1759.



144

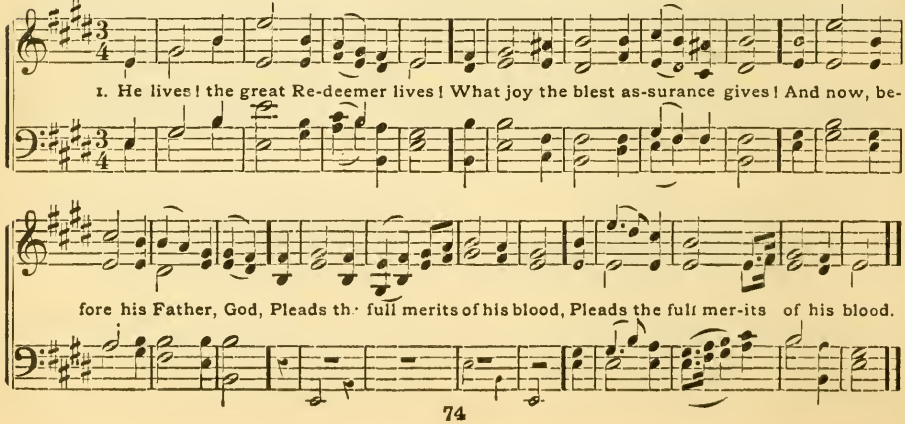
CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
And gone to realms of joy on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

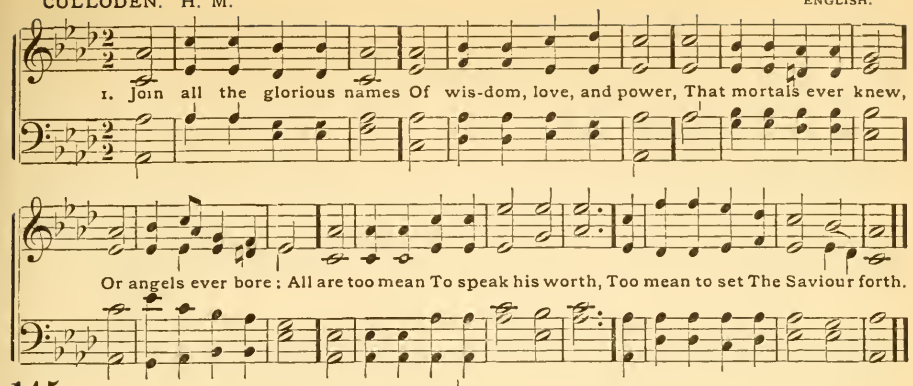
2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is the King of glory,—who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The powers of death and sin o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

3 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
Who is the King of glory,—who?
The Lord of glorious power possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

ROTHWELL. L. M. WM. TANSUR. 1700–1783.



CULLODEN. H. M. ENGLISH.



145

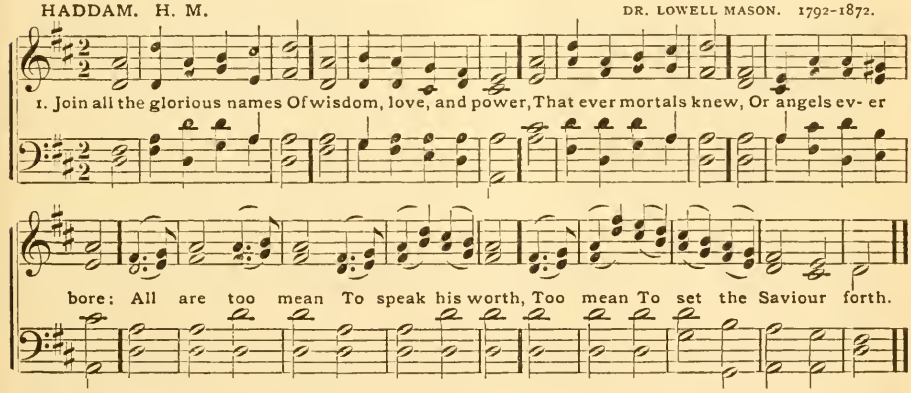
ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean To speak his worth,
Too mean to set The Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,
The joyful news Of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, And peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood Did once atone,
And now it pleads Before the throne.

HADDAM. H. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



146

L. M. ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 He lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
He pleads the merits of his blood.

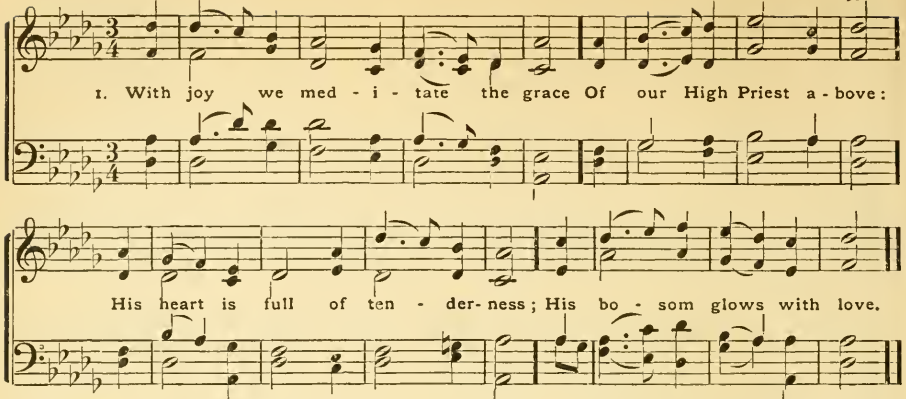
2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Away, ye dark, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

H. PURCELL. 1658–1695.



147

ISAAC WATTS. 1707

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

148

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathizing love.

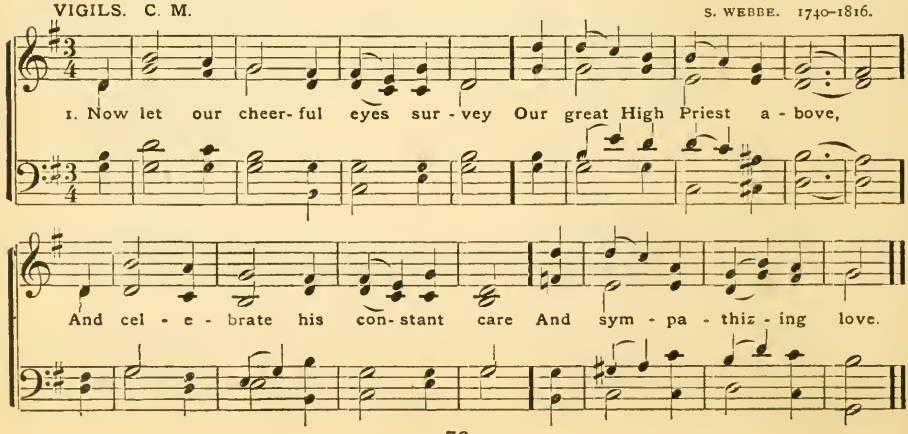
2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned,

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

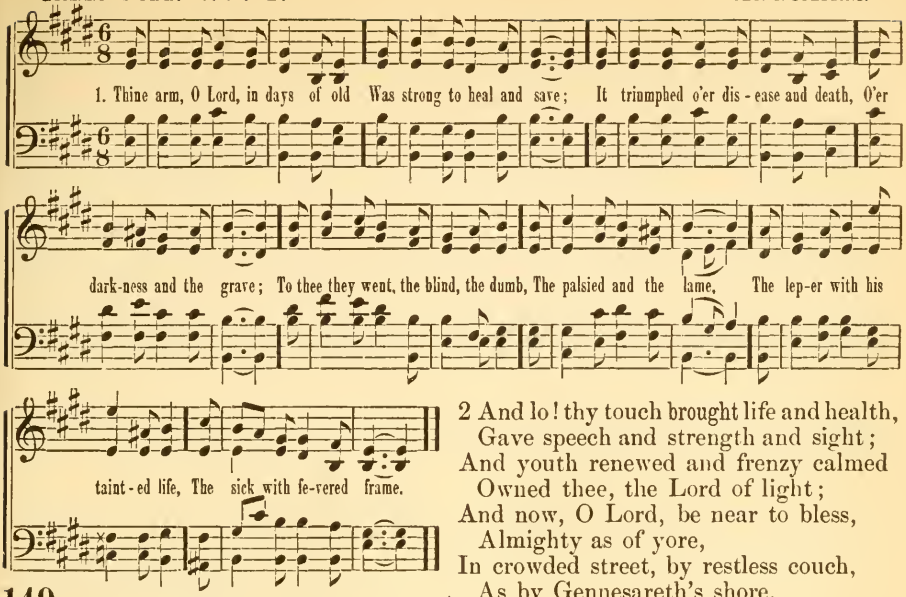
4 So, gracious Saviour, on our breasts
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

VIGILS. C. M.

S. WEBBE. 1740–1816.



GREEN HILL. C. M. D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



149

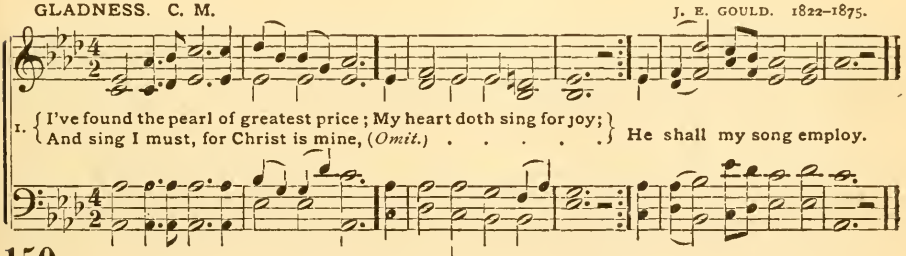
EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE. 1865.

1 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave;
To thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo! thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned thee, the Lord of light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore.

GLADNESS. C. M. J. E. GOULD. 1822–1875.



150

JOHN MASON. 1863.

1 I've found the pearl of greatest price;
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine,
He shall my song employ.

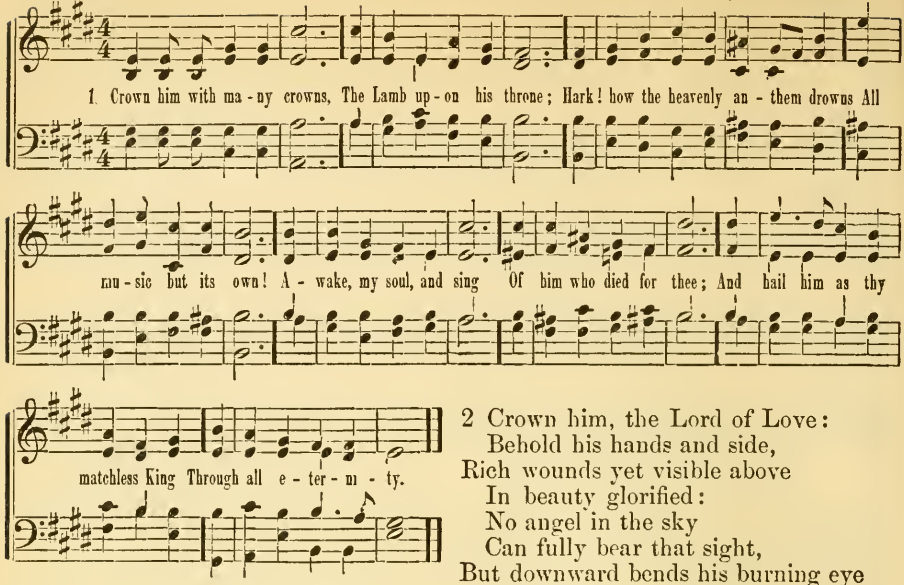
2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King:
My Prophet full of light;
My great High Priest before the throne:
My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ is my Peace: he died for me,
For me he gave his blood;
And, as my wondrous sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

4 Christ Jesus is my all in all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and he shall be
My joy and crown above.

DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY. 1816—.



151

MATTHEW BRIDGES. 1847.

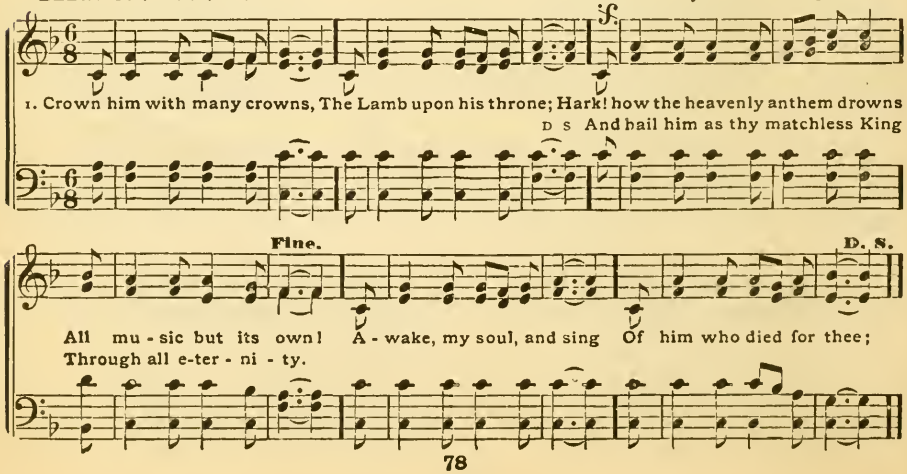
1 Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him, the Lord of Love:
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

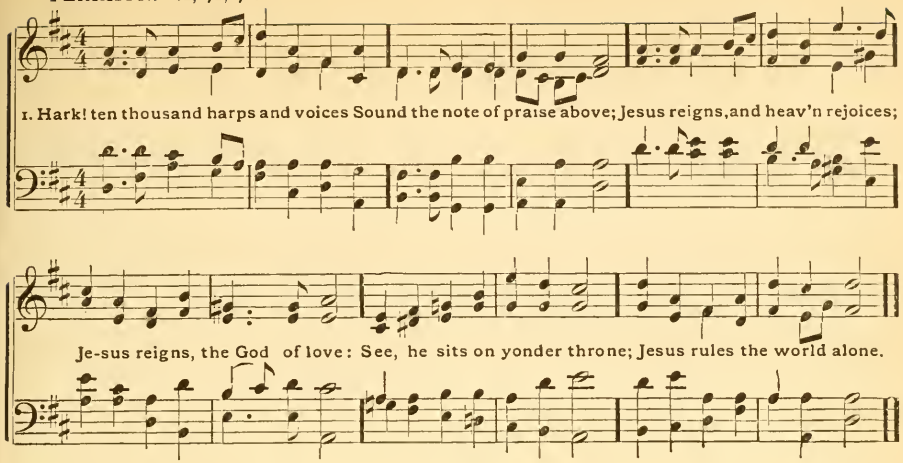
3 Crown him, the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
Glassed in a sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect his form—the Infinite—
Who lives and loves and saves.

LEBANON. S. M. D.

J. ZUNDEL. 1815–1882.



PERRHYN. 8s, 7s, 7s. R. P. STEWART. 1868.



152

THOMAS KELLY. 1836.
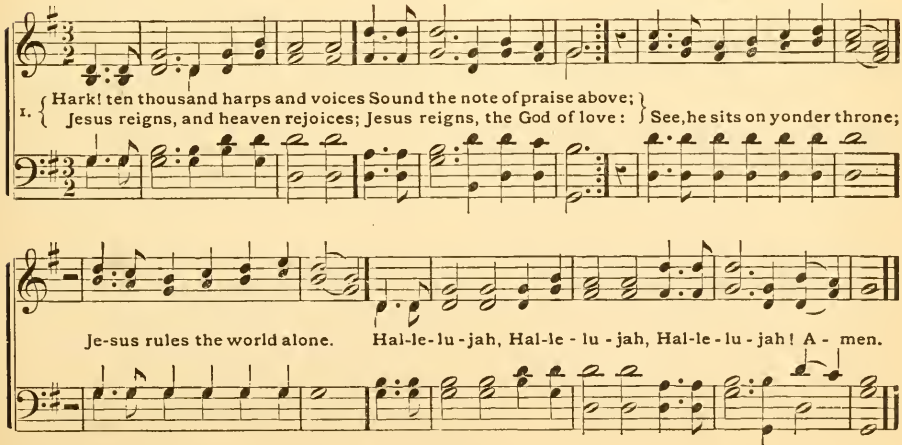
1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth:
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

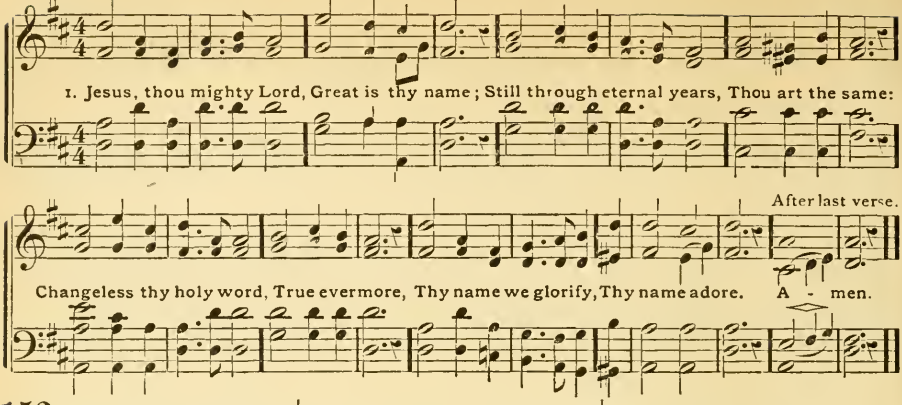
3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



JESUS, THOU MIGHTY LORD. 6s, 4s. W. H. DOANE.



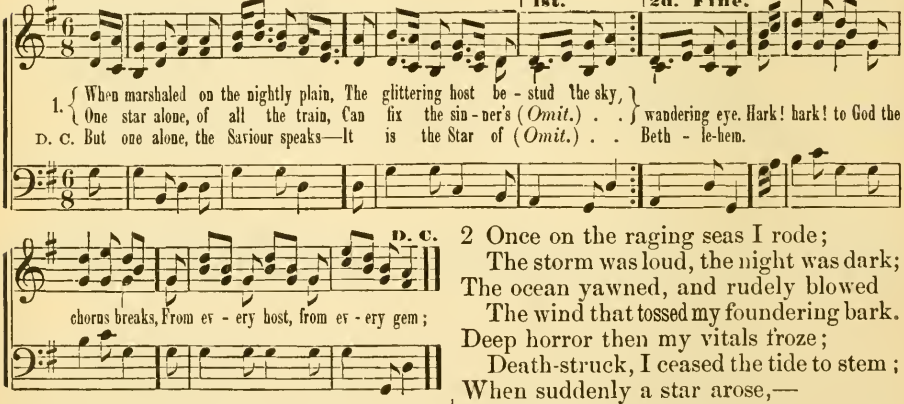
153 F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1832.

1 Jesus, thou mighty Lord,
Great is thy name;
Still through eternal years,
Thou art the same;
Changeless thy holy word,
True evermore,
Thy name we glorify,
Thy name adore.

2 Jesus, thou mighty Lord,
Jesus, our King,
Praise for thy wondrous love
Gladly we sing.
Love in thy diadem
Shines evermore;
Thy name we glorify,
Thy name adore.

3 Sought by thy mercy, Lord,
Saved by thy power,
Led by thy gracious hand,
Kept every hour.
Thine shall the honor be,
Thine evermore,
Thy name we glorify,
Thy name adore.

STELLA.. L. M. D. JAMES MILLAR. 1754.
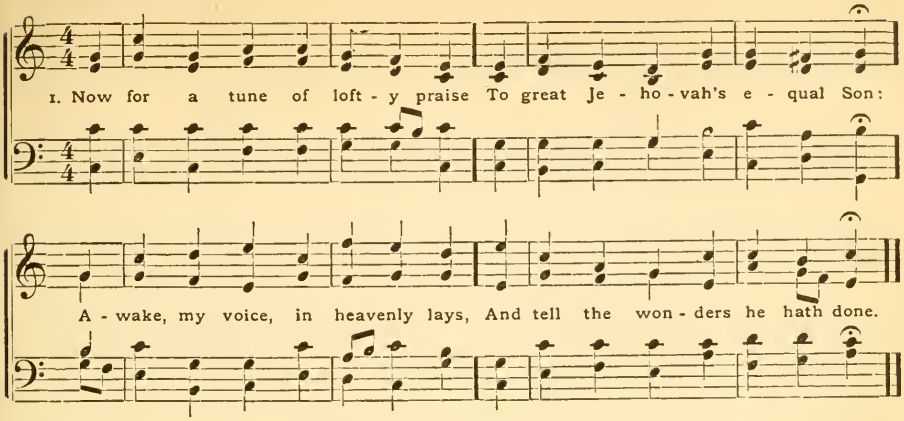


154 HENRY KIRKE WHITE. 1806.

1 When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and for evermore,—
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

WINCHESTER NEW. L. M. GERMAN. 1690.



155

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son:
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above:
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

156

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.
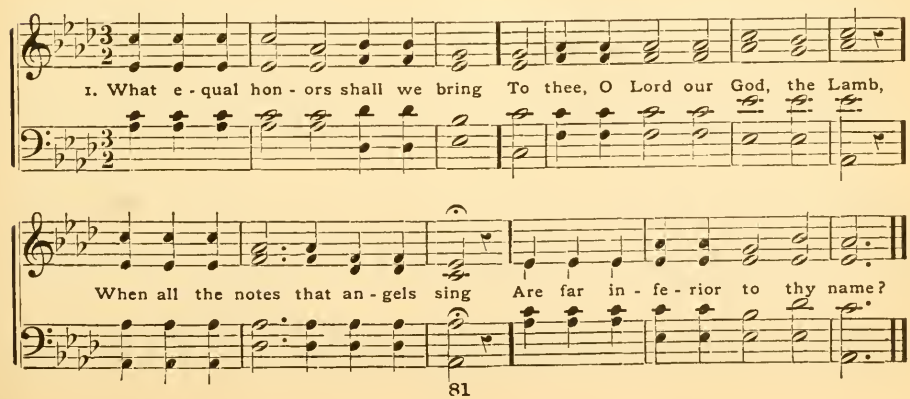
1 What equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

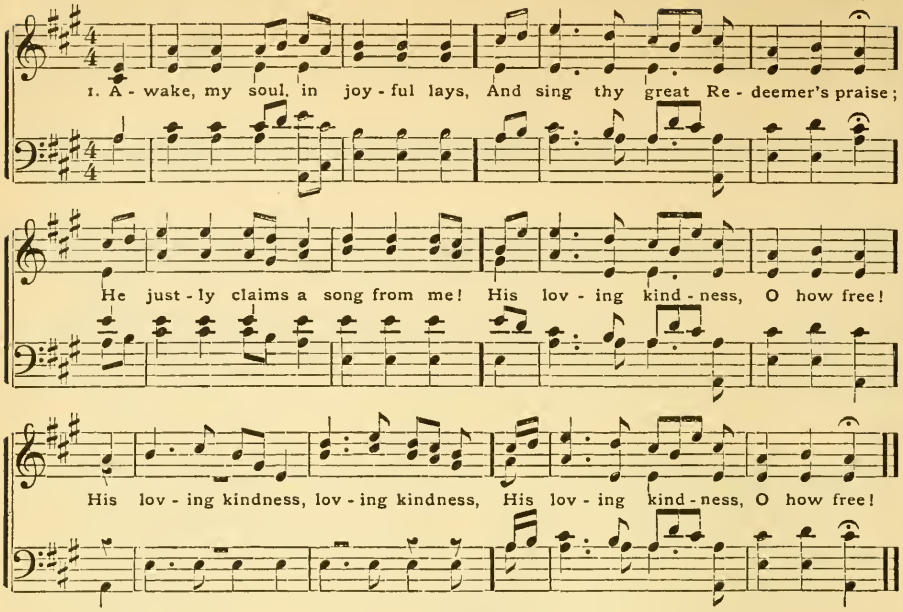
3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say "Amen."

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. H. C. ZEUNER. 1795–1857.



LOVING KINDNESS. L. M. WESTERN MELODY.



157

SAMUEL MEDLEY. 1787.

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me!
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
O, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

158

WILLIAM HAMMOND. 1749.
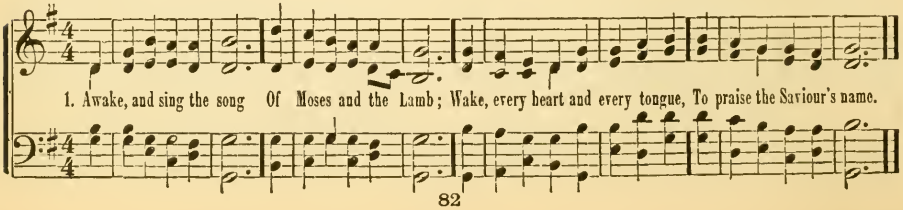
1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing, how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

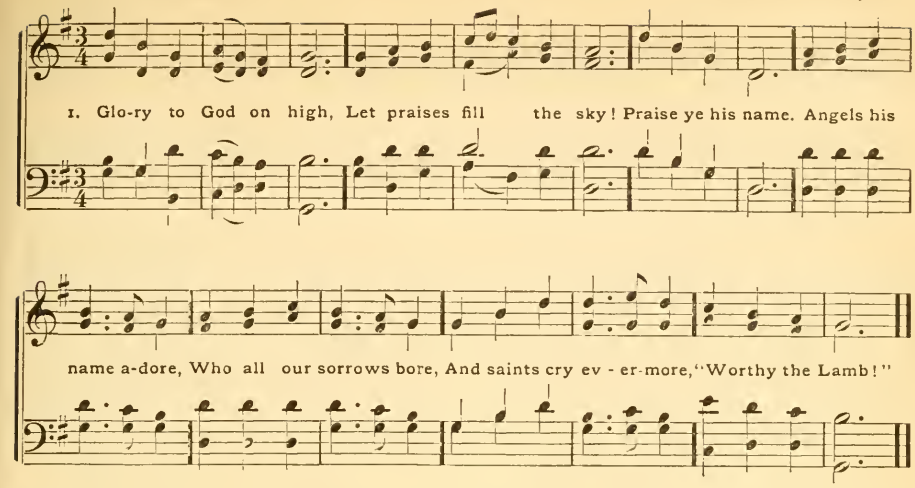
3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

ST. MICHAEL. S. M. JOHN DAVE. 1522–1584.



ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s. FELICI GIARDINI. 1716–1796.



159

JAMES ALLEN. 1761.

1 Glory to God on high,
Let praises fill the sky!
Praise ye his name.
Angels his name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name.
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him we'll tribute bring,
Laud him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

160

JAMES BODEN. 1801.

1 Come, all ye saints of God,
Through all the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love hath done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
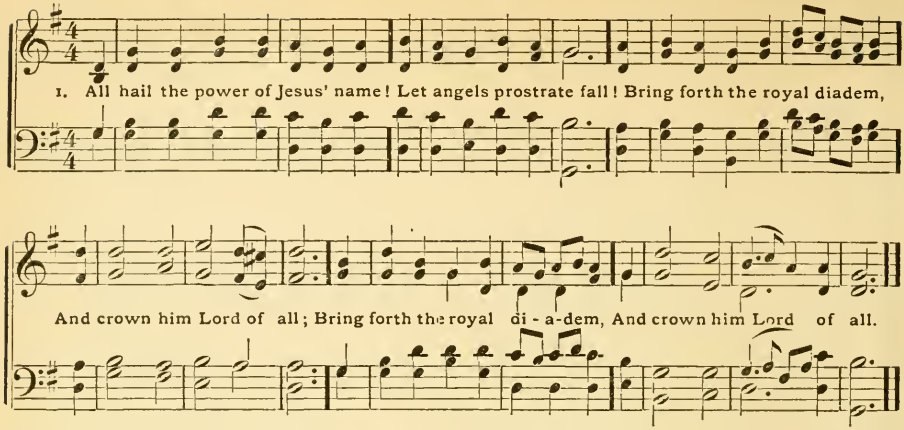
2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Join our glad theme:
Beauty for ashes bring;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

DOXOLOGY.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong
On earth, in heaven!

CORONATION C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN. 1765–1844.



161

EDWARD PERRONET. 1780.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
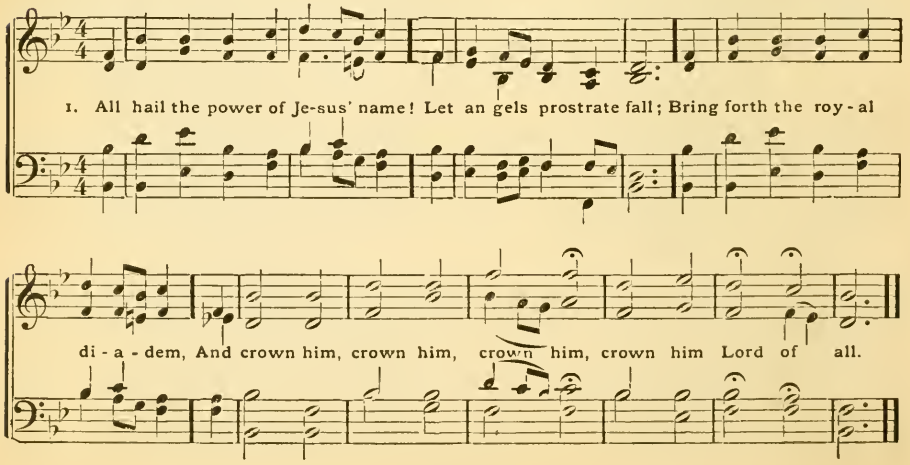
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
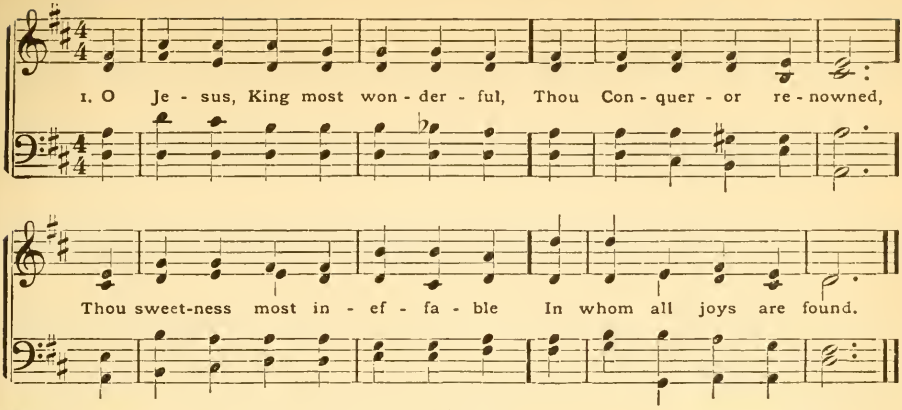
6 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

MILES LANE. C. M. W. SHRUBSOLE. 1758–1805.



ST. MARK. C. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT. 1806–1876.



162

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. 1153.
Tr. by E. CASWALL. 1849.

1 O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire.

4 Jesus, may all confess thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore;
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more.

163

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

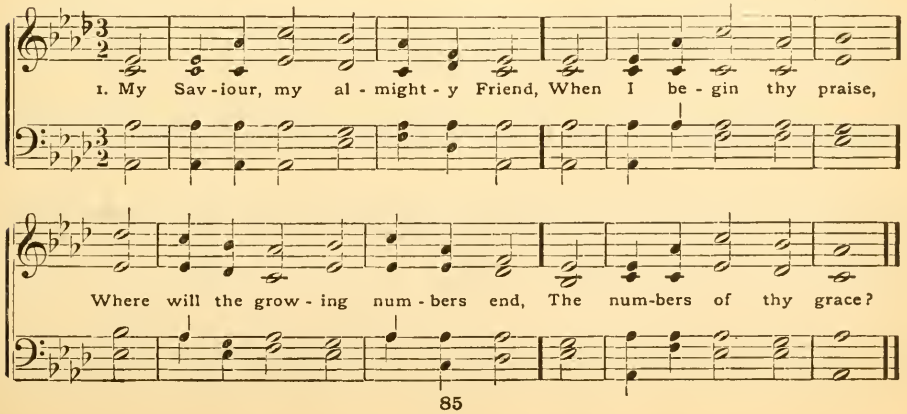
2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

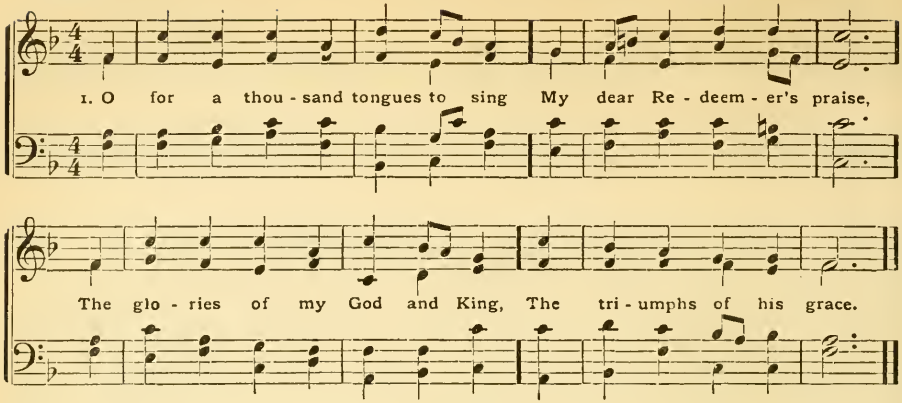
EVAN. C. M.

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL. 1793–1870



HERMANN. C. M.

NICHOLAS HERMANN. 1495–1561.



164

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrow cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

165

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
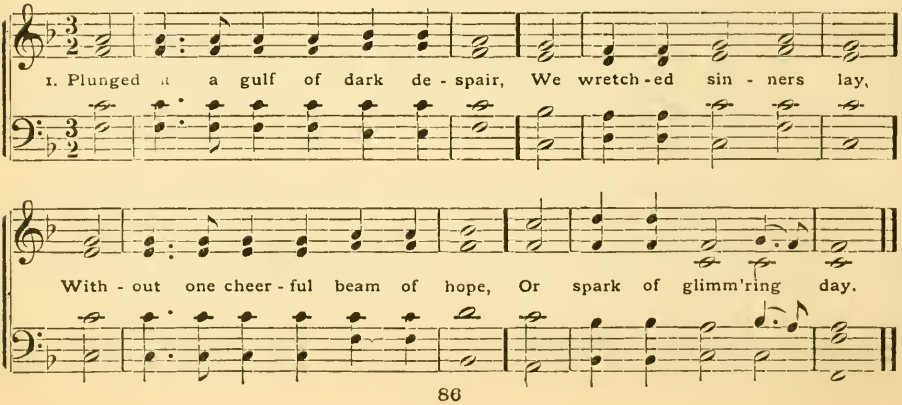
2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and,—O, amazing love!—
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

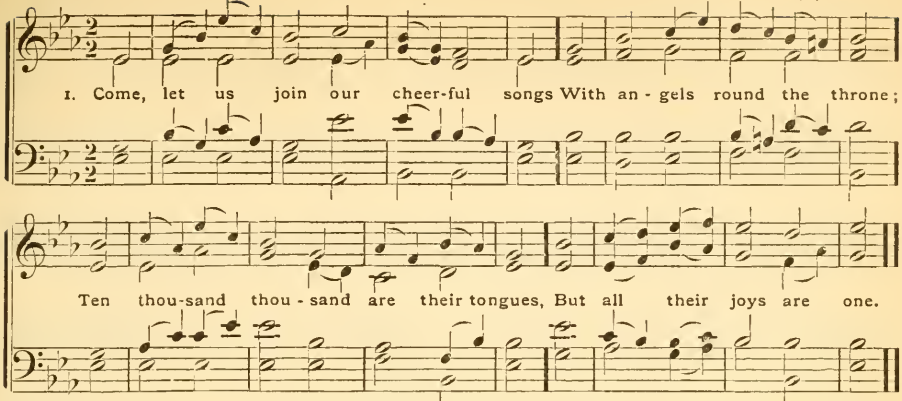
4 O for this love, let rocks and rills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

BYEFIELD. C. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1784–1872.



WARWICK. C. M. SAMUEL STANLEY. 1767–1822.



166

ISAAC WATTS 1707.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

167

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

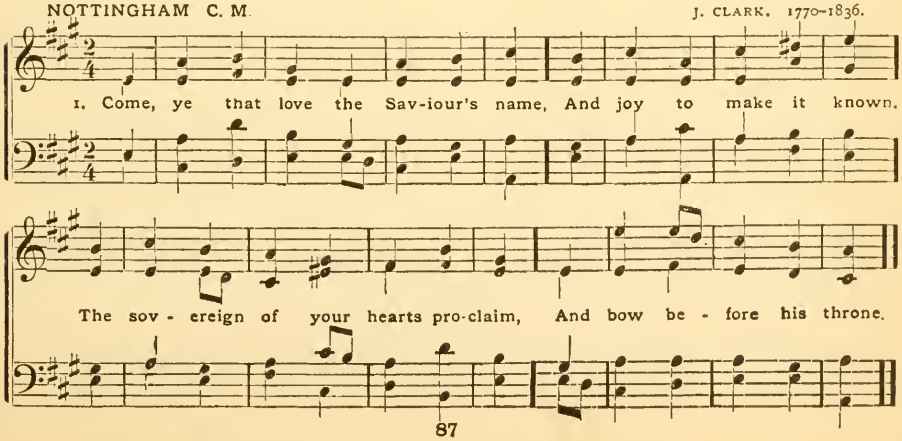
1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

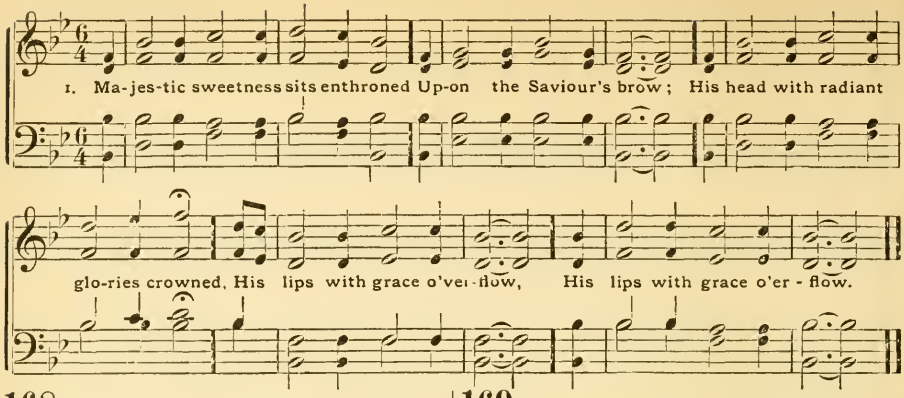
3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

4 O, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, their raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

NOTTINGHAM C. M. J. CLARK. 1770–1836.



ORTONVILLE. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784–1872.



168

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

169

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song.
O may his love,—immortal flame,—
Tune every heart and tongue.
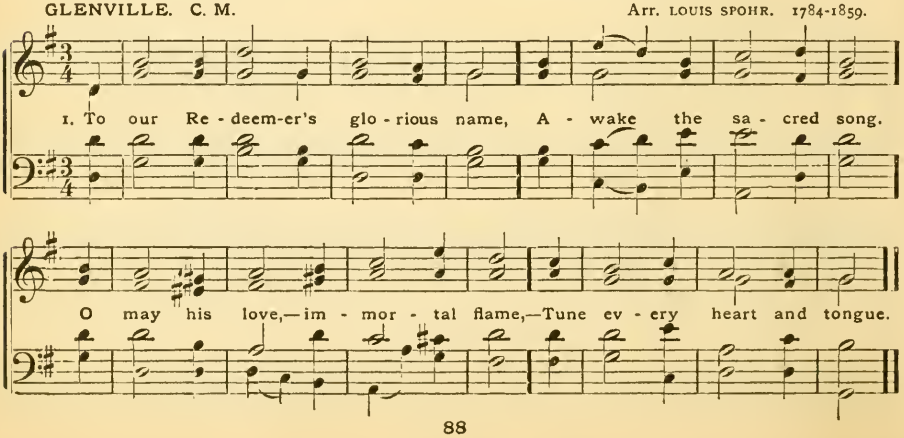
2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

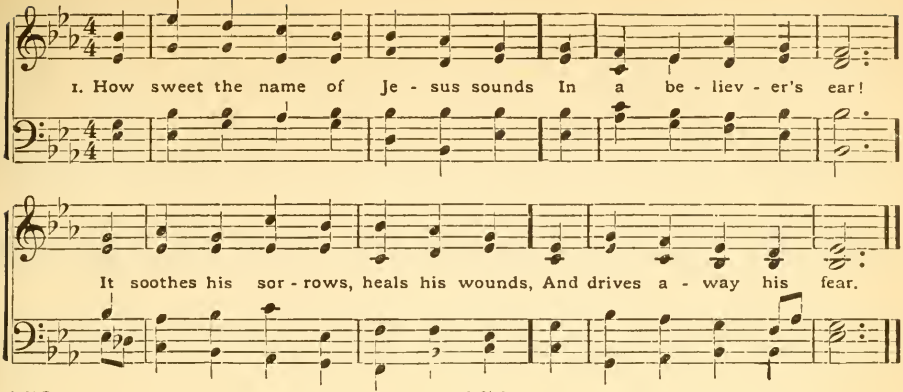
DOXOLOGY.

Let God the Father, God the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

GLENVILLE. C. M. Arr. LOUIS SPOHR. 1784-1859.



ST. PETER. C. M. A. R. REINAGLE. 1799–1877.



170

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

4 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

171

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. 1859.
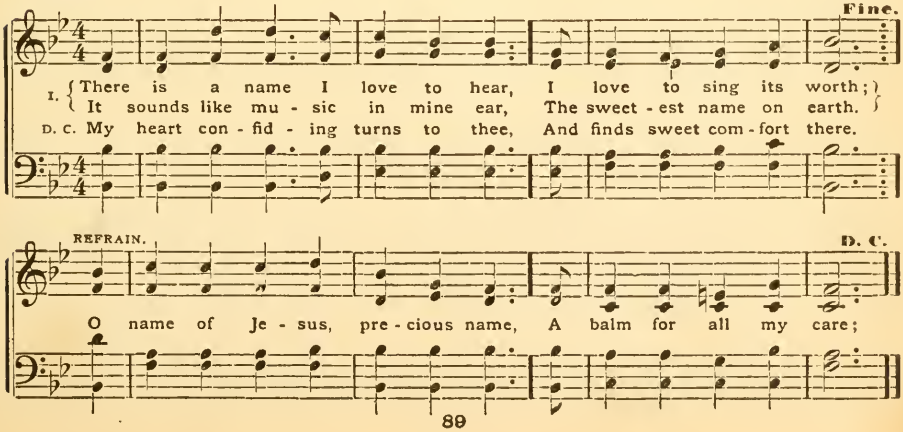
1 There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

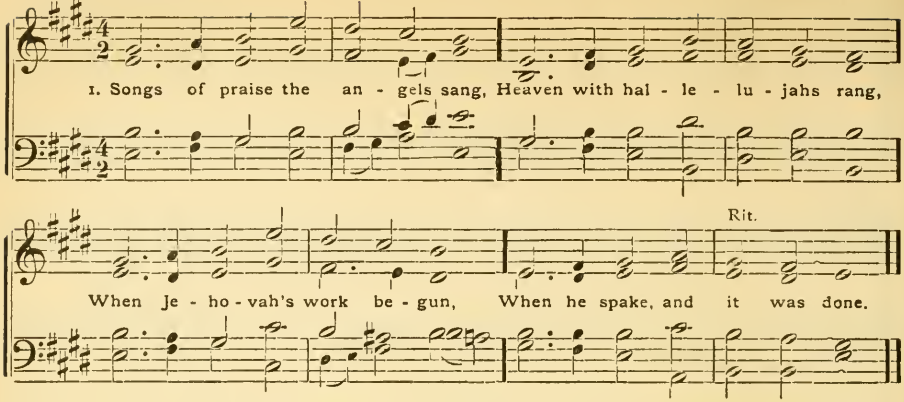
3 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

THANE. C. M. W. H. DOANE.



MONTGOMERY. 7s. THIBAUT. 1254.



172

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

173

MARTIN MADAN. 1763.

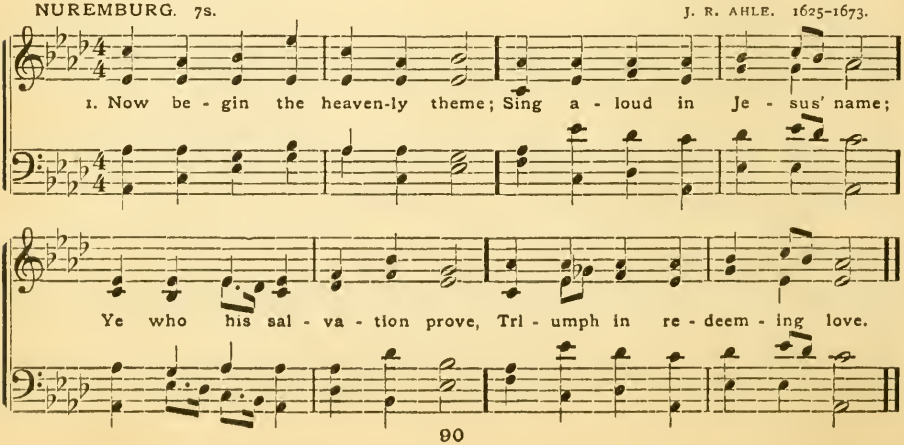
1 Now begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

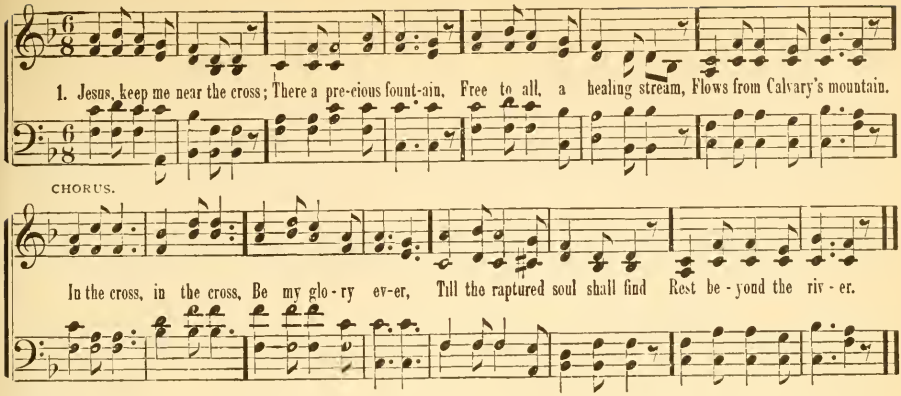
3 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

NUREMBURG. 7s. J. R. AHLE. 1625–1673.



NEAR THE CROSS. P. M. W. H. DOANE.



174

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1869.

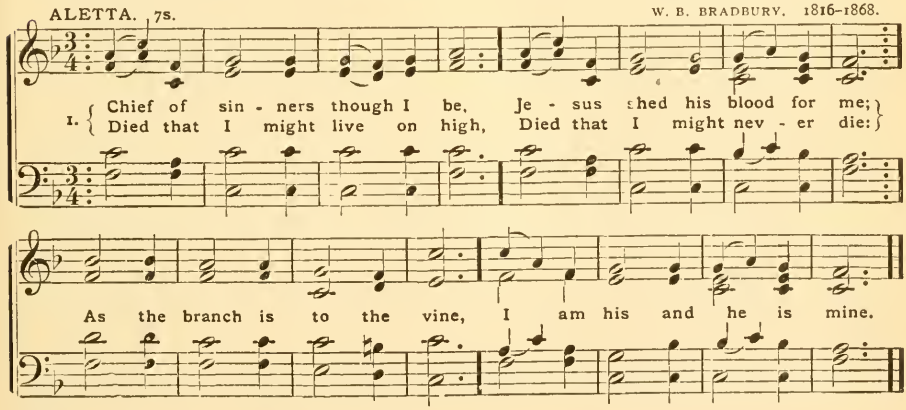
1 Jesus, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

ALETTA. 7s. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



175

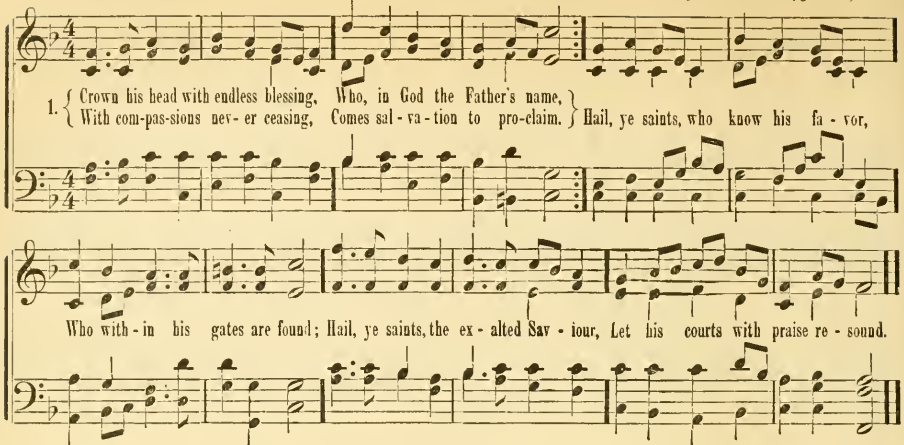
WILLIAM MC COMB. 1864.

1 Chief of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am his and he is mine.

2 O the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me,—wondrous thought!—
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains my hidden life.

AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s. D. F. J. HAYDN. 1732–1809.



176

WILLIAM GOODE. 1811.

1 Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing
In your grateful strains adore:
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Freely flows for evermore.

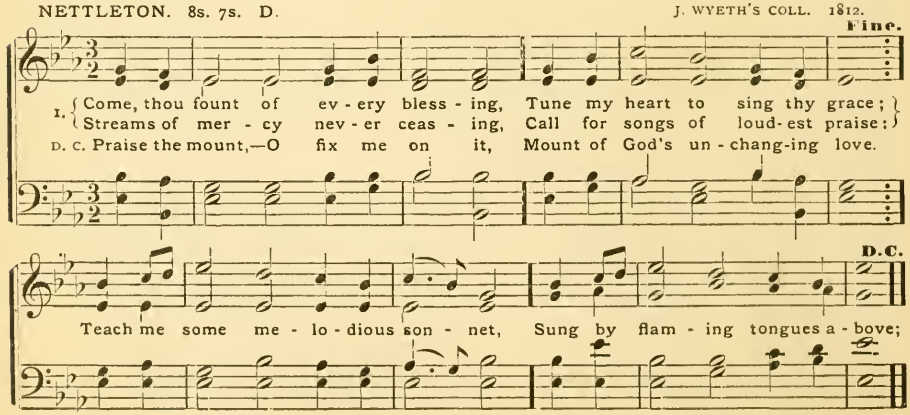
177

ROBERT ROBINSON. 1757.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

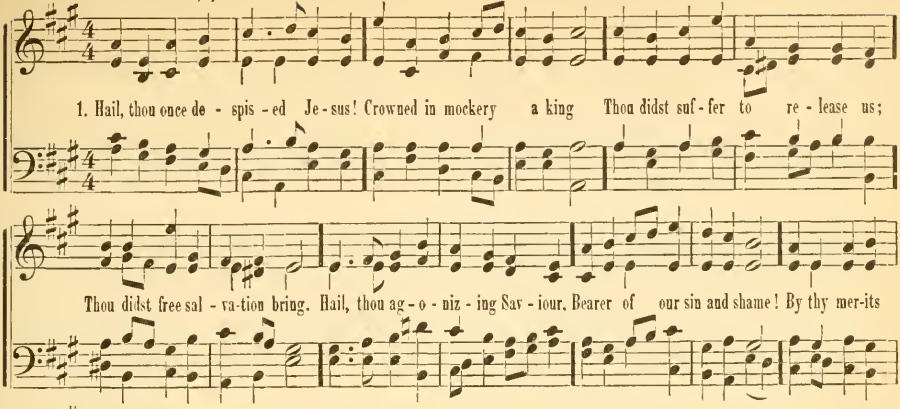
3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

NETTLETON. 8s. 7s. D. J. WYETH'S COLL. 1812.



MARSHMAN. 8s, 7s. D.

HENRY SMART. 1812–1879.



178

JOHN BAKEWELL. 1760.

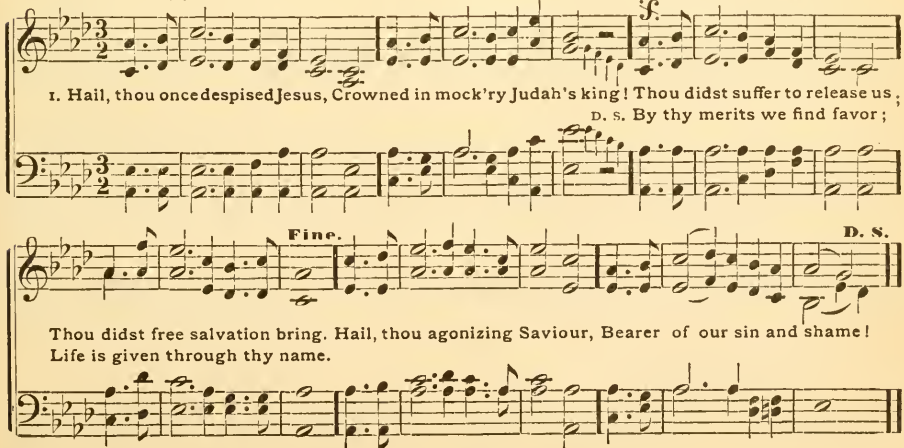
1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
 Crowned in mockery a king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading;
 There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

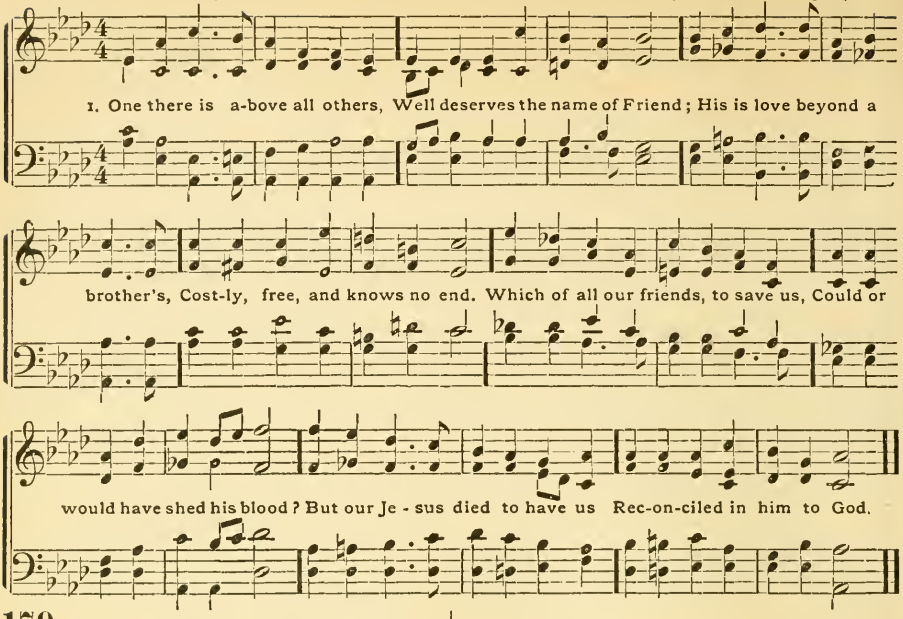
3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
 Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.

SPANISH MELODY FROM MARECHO.



SANCTUARY. 8s, 7s. D. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.



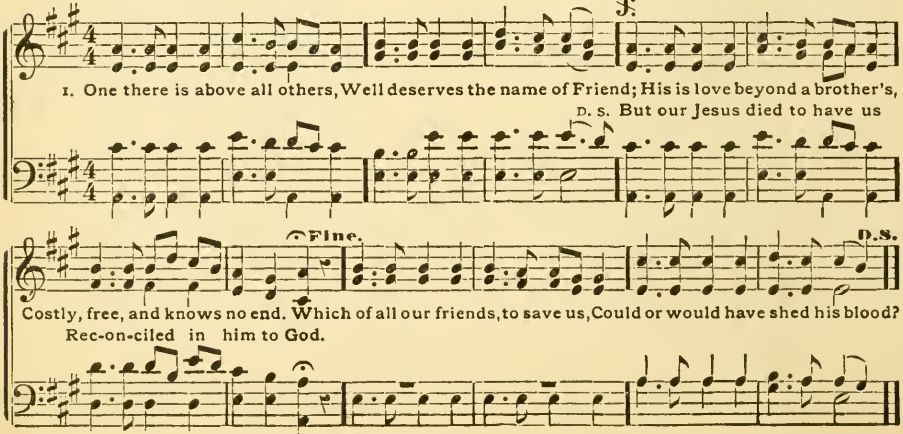
179

J. NEWTON. 1779.
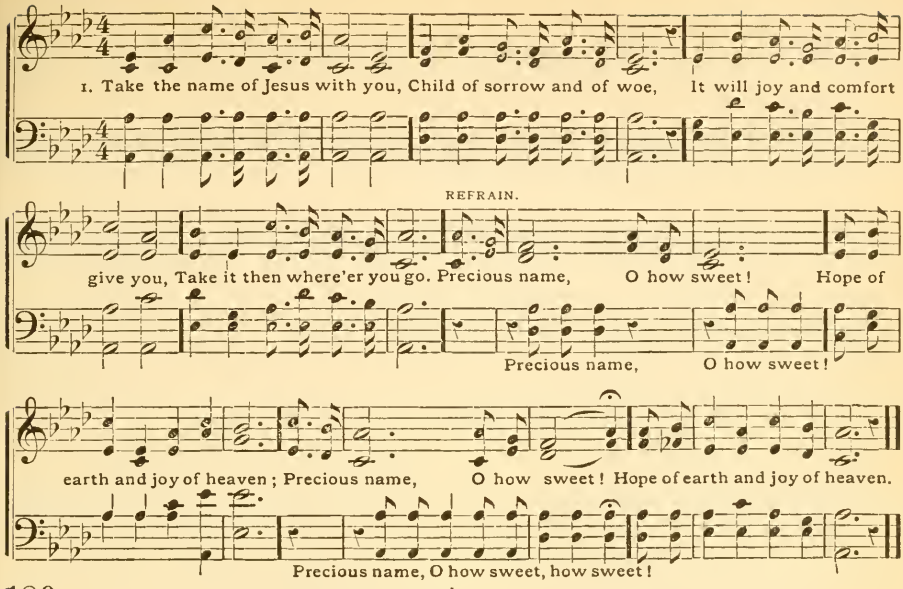
1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

ELLESTON. 8s, 7s. D. J. C. W. A. MOZART. 1756–1791.



PRECIOUS NAME. 8s, 7s. W. H. DOANE.



180
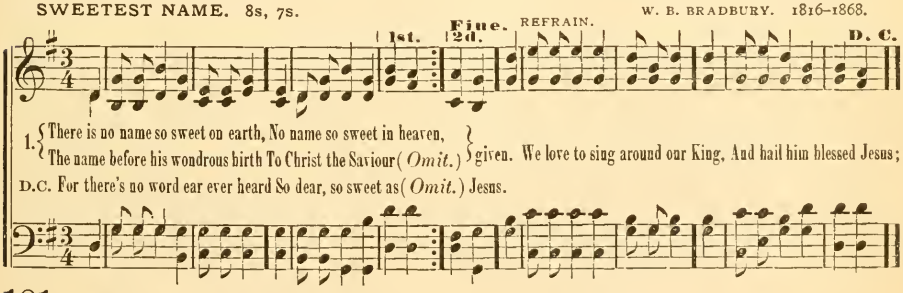
LYDIA BAXTER. 1873.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe,
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.—REF.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.—REF.

3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.—REF.

SWEETEST NAME. 8s, 7s. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



181

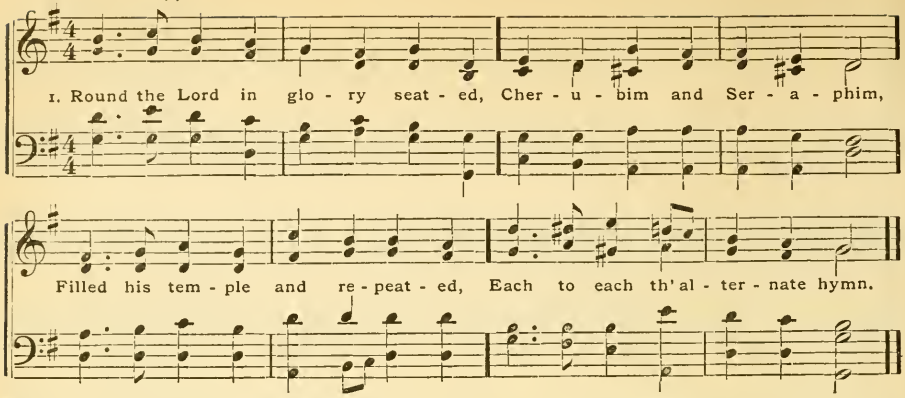
GEORGE W. BETHUNE. 1858.

1 There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before his wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.—REF.

2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.—REF.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—REF.

ANGELO. 8s, 7s. ARR. W. H. DOANE.



182

RICHARD MANT. 1837.

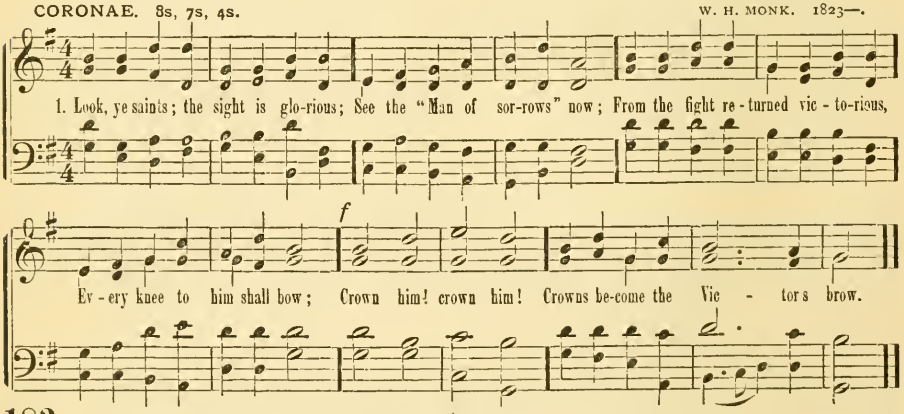
1 Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim,
Filled his temple and repeated,
Each to each, th' alternate hymn:

2 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy! Holy! Holy!" singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

4 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"

CORONAE. 8s, 7s, 4s. W. H. MONK. 1823—.



183
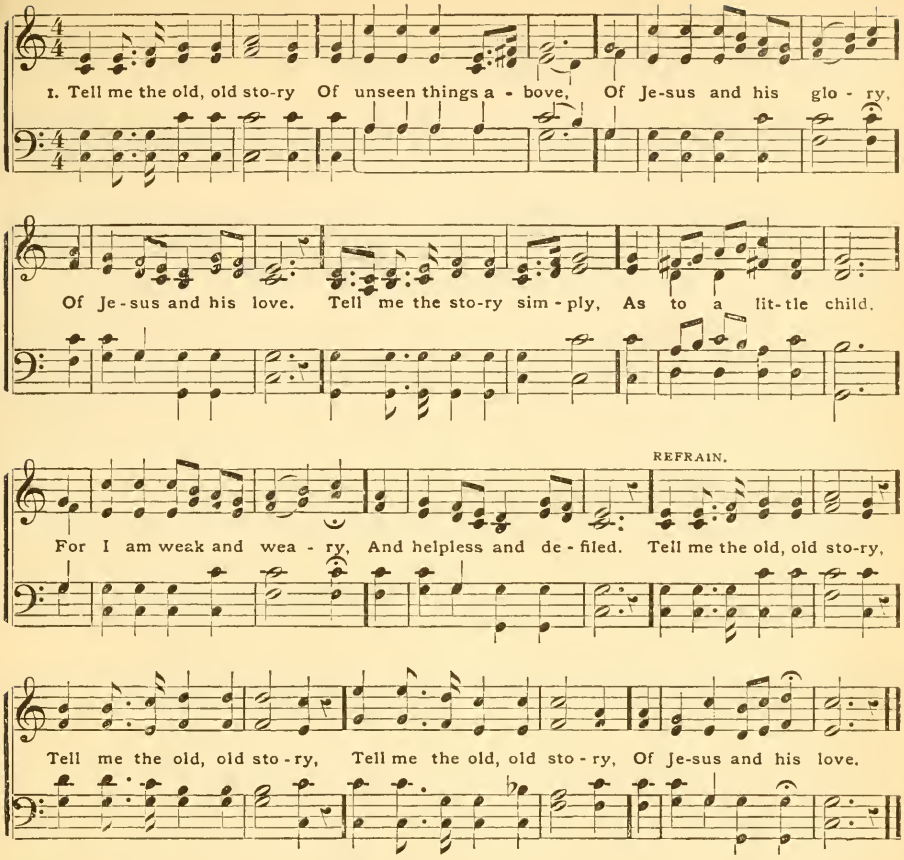
THOMAS KELLY. 1806.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings and Lord of lords.

OLD, OLD STORY. 7s, 6s. D. W. H. DOANE.



184

CATHERINE HANKEY. 1865.
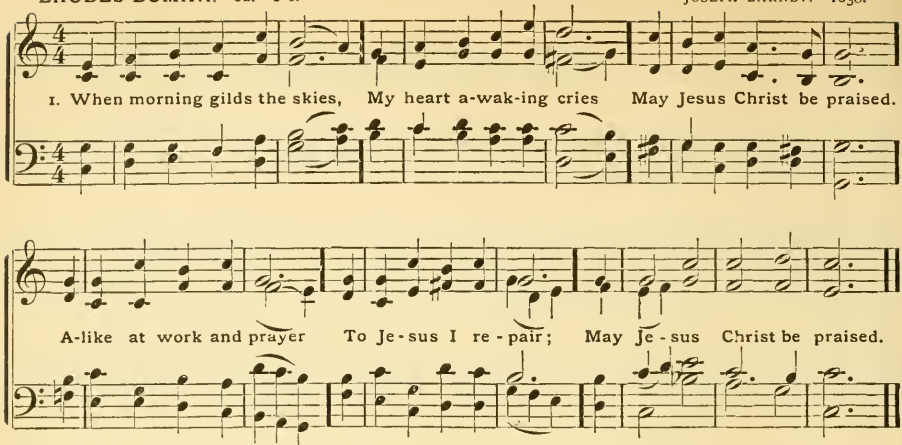
1 Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin!
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
O yes, and when its glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

LAUDES DOMINI. 6s. 6 l. JOSEPH BARNBY. 1838.



185

EDWARD CASWALL. 1849.

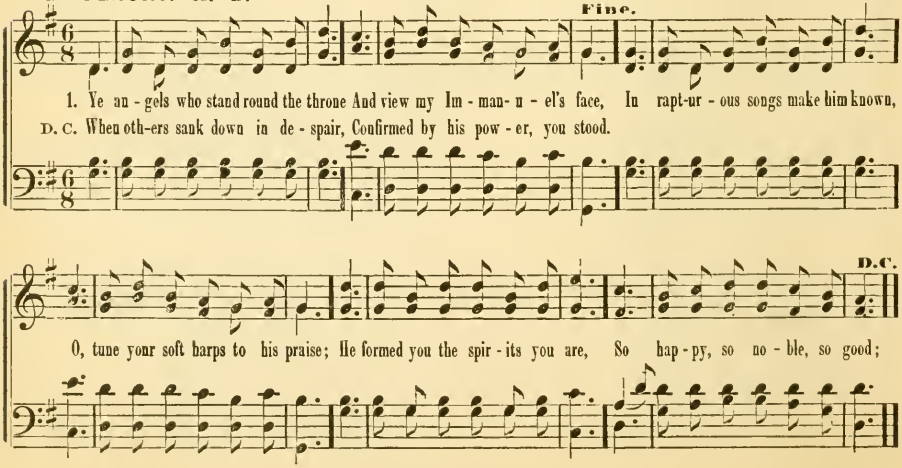
1 When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
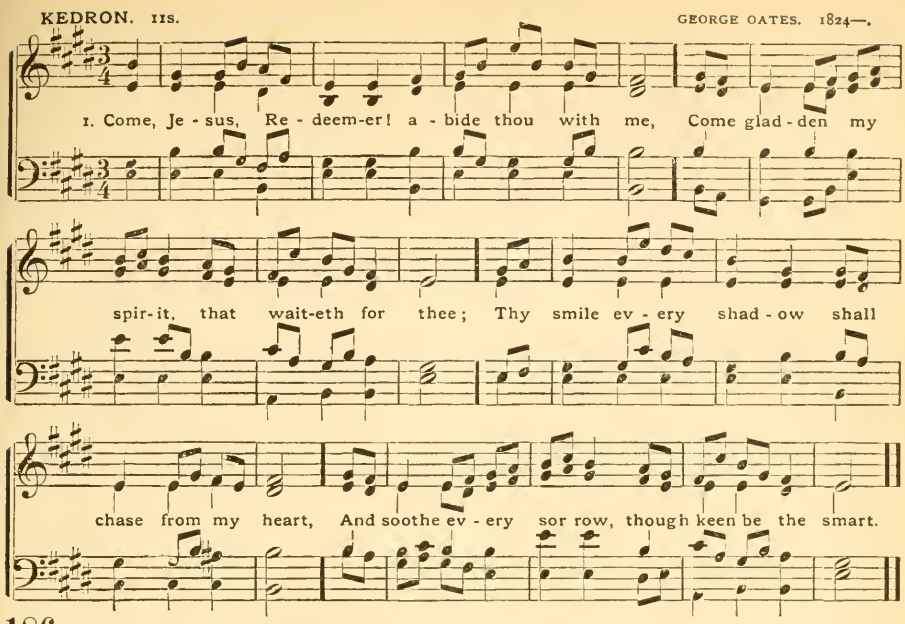
2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
O, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

DE FLEURY. 8s. D. GERMAN MELODY.





186

RAY PALMER. 1865.

1 Come, Jesus, Redeemer! abide thou with me,
Come gladden my spirit, that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the smart.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace,
From restless vain wishes bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till glad to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

187 8s. D.

MARIA DE FLEURY. 1791.

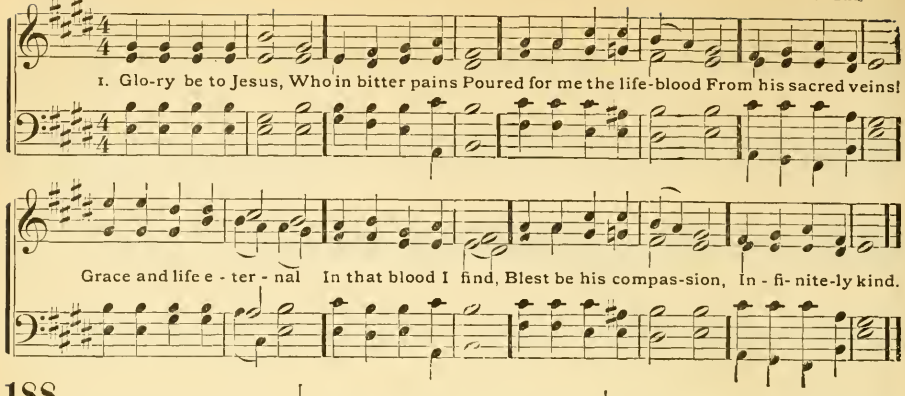
1 Ye angels who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous song make him known,
O tune your soft harps to his praise;
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sank down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, you stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair,
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong;
I want, O, I want to be there,
To sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

OBLATION. 6s, 5s. D.

H. S. CUTLER.



188

Italian, tr. by E. CASWALL.

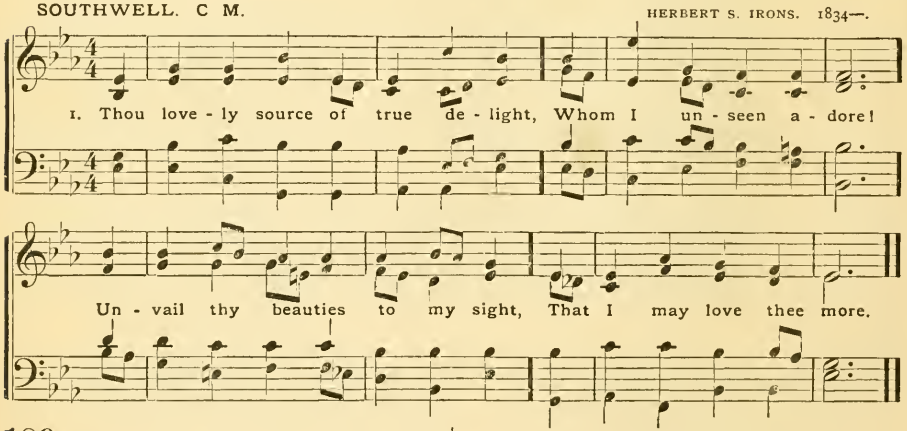
1 Glory be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins!
Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be his compassion,
Infinitely kind.

2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood.

SOUTHWELL. C M.

HERBERT S. IRONS. 1834—.



189

A. STEELE. 1760.

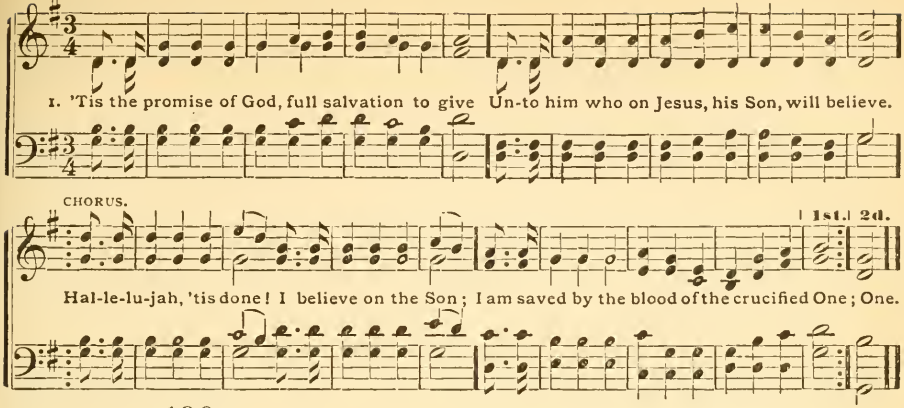
1 Thou lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;—
But in thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
O come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE! 12s. P. P. BLISS. 1838–1877.



190

By per. J. Church & Co.

PHILIP. P. BLISS. 1874.

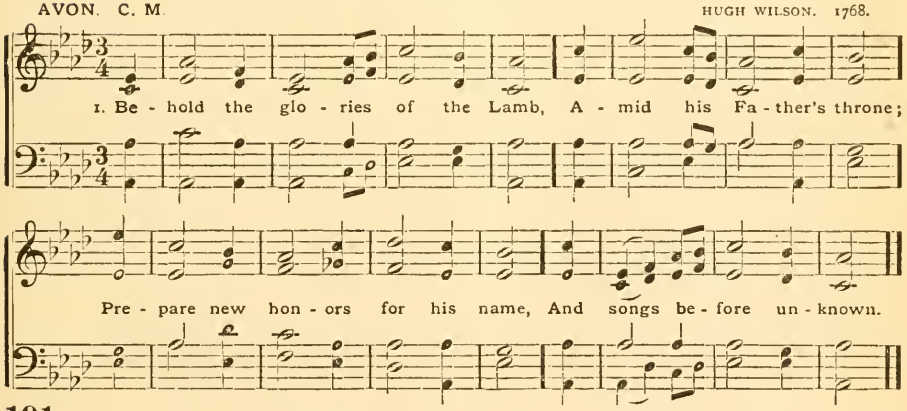
1 'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus, his Son, will believe.

2 Tho' the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:

4 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:

AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON. 1768.



191

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

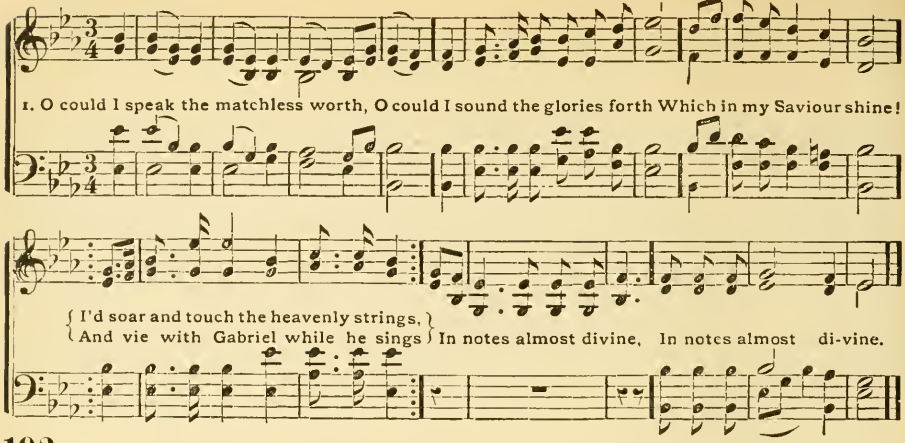
2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



192

SAMUEL MEDLEY. 1789.

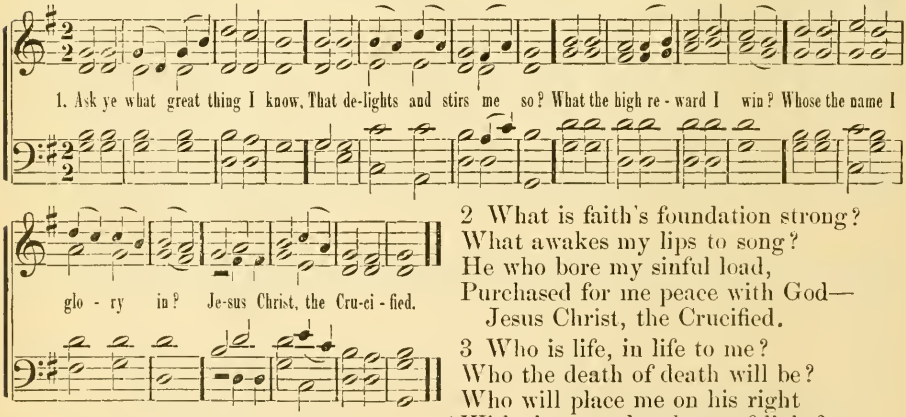
1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

HENDON. 7s.

C. H. MALAN. 1787–1864.



193

J. S. B. MONSELL. 1863.

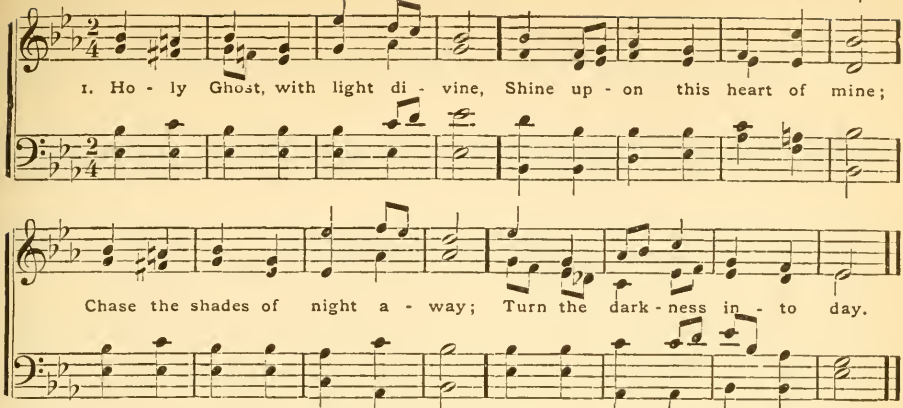
1 Ask ye what great thing I know,
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God—
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who is life, in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on his right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave—
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

SOLITUDE. 7s. L. T. DOWNS. 1824.



194

ANDREW REED. 1841.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

195

W. H. BATHURST. 1831.
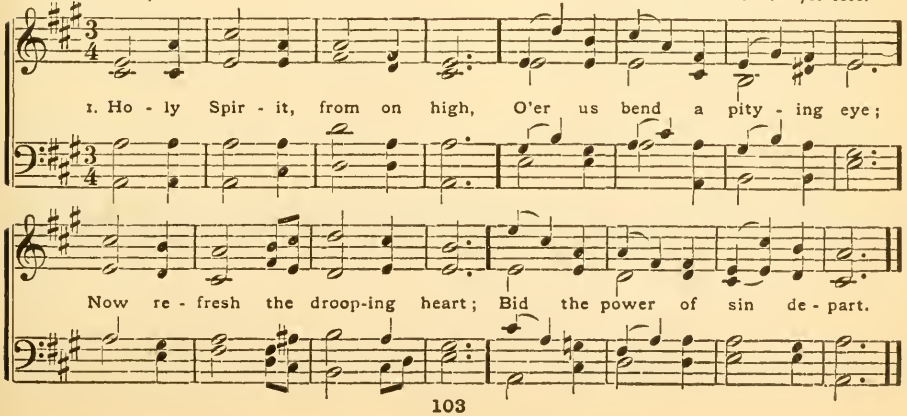
1 Holy Spirit, from on high,
O'er us bend a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our hearts' ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray

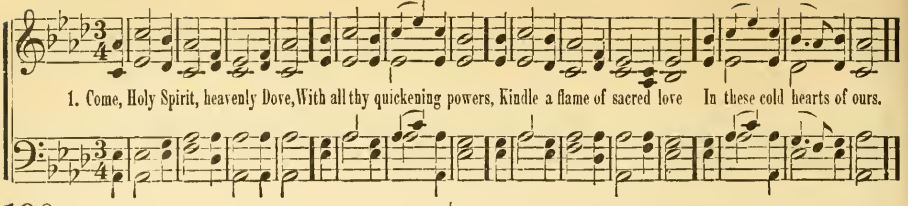
3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.

4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

HORTON. 7s. X. S. VON WARTENSEE. 1786–1868.



BALERMA. C. M. R. SIMPSON.



196

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

197

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

198

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

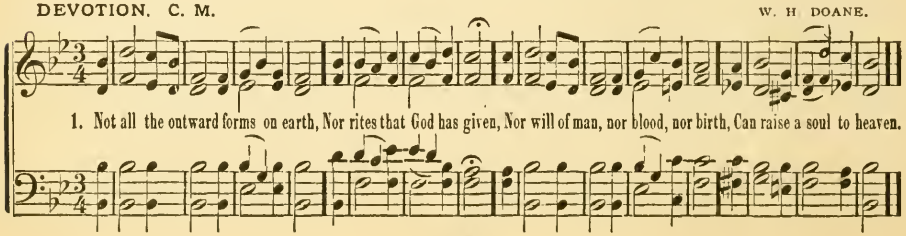
2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;

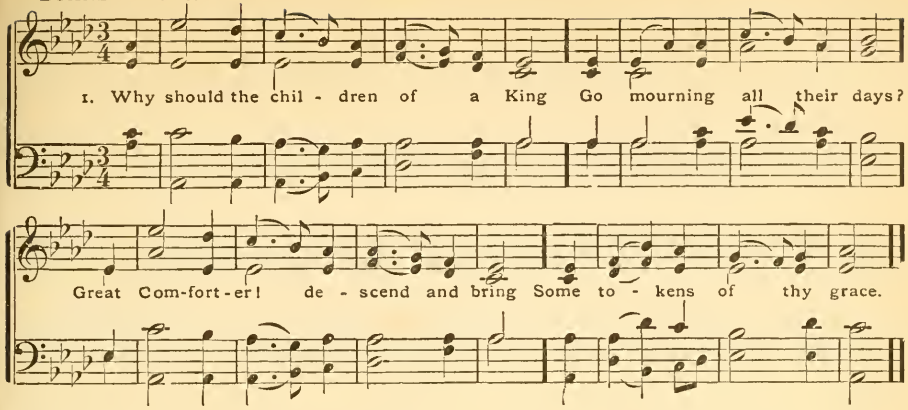
4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 O, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

DEVOTION. C. M. W. H. DOANE.



BOARDMAN. C. M. L. DEVEREAUX.



199

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

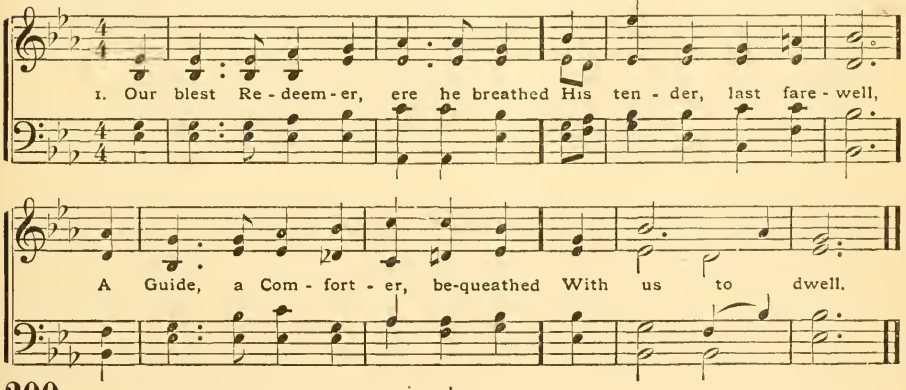
1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

CUTHBERT. P. M. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.



200

HARRIET AUBER. 1829.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

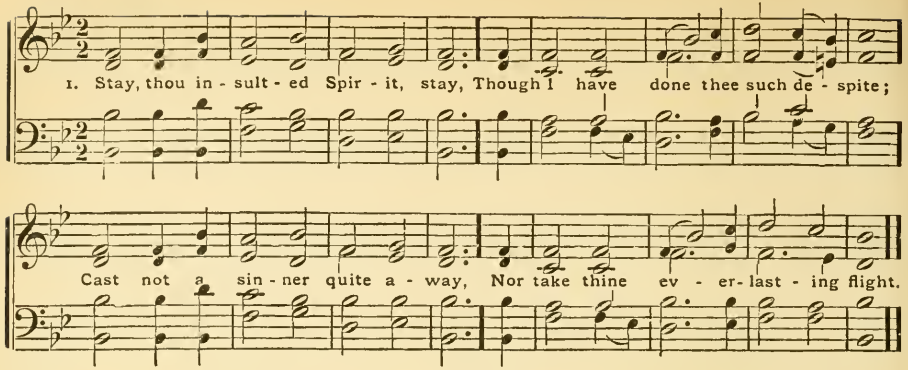
2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts, thy dwelling-place,
More worthy thee.

WARD. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



201

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
O guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

202

SIMON BROWNE. 1720.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
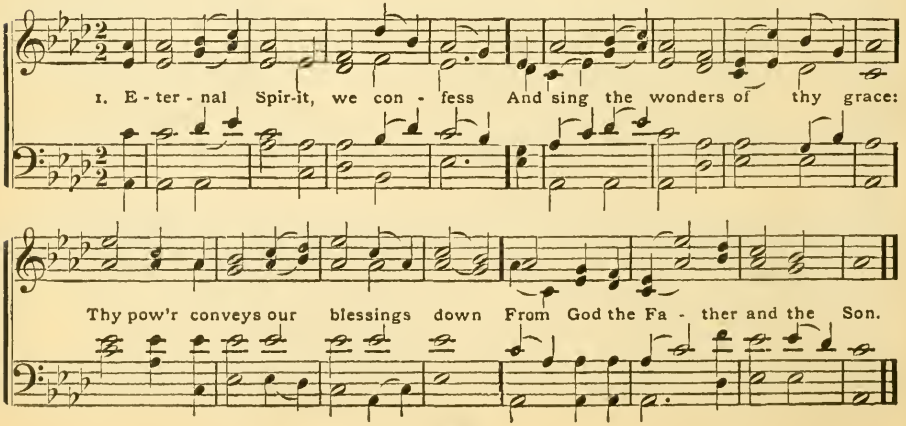
2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

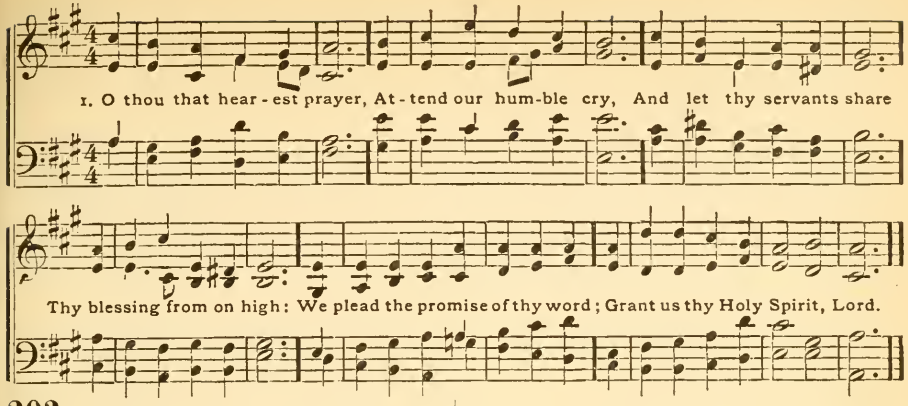
4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fullness of joy forever there.

WIMBORNE. L. M.

J. WHITAKER. 1820.



GODRIC. H. M. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.



203

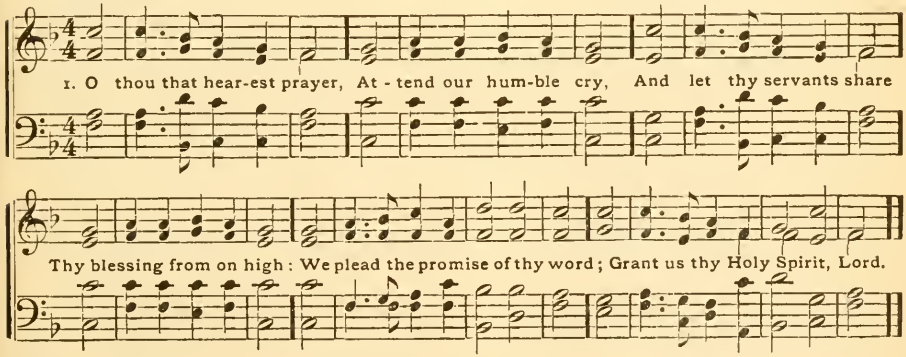
JOHN BURTON. 1824.

1 O thou that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,—
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

ZEBULON. H. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



204

L. M. ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 Eternal Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

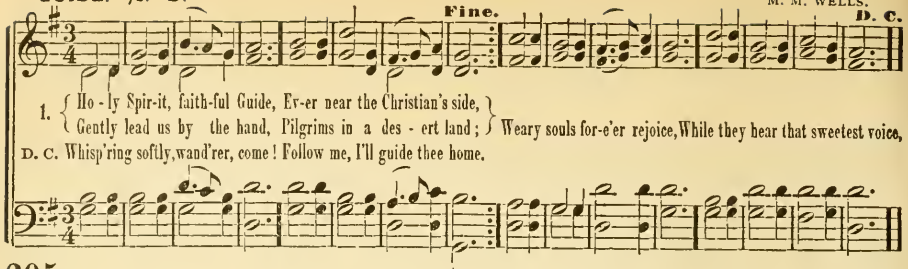
2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice:
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

GUIDE. 7s. D.

M. M. WELLS.



205

M. M. WELLS. 1858.

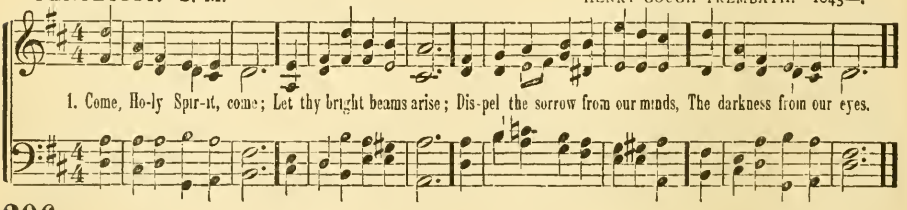
1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

PENTECOST. S. M.

HENRY GOUGH TREMBATH. 1845—.



206

JOSEPH HART, 1759.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
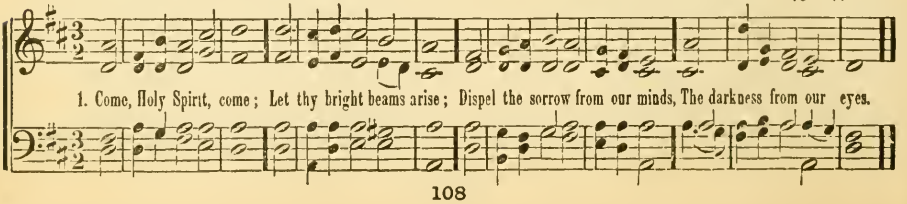
3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

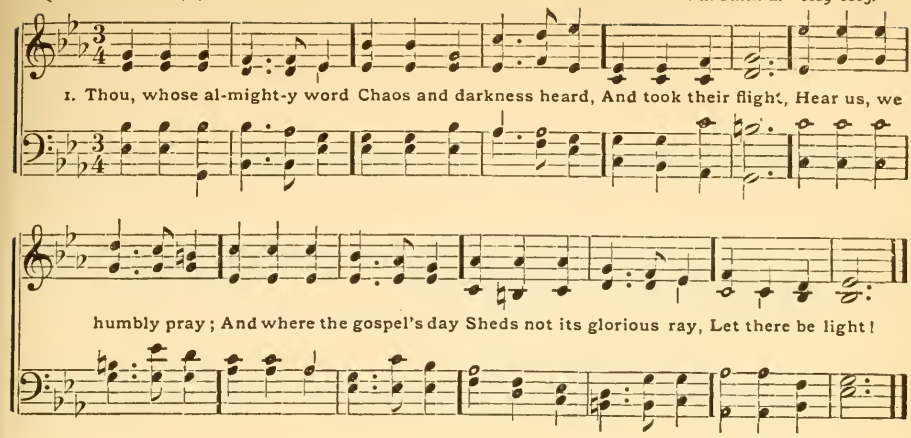
5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and thee.

DOVER. S. M

AARON WILLIAMS' COLL. 1731–1776.



TRINITY. 6s, 4s. W. R. BRAINE. 1829–1865.



207

JOHN MARRIOTT. 1813.

1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

3 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Truth, Love and Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

208

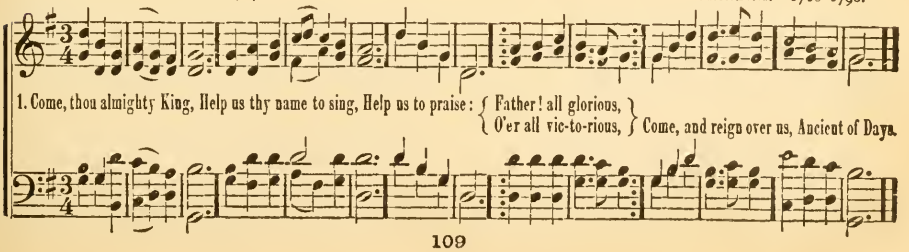
CHARLES WESLEY. 1757.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

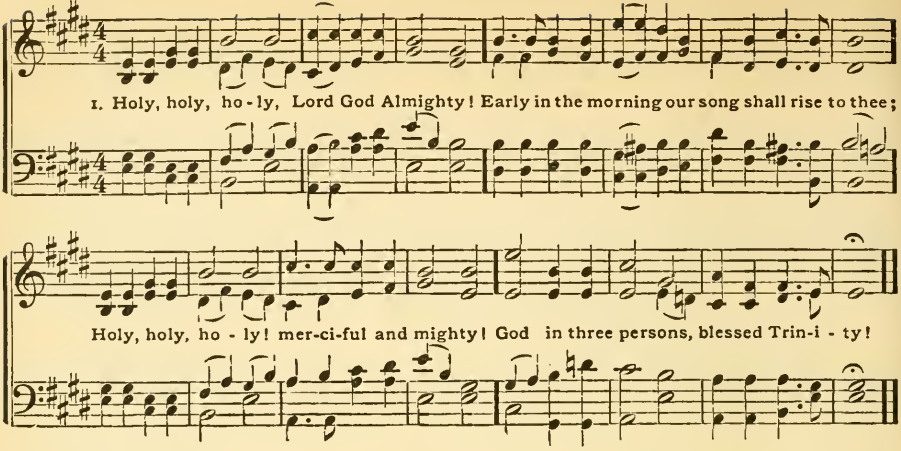
3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s. F. GIARDINI. 1716–1796.



NICAEA. P. M. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.



209
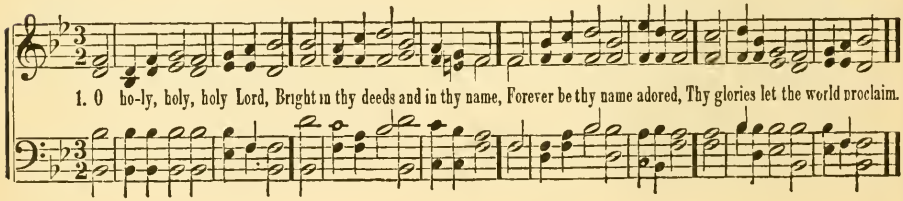
REGINALD HEBER. 1827.

1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



210

REV. J. W. EASTBURN. 1829.

1 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
Forever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

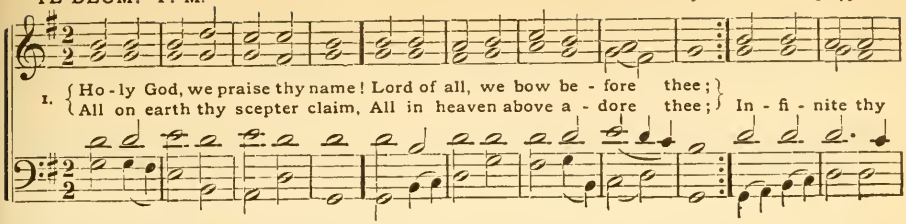
2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified,
To take our load of sin away;
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realm of upper day.

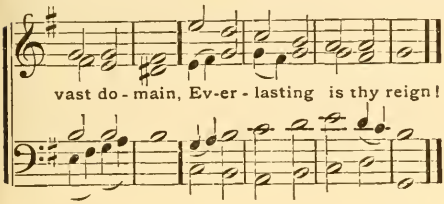
3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given;
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

TE DEUM. P. M.

Arr. from J. S. BACH. 1685–1750.





211

Tr. by C. A. WALWORTH. 1853.

1 Holy God, we praise thy name!
Lord of all, we bow before thee;
All on earth thy scepter claim,
All in heaven above adore thee;
Infinite thy vast domain,
Everlasting is thy reign!

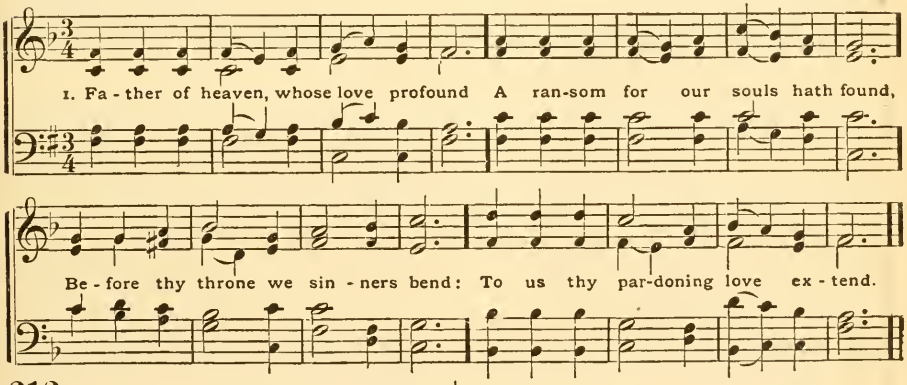
2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel-choirs above are raising:
Cherubim and Seraphim
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord:
Holy! holy! holy Lord!

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, three we name thee,
While in essence, only one,
Undivided God, we claim thee;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

4 Spare thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in thee,
Never, Lord, abandon me,

HURSLEY. L. M.

P. RITTER. 1760–1846.



212

JOHN COOPER. 1812.

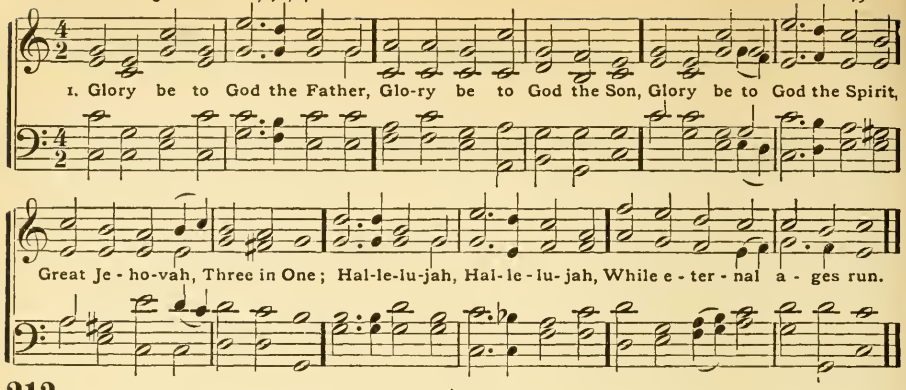
1 Father of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Eternal Godhead, three in one,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s, 4s. H. SMART. 1812–1879.



213
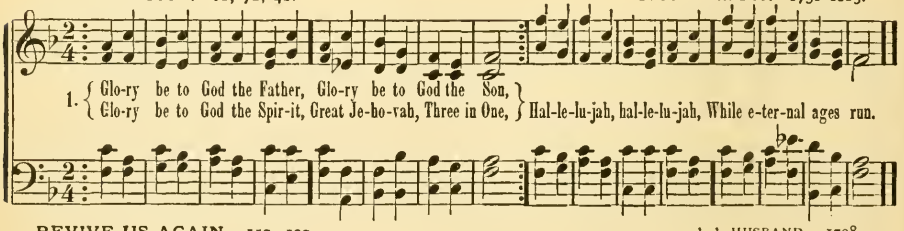
HORATIUS BONAR. 1868.

1 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One;
Hallelujah,
While eternal ages run.

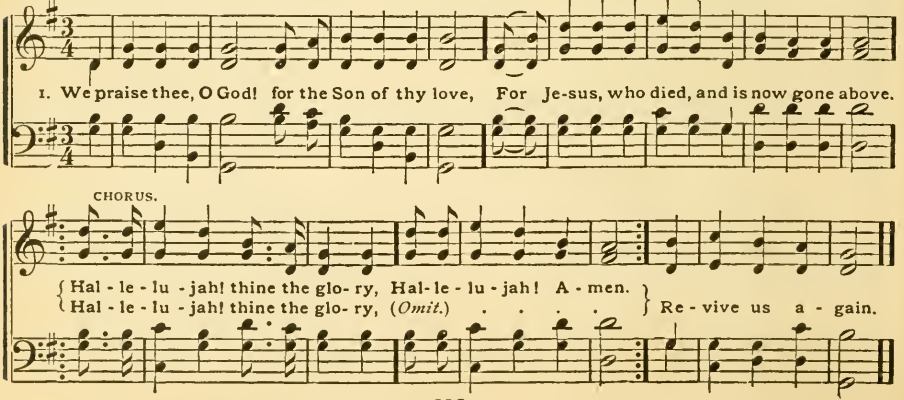
2 Glory be to him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to him who bought us,
Made us kings with him to reign;
Hallelujah,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

3 "Glory, blessing, praise eternal!"
Thus the choir of angels sings;
"Honor, riches, power, dominion!"
Thus its praise creation brings;
Hallelujah,
Glory to the King of kings!

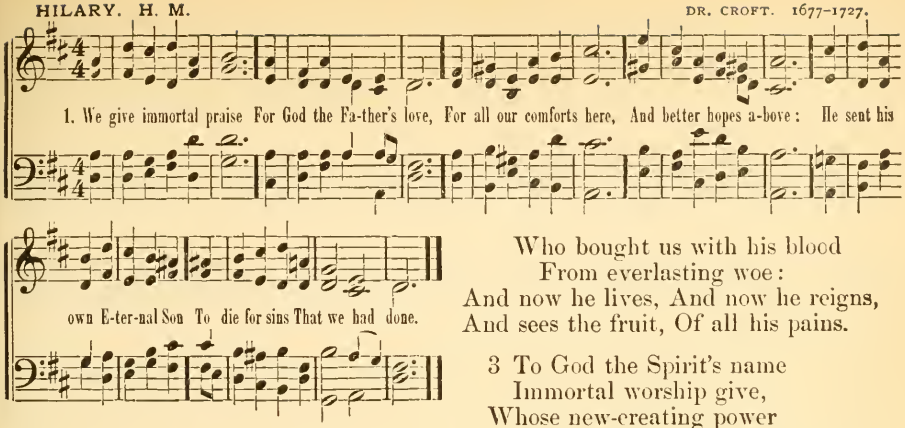
VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s. D. BORTNIANSKY. 1751–1825.



REVIVE US AGAIN. 11s, 12s. J. J. HUSBAND. 1798.—



HILARY. H. M. DR. CROFT. 1677–1727.



214

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

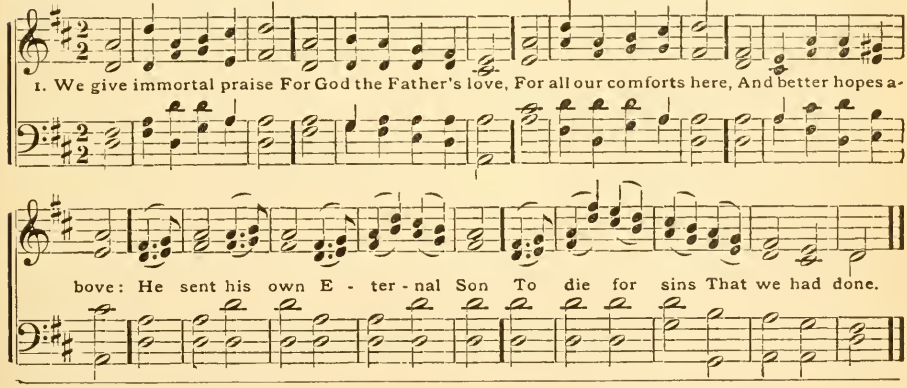
1 We give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own Eternal Son
To die for sins That we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit, Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes The great design,
And fills the soul With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails, With all her powers,
There faith prevails, And love adores.

HADDAM. H. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



215

11s, 12s. W. P. MACKAY. 1863.

1 We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love!
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

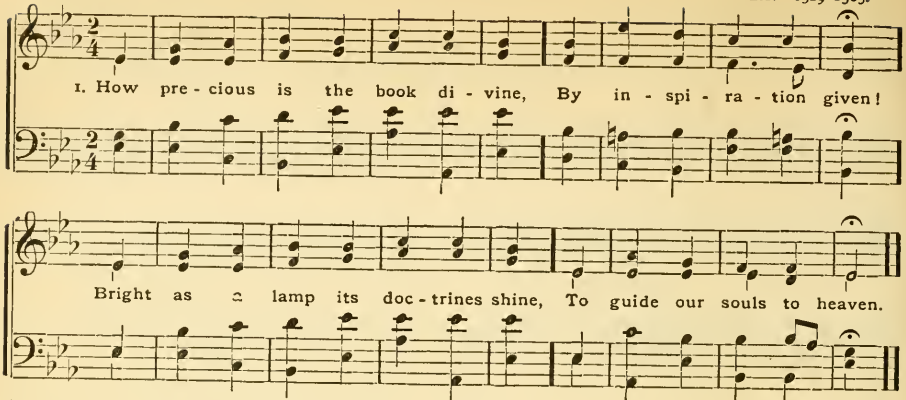
2 We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light!
Who has shown us the Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who hath borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again: fill each heart with thy love!
May our souls be rekindled with fire from above.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C. M.

T. TALLIS. 1529–1585.



216

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never-weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

217

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 O how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

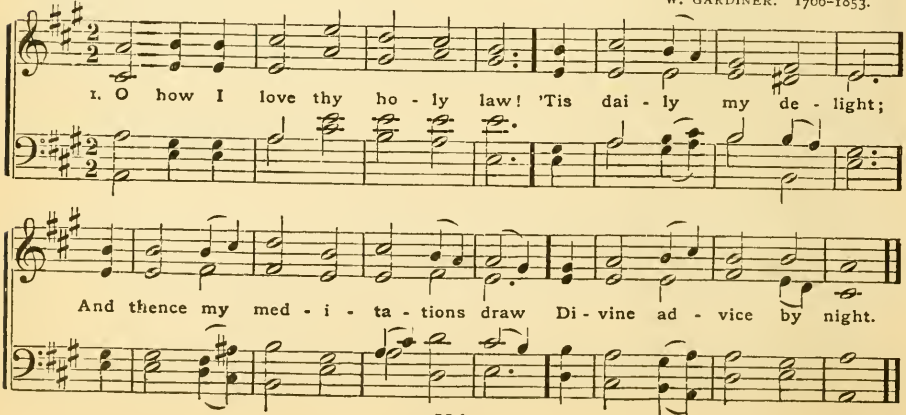
2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my weary pilgrimage
Yield me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

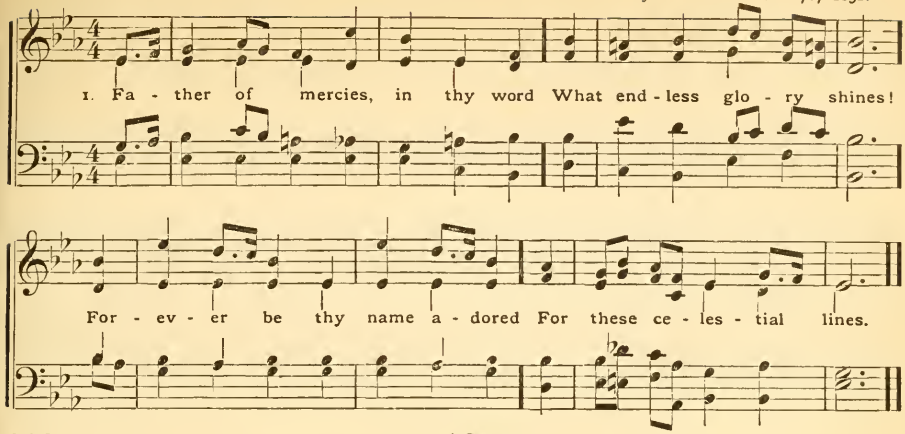
DE. HAM. C. M.

W. GARDINER. 1766–1853.



BURLINGTON. C. M.

J. F. BURROWES. 1787–1852.



218

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

219

WM. COWPER. 1779.

1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives but borrows none.

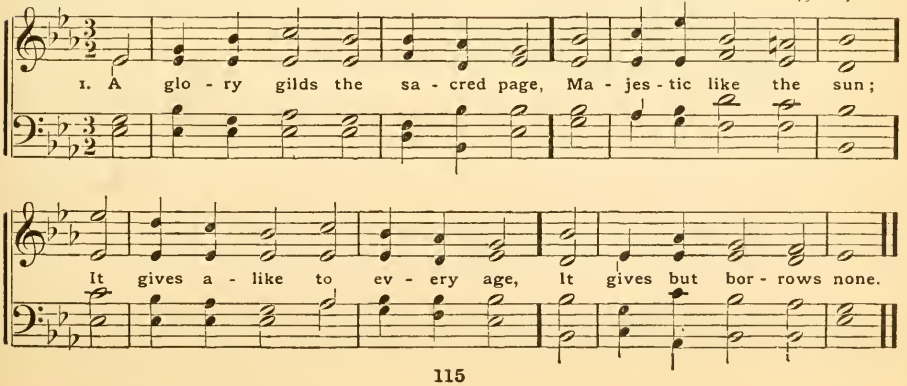
2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

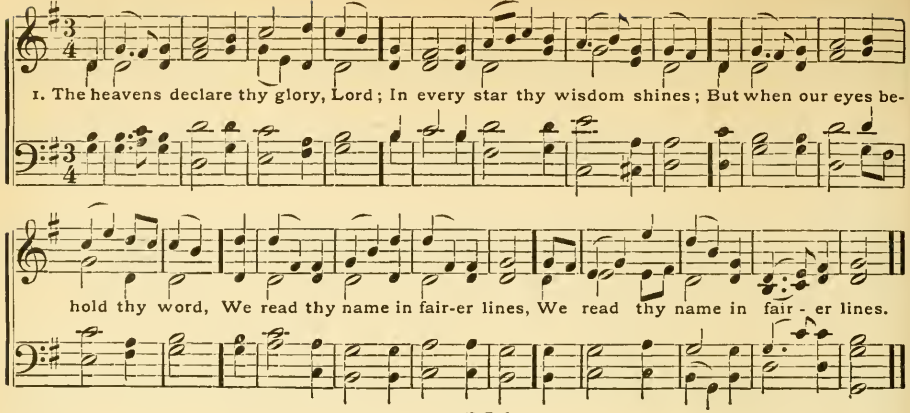
4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

DOWNS. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



CRAWFORD. L. M. Arr. from HAYDN. W. H. D.



220

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

221

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.

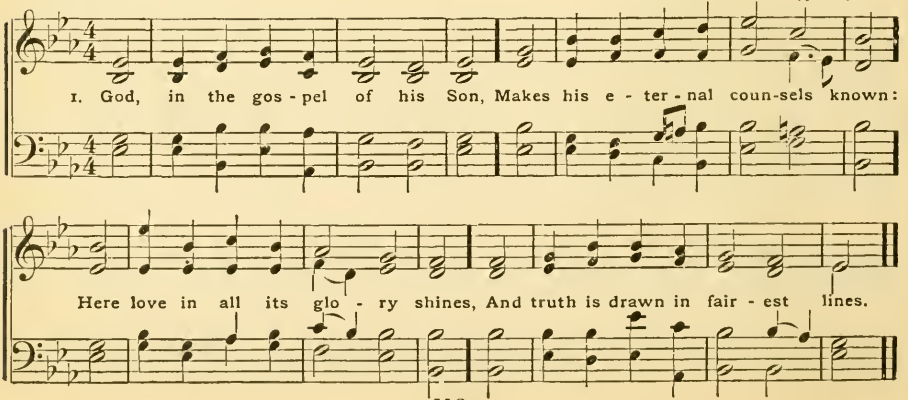
1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

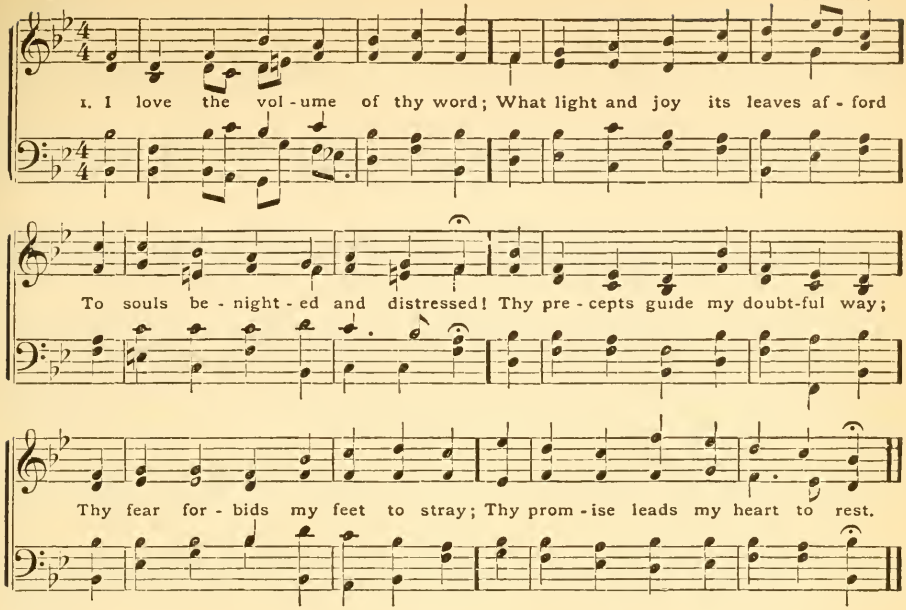
3 Here, faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the lightwhich guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 O grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



SWISS TUNE. L. P. M. GERMAN.



222

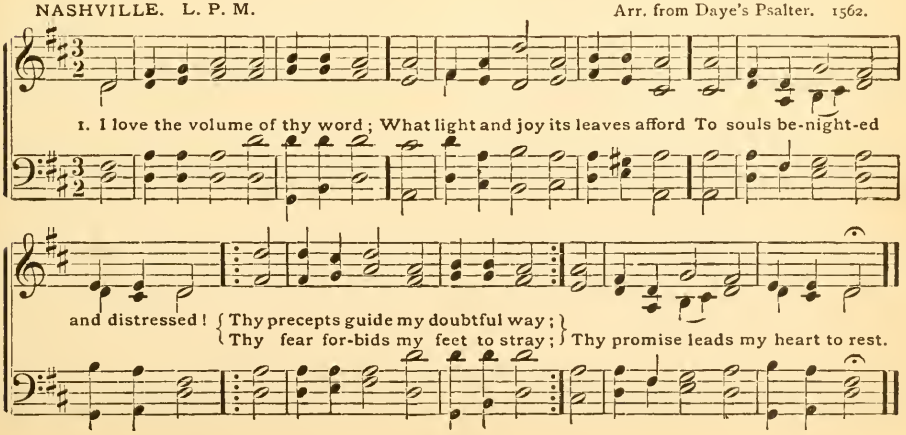
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 I love the volume of thy word;
What light and joy its leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.
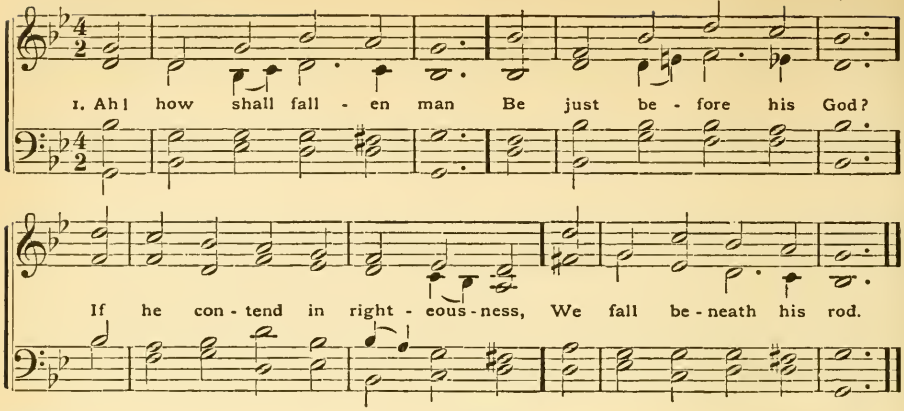
3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M. Arr. from Daye's Psalter. 1562.



ST. BRIDE. S. M.

S. HOWARD. 1720–1782.



223

ISAAC WATTS. 1720.

1 Ah! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place;
Her rooted pillars shake.

4 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

224

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 Is this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

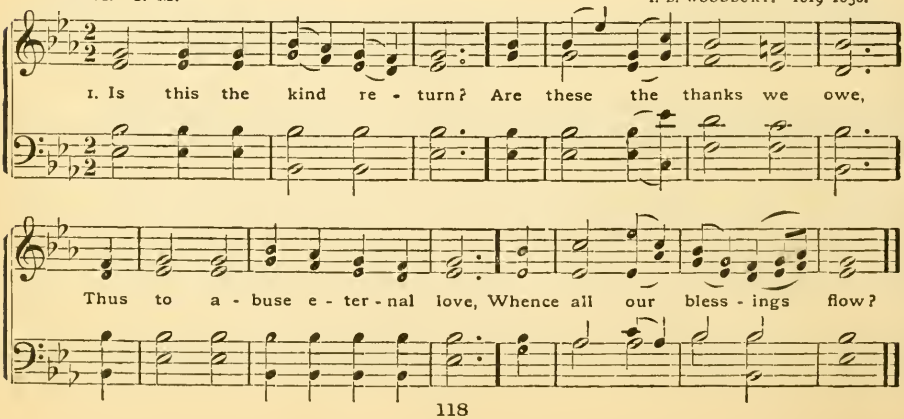
2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind.

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.
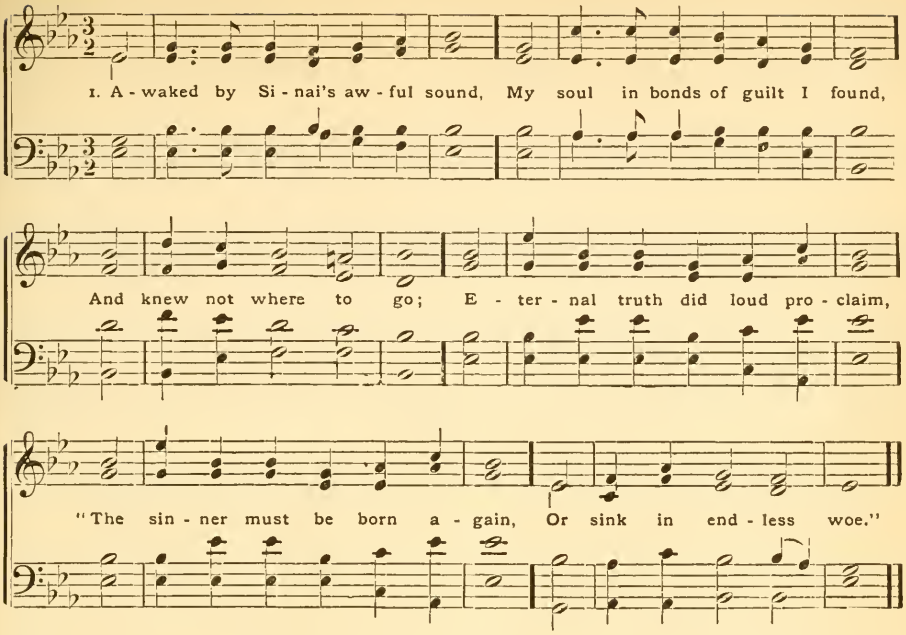
OZREM. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY. 1819–1858.



MERIBAH. C. P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



225

SAMSON OCCUM. 1760.

1 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe."

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain:
"The sinner must be born again"
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
I no relief could find:
This fearful truth increased my pain:
"The sinner must be born again"
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

226

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.
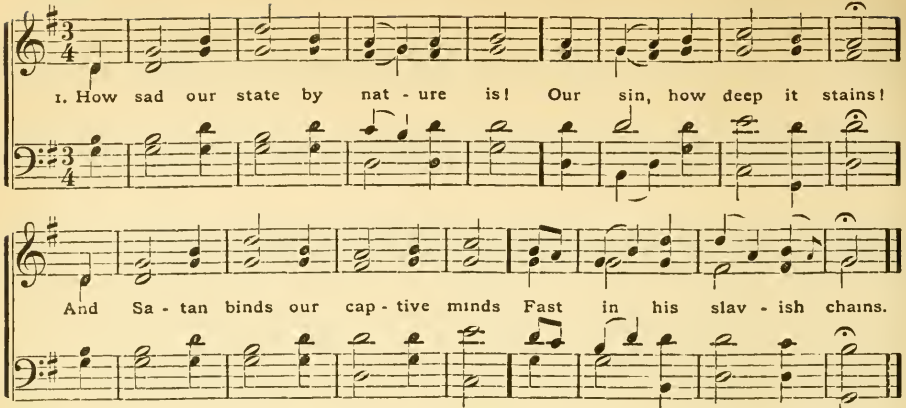
1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

GRIGGS. C. M. J. GRIGG. 1815–1852.



227

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But, hark! a voice of sovereign love!
'Tis Christ's inviting word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief.

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

228

C. F. ALEXANDER. 1858.
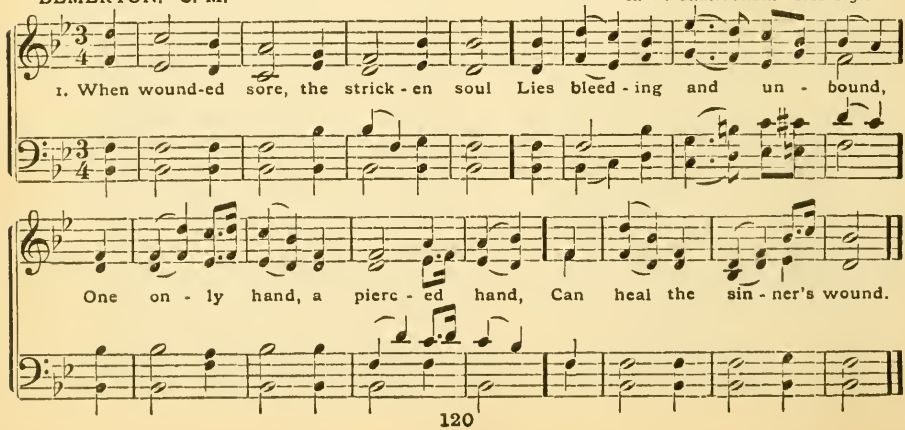
1 When wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

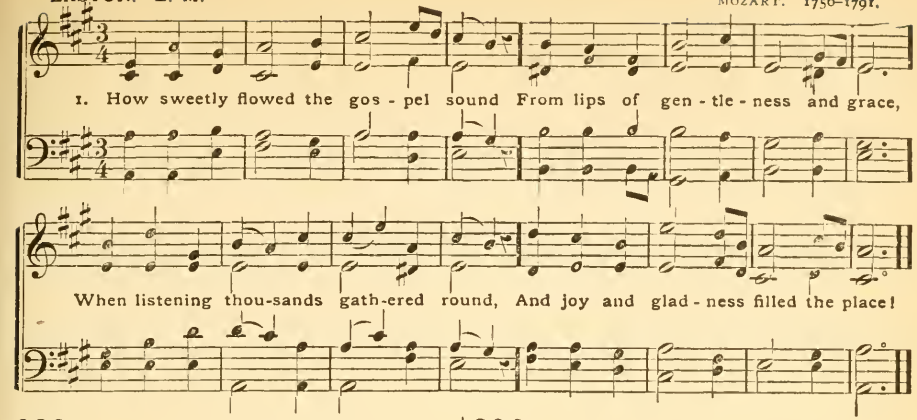
3 When penitence has wept in vain
O'er some dark spot within,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the sin.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that knows our every joy,
And feels our every grief.

BEMERTON. C. M. H. W. GREATOREX. 1811–1858.



EASTON. L. M. MOZART. 1756–1791.



229

SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1825.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

230

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

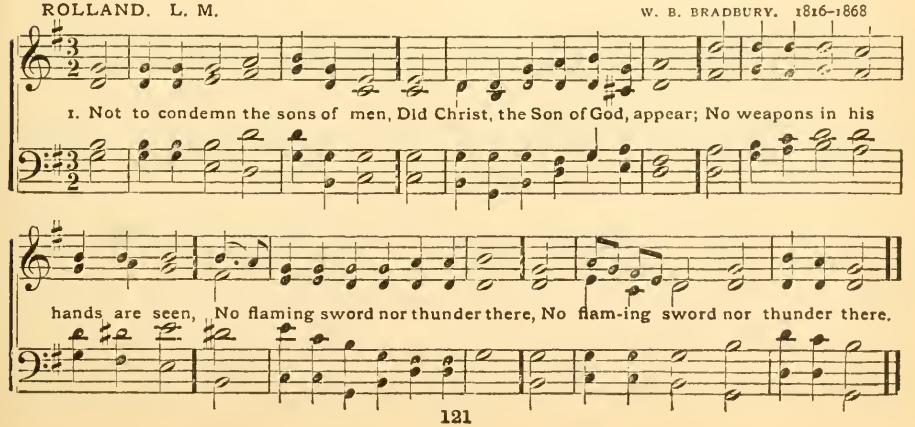
2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

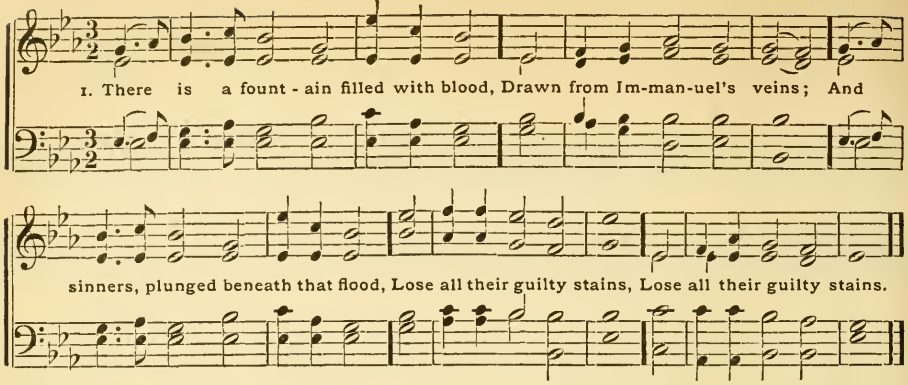
DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven!

ROLLAND. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868



COWPER. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



231

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

232

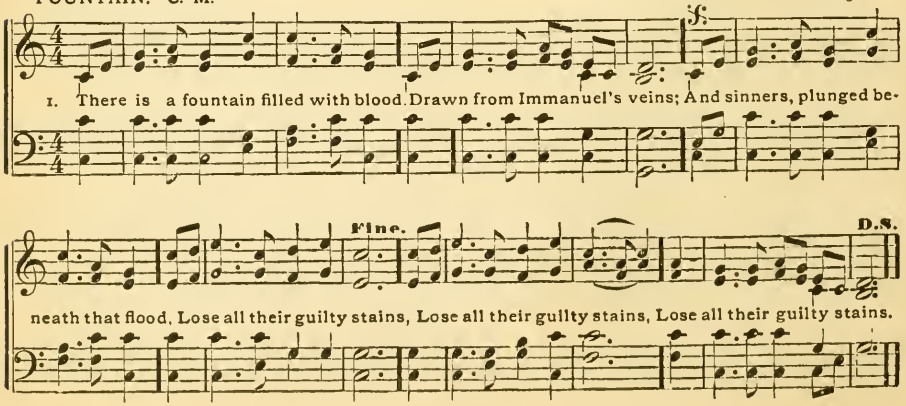
ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 The Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

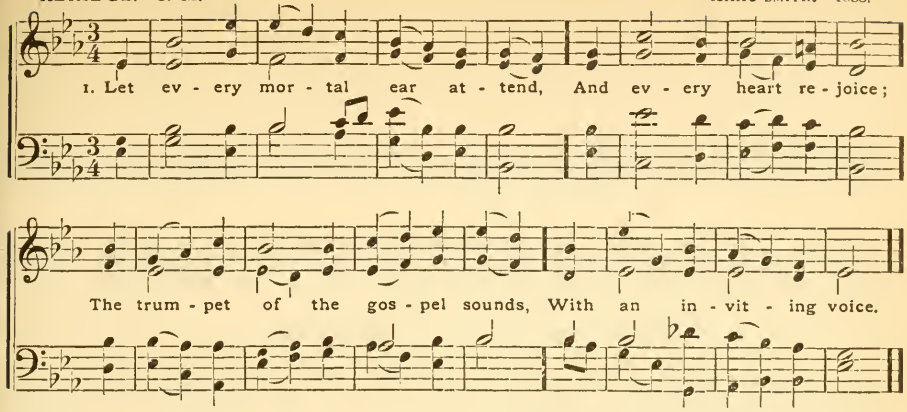
3 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

FOUNTAIN. C. M. ARR. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830.



ABRIDGE. C. M.

ISAAC SMITH. 1800.



233

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

234

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

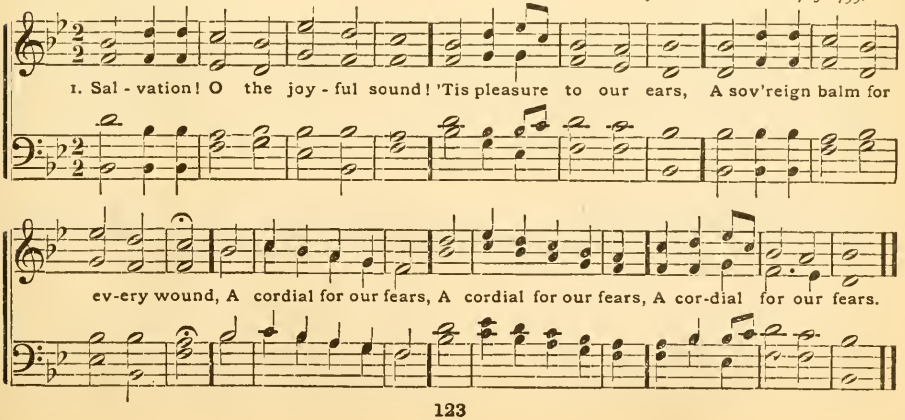
1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

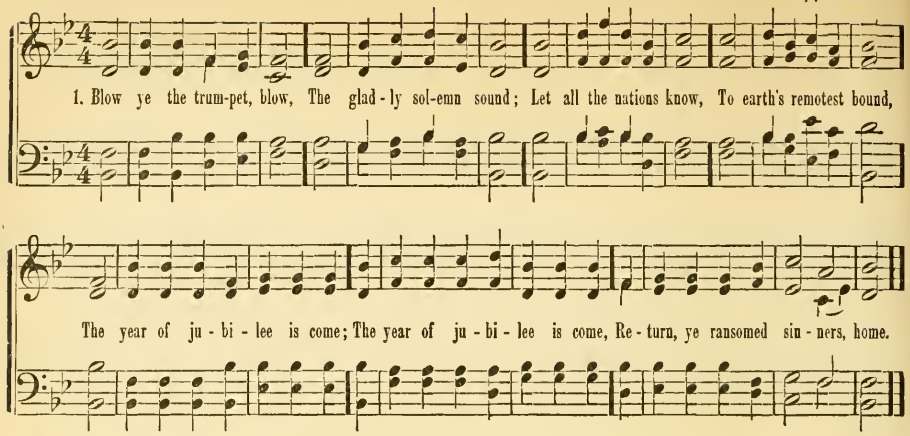
3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

JOHN RANDALL. 1715-1799.



LENOX. H. M. LEWIS EDSON. 1748–1820.



235

CHARLES WESLEY. 1750.

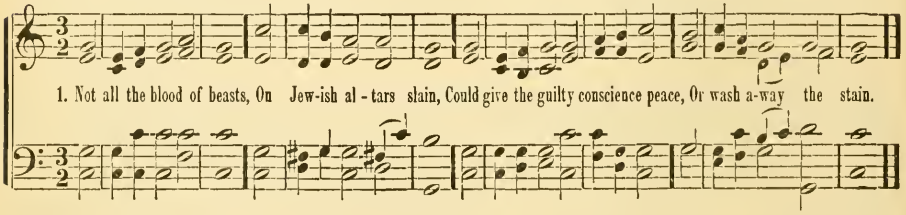
1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

BOYLSTON. S. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



236

ISAAC WATTS 1709.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

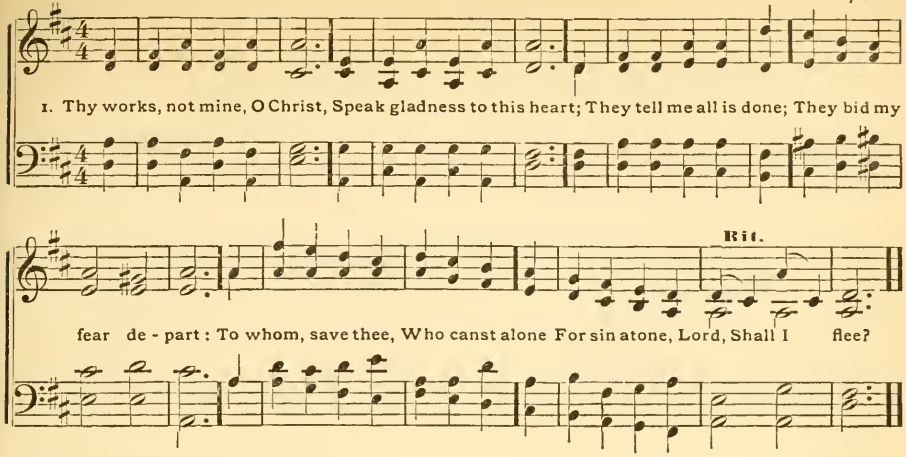
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

HARBOR. H. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN. 1872.



237

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

1 Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart:
To whom, save thee, Who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

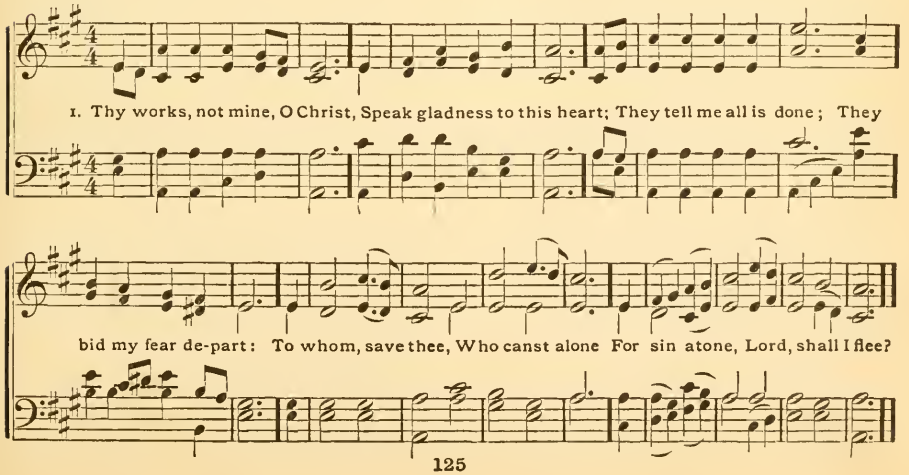
2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole:
To whom, save thee, Who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has born the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the incarnate God:
To whom, save thee, Who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

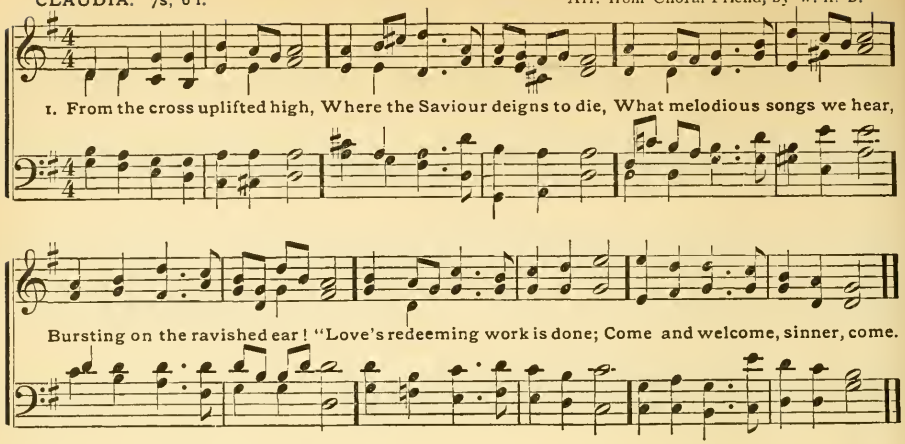
4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few:
To whom, save thee, Who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

ZELLA. H. M.

ENGLISH.



CLAUDIA. 7s, 6 l. Arr. from Choral Friend, by W. H. D.



238

THOMAS HAWEIS. 1792.

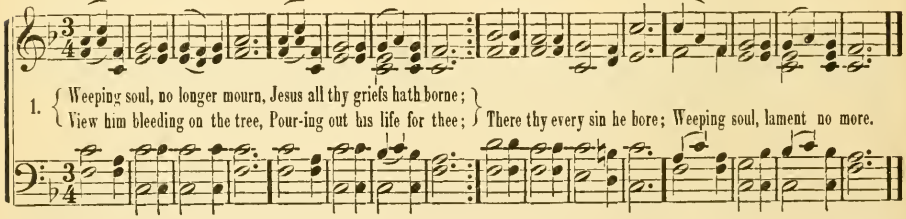
1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious songs we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See, with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

ALETTA. 7s, 6l. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.



239

A. M. TOPLADY. 1759.

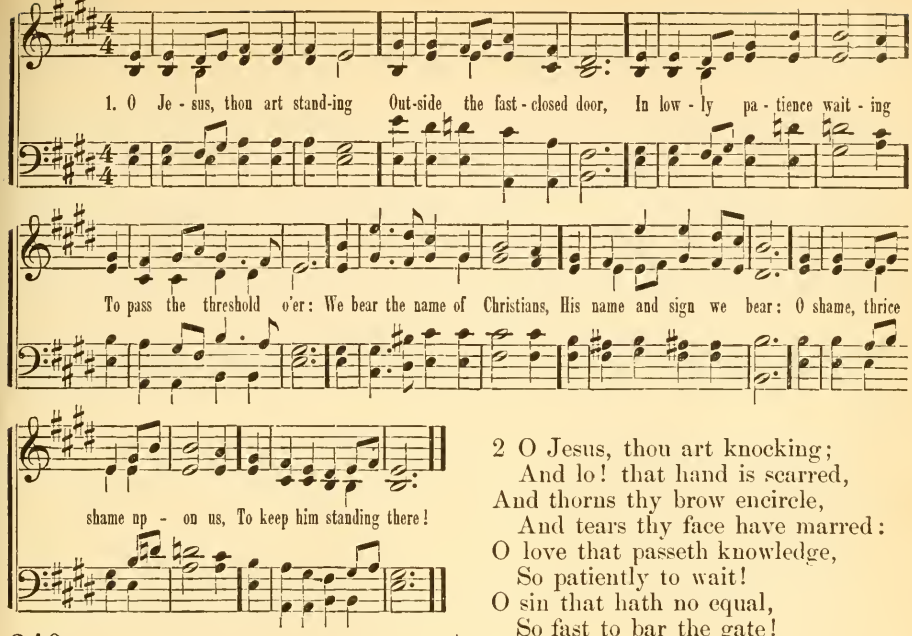
1 Weeping soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy gifts hath borne;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy every sin he bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid;
See upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offense and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

HILDA. 7s, 6s. D.

E. HUSBAND.



240

W. W. HOW. 1854.

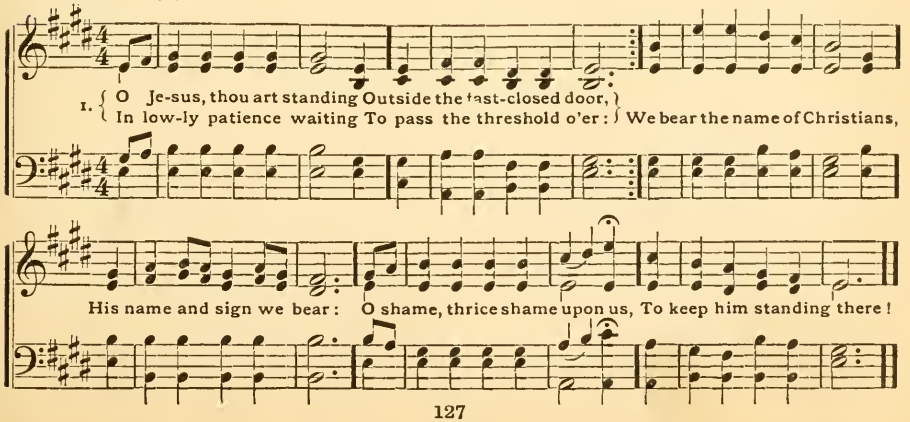
1 O Jesus, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear:
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there!

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

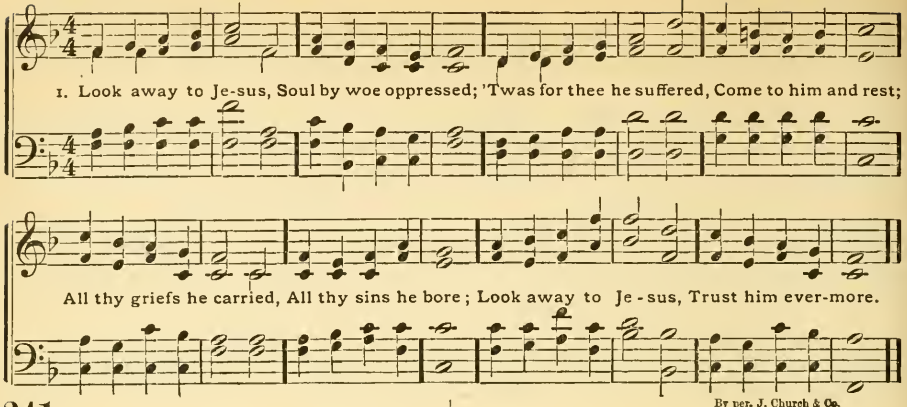
3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—
I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

CRUCIFIX. 7s, 6s. D.

GREEK MELODY.



LOOK AWAY TO JESUS. 6s, 5s. D. P. P. BLISS. 1838–1877.



By per. J. Church & Co.

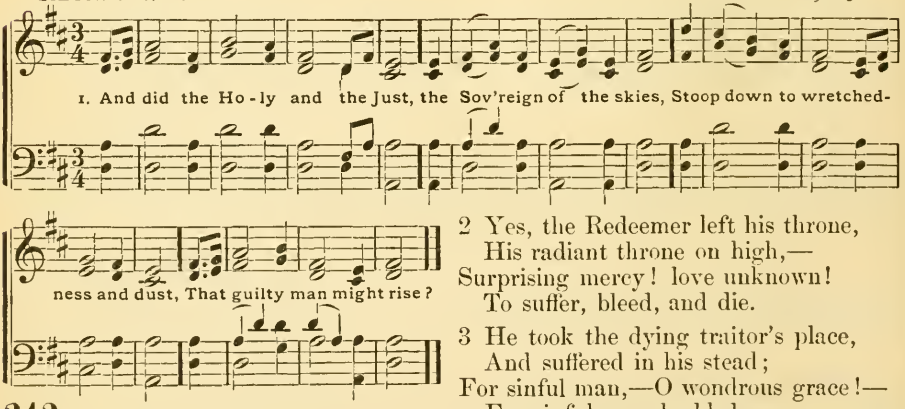
241 HENRY BURTON.

1 Look away to Jesus,
Soul by woe oppressed;
'Twas for thee he suffered,
Come to him and rest;
All thy griefs he carried,
All thy sins he bore;
Look away to Jesus,
Trust him evermore.

2 Look away to Jesus,
When the skies are fair;
Calm seas have their dangers,
Mariner, beware!
Earthly joys are fleeting,
Going as they came,
Look away to Jesus,
Evermore the same.

3 When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing his praises,
Thine shall not be least;
Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus,
Through eternity.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY. 1819–1858.



242 ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 And did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

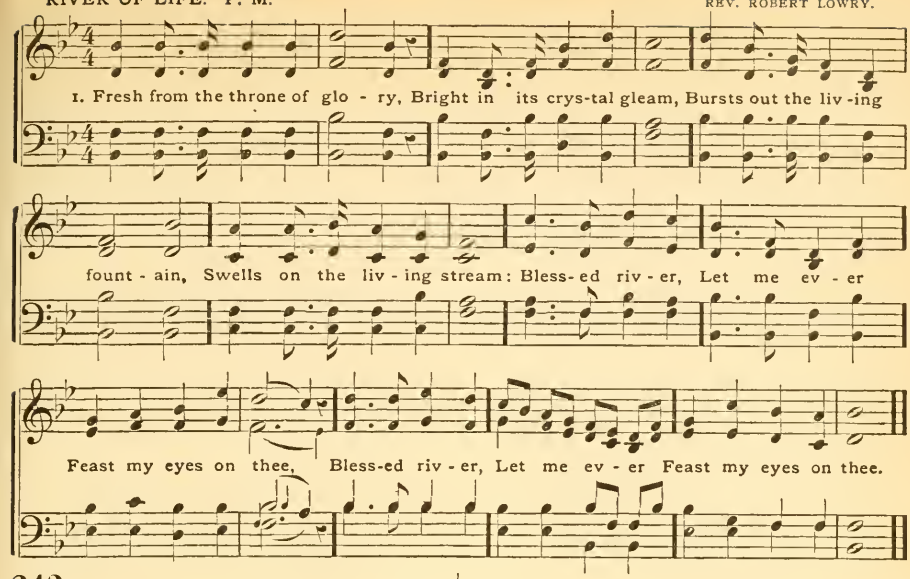
2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man,—O wondrous grace!—
For sinful man he bled.

4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

RIVER OF LIFE. P. M.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



243

HORATIUS BONAR. 1868.

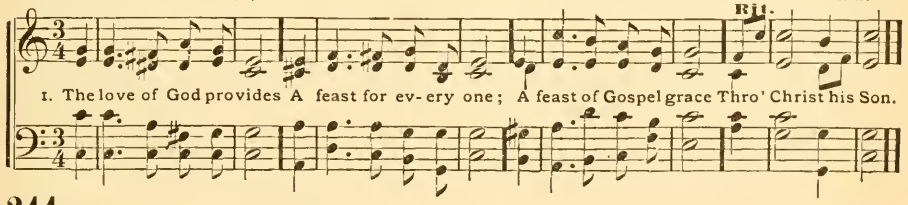
1 Fresh from the throne of glory,
Bright in its crystal gleam,
Bursts out the living fountain,
Swells on the living stream:
Blessed river, Let me ever
Feast my eyes on thee.

2 Stream full of life and gladness,
Spring of all health and peace,
No harps by thee hang silent,
Nor happy voices cease:
Tranquil river, Let me ever
Sit and sing by thee.

3 River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar, but near,
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirstings here:
Holy river, Let me ever
Drink of only thee.

GOSPEL FEAST. 6s, 4s.

W. H. DOANE.



244

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1882.

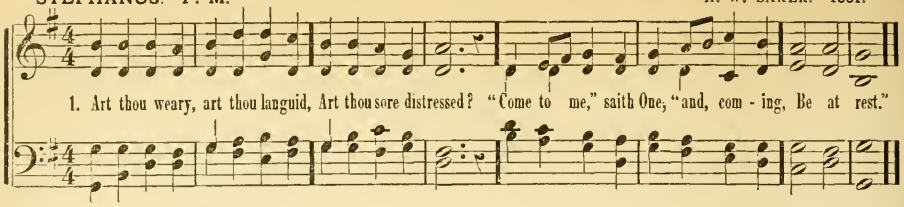
1 The love of God provides
A feast for every one;
A feast of gospel grace
Through Christ his Son.

2 Behold a flowing stream,
Whose waters he will give;
Come whosoever will,
O drink and live.

3 The feast is ready now,
O hear the Saviour's call;
No price have we to pay,
He paid it all.

4 Come share the gospel feast,
Come, thirsty souls, draw near;
O drink the flowing stream,
So pure and clear.

STEPHANOS. P. M. H. W. BAKER. 1861.



245 STEPHEN THE SABAITE. 725–794.
TR. by J. M. NEALE. 1851.

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?—
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

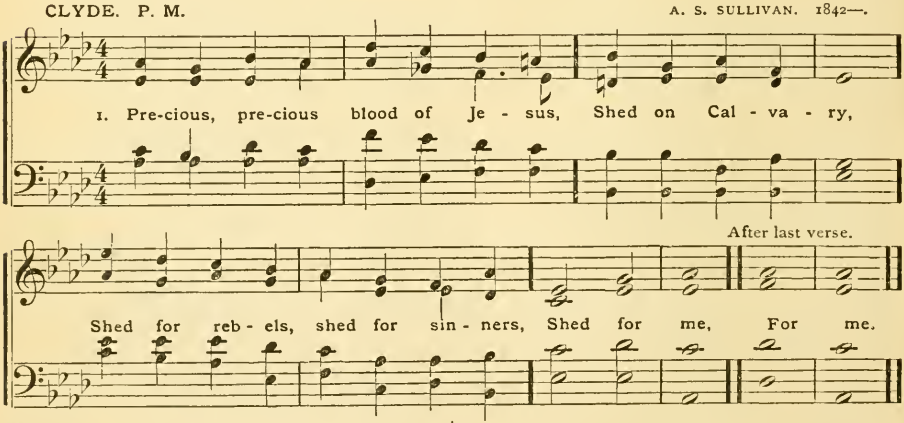
3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?—
"Yea, a crown, in very surety;
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?—
"Sorrow vanished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?—
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

CLYDE. P. M. A. S. SULLIVAN. 1842—.



246 FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. 1836-1879.

1 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me.

2 Precious blood, that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

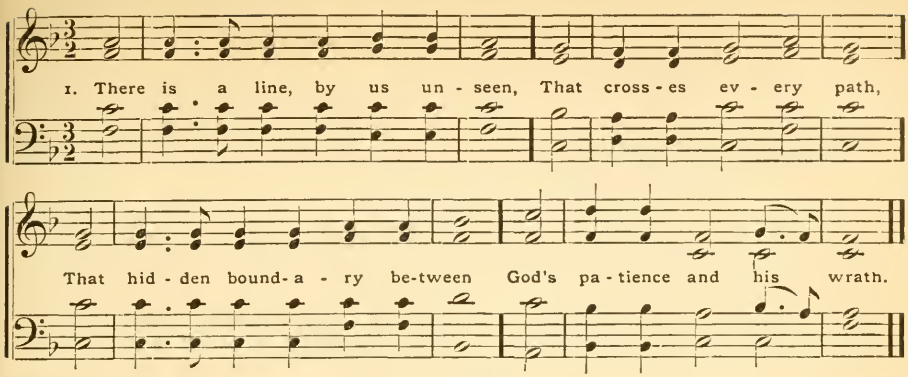
3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

5 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
O believe it, O receive it,
'Tis for thee.

BYEFIELD. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784–1872.



247

J. A. ALEXANDER. 1809–1860.

1 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
That hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

2 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

3 How far may we go on to sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

4 An answer from the skies is sent,—
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

248

ANON.

1 Amazing sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.
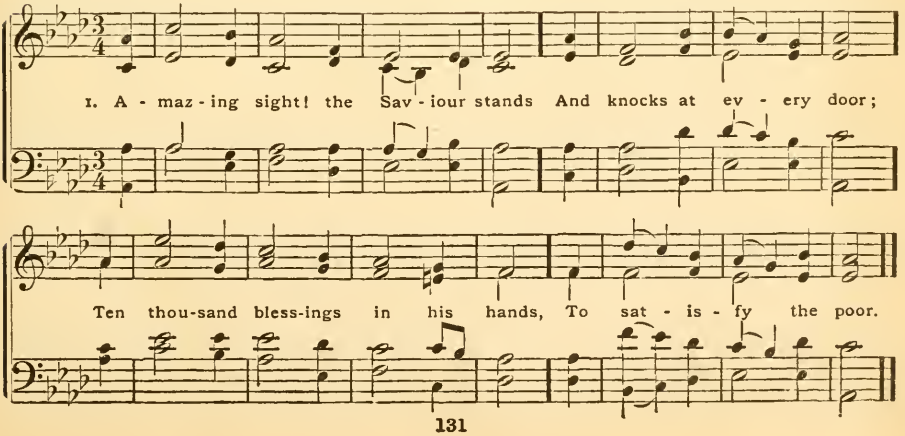
2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or, in the glorious realms above,
With me, forever dwell?

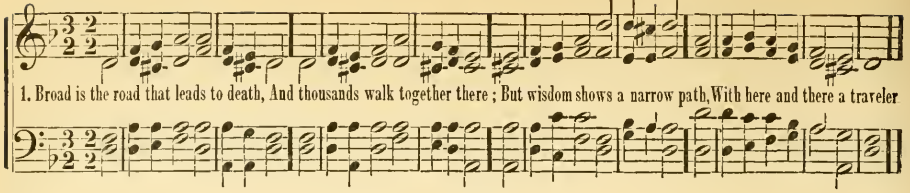
4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or, will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

ROMBERG. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784–1872.



WINDHAM. L. M. DANIEL READ 1757–1836.



249

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

250

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

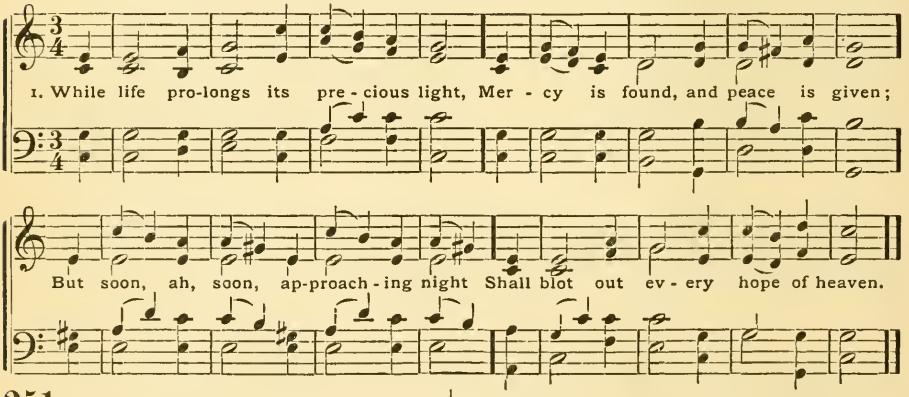
1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

KINGSLEY. L. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



251

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. 1800.

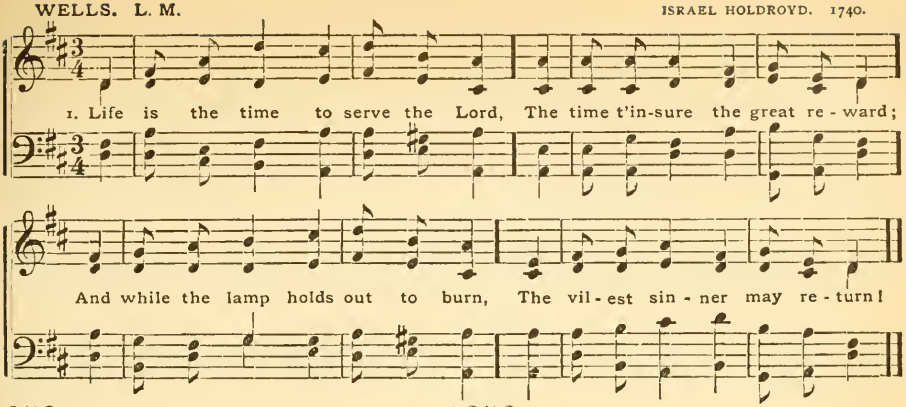
1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4 While God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

WELLS. L. M. ISRAEL HOLDROYD. 1740.



252

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return!

2 Life is the hour that God has given,
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust must lie;
Then have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

253

ELIZA READ. 1842.

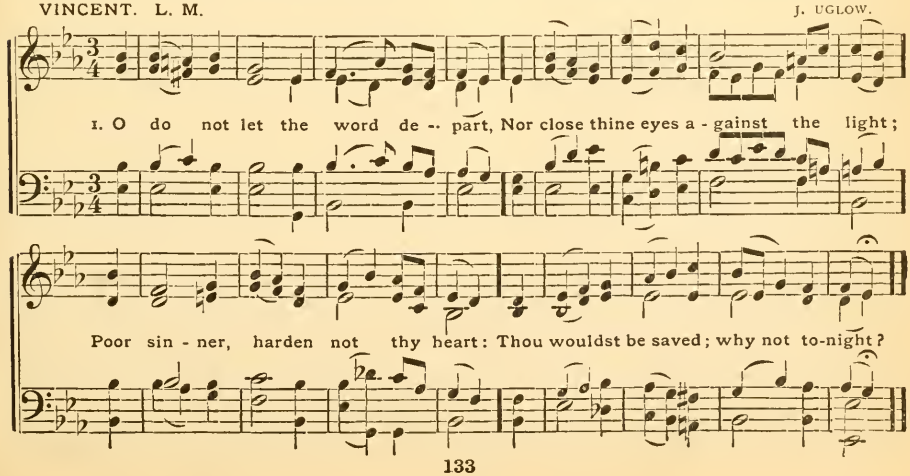
1 O do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; O then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

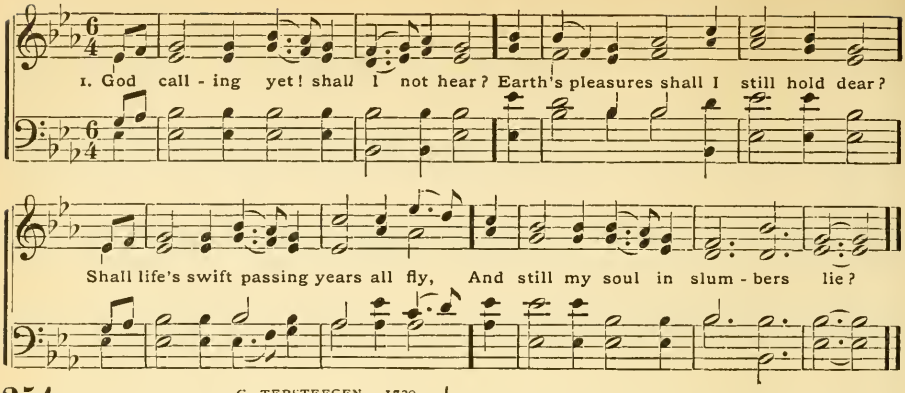
3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

VINCENT. L. M. J. UGLOW.



WOODWORTH. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



254

G. TERSTEEGEN. 1739.
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. 1853.

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still! my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I can not stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell; from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

255

JOSEPH GRIGG. 1765.

1 Behold a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

4 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet departed, ne'er return:
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

256

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.
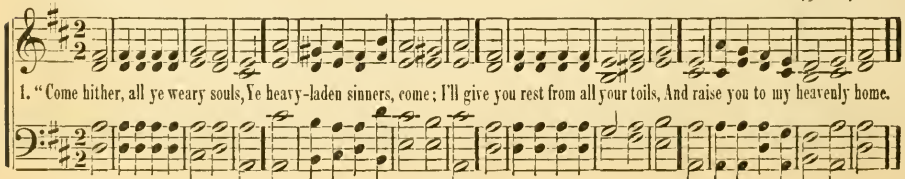
1 "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to the neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."

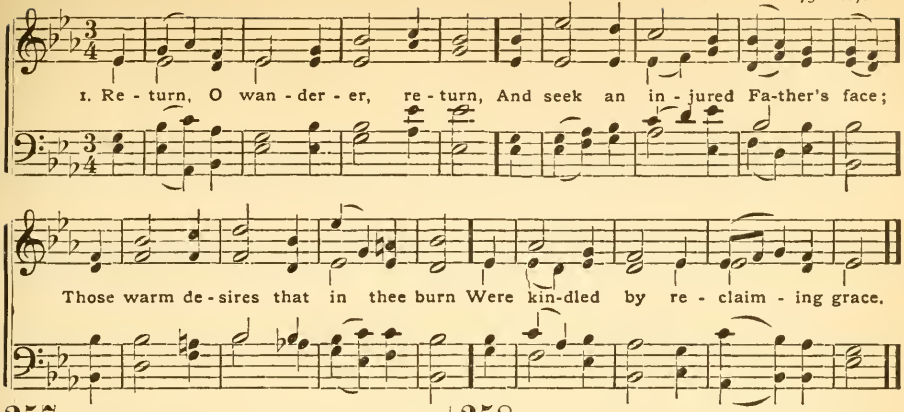
4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mold and guide us at thy will.

ASHWELL. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



CATON. L. M.

E. MILLER. 1731–1807.



257

WM. B. COLLYER. 1812.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn;
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

258

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1841.

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

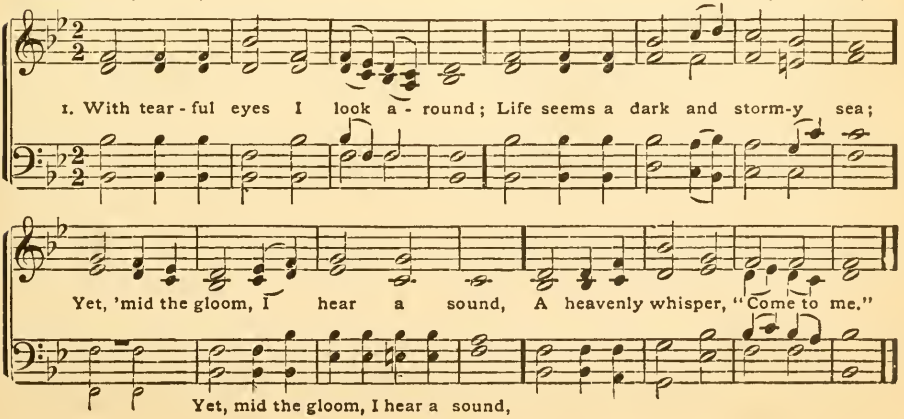
2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; come to me."
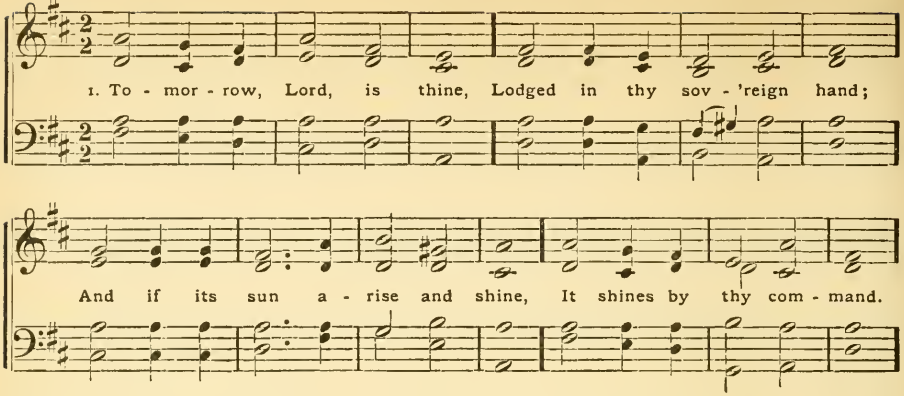
4 O voice of mercy, voice of love,
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above;
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

PRESTON. L. M.

W. H. DOANE.



PRAYER. S. M. LEONARD MARSHALL.



259

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

260

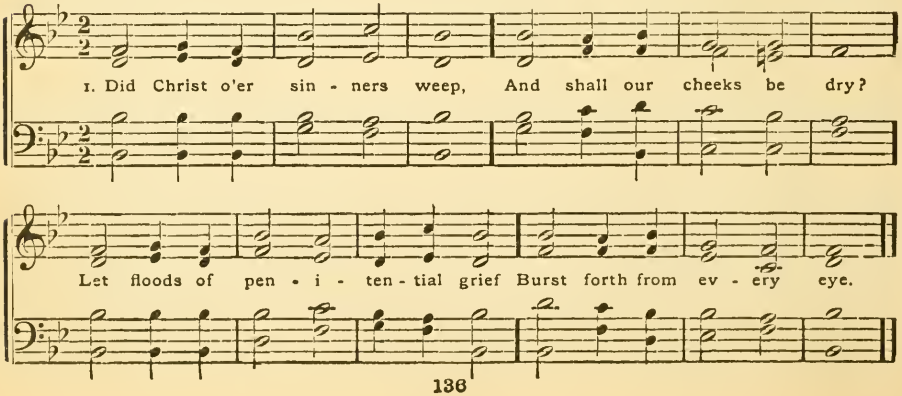
BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1818.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
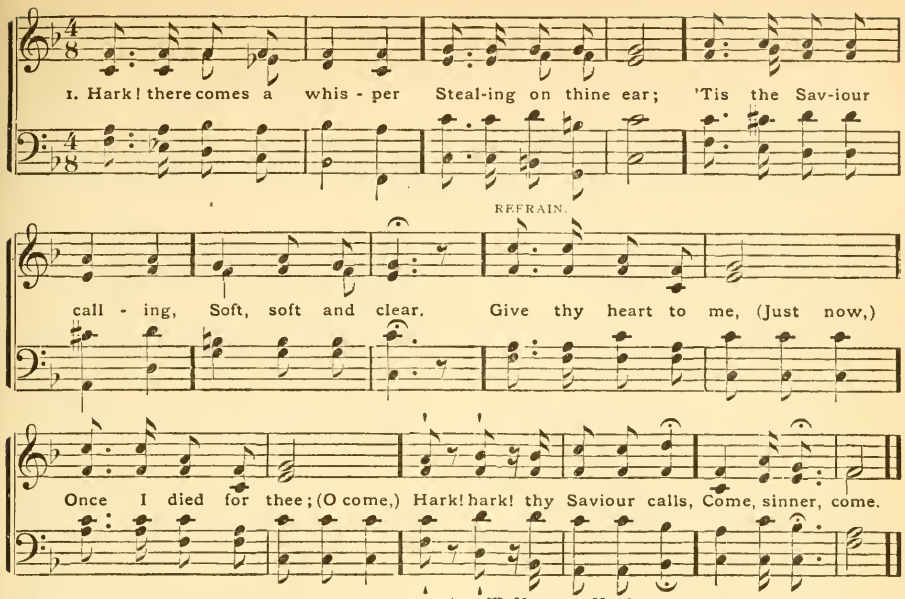
2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr. from Gregorian, by DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



GIVE THY HEART TO ME. P. M. W. H. DOANE.



261

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1875.

1 Hark! there comes a whisper
Stealing on thine ear;
'Tis the Saviour calling,
Soft, soft and clear.
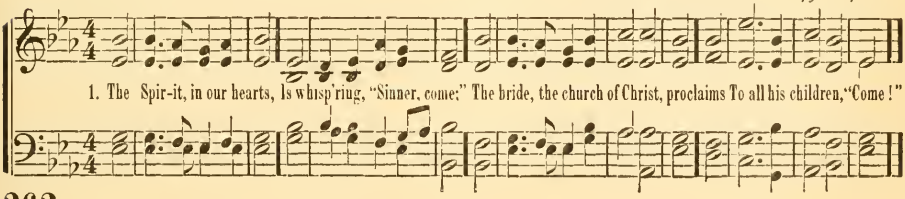
REF.—Give thy heart to me, Once I died for thee;
Hark! hark! thy Saviour calls, Come, sinner, come.

2 With that voice so gentle,
Dost thou hear him say:
Tell me all thy sorrows,
Come, come away?

3 Wouldst thou find a refuge
For thy soul oppressed?
Jesus kindly answers,
I am thy rest.

4 At the cross of Jesus
Let thy burden fall,
While he gently whispers,
I'll bear it all.

OLNEY. S. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



262

HENRY U. ONDERDONK. 1826.

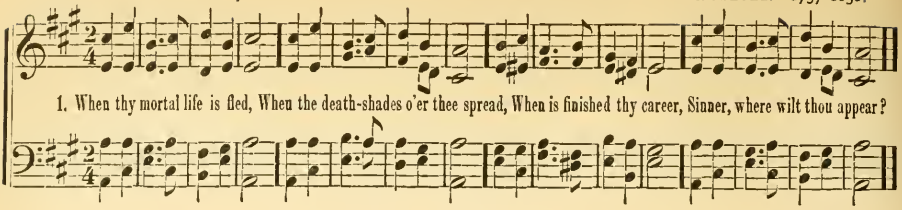
1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. I. PLEYEL. 1757–1831.



263

S. F. SMITH. 1832.

1 When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly:
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

264

CHARLES WESLEY. 1741.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
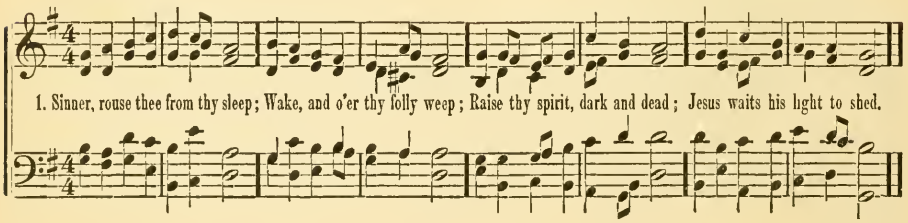
2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why.
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why.
Often with you has he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you forever die?

GRIFFITH. 7s. WURTEMBURG MELODY.



265

HENRY U. ONDERDONK. 1826.

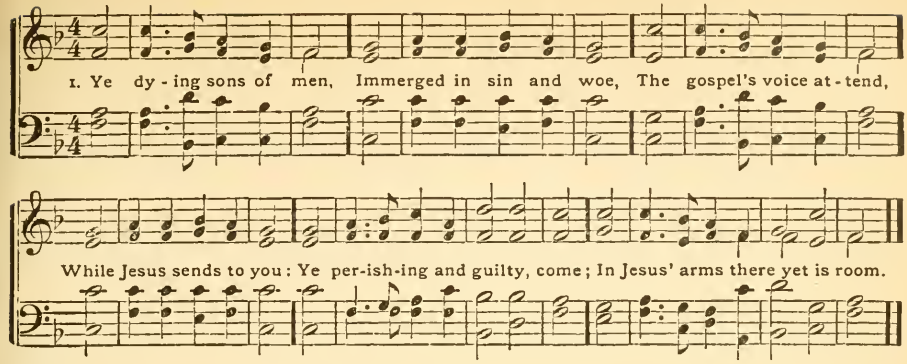
1 Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread thy path; be wise;
Leave thy folly; seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly; cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 O then, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

ZEBULON. H. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



266

JAMES BODEN. 1777.

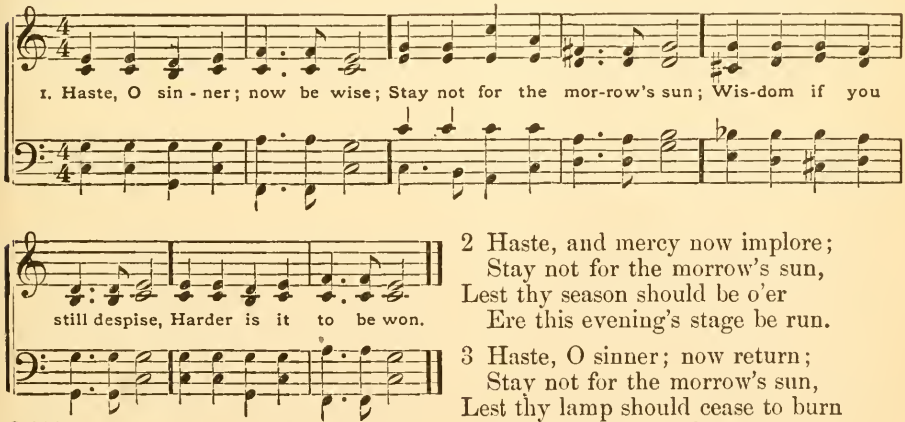
1 Ye dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready; sinner, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come;
Cast off despair; there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above;
His charming accents hear:
Let whosoever will now come,
In Mercy's breast there still is room.

MANTON. 7s. R. REDHEAD. 1820.



267

THOMAS SCOTT. 1773.

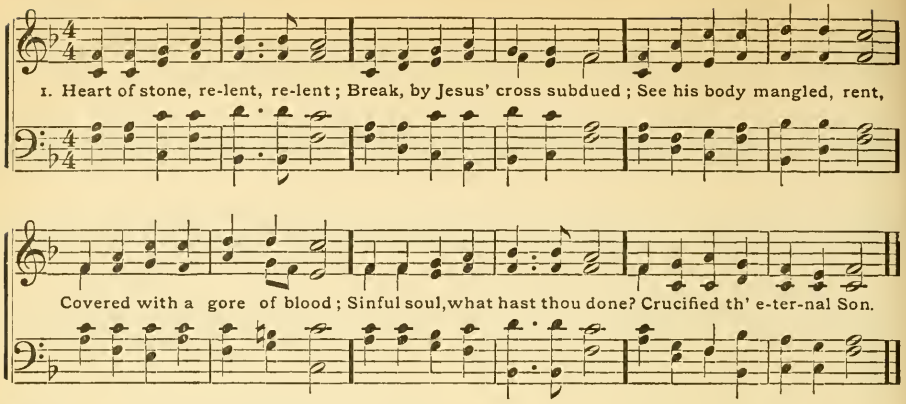
1 Haste, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 l. R. REDHEAD. 1820—.



268

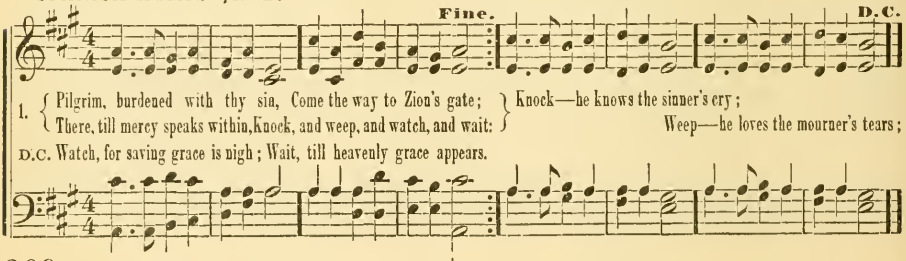
JOHN CRUGER. 1640.
Tr. by CHARLES WESLEY. 1743.

1 Heart of stone, relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified th' eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Plunged into his side the spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice;
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again?
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Break, O break, my bleeding heart.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D. SPANISH MELODY.



269

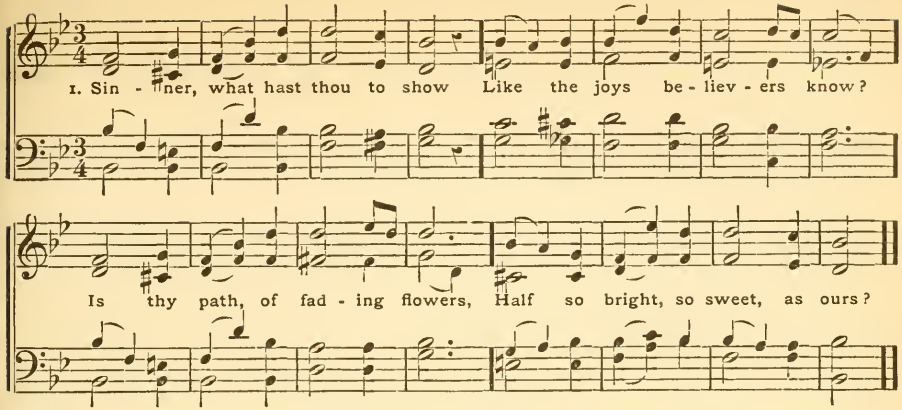
GEORGE CRABBE. 1807.

1 Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

2 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice—
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3 Weary pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in full belief, shall die;
Pain, in endless bliss, expire.

MERCY. 7s. Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK. 1829–1869.



270

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA. 1843.

1 Sinner, what hast thou to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path, of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

2 Doth a skillful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

271

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD. 1825.

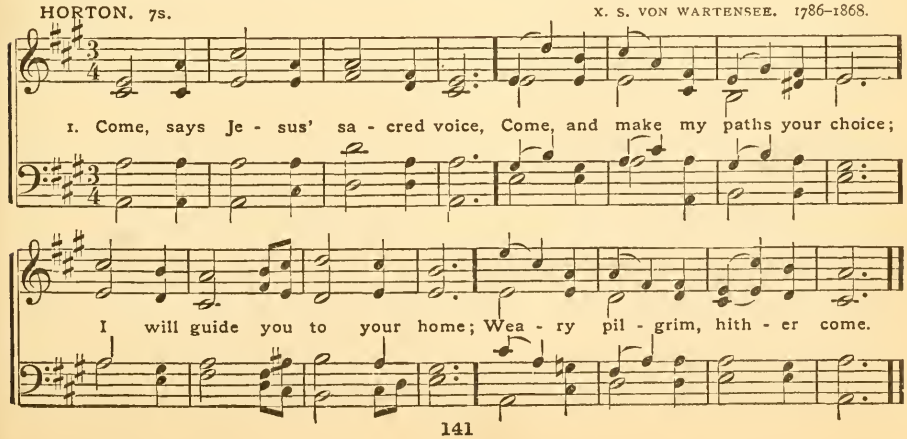
1 Come, says Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
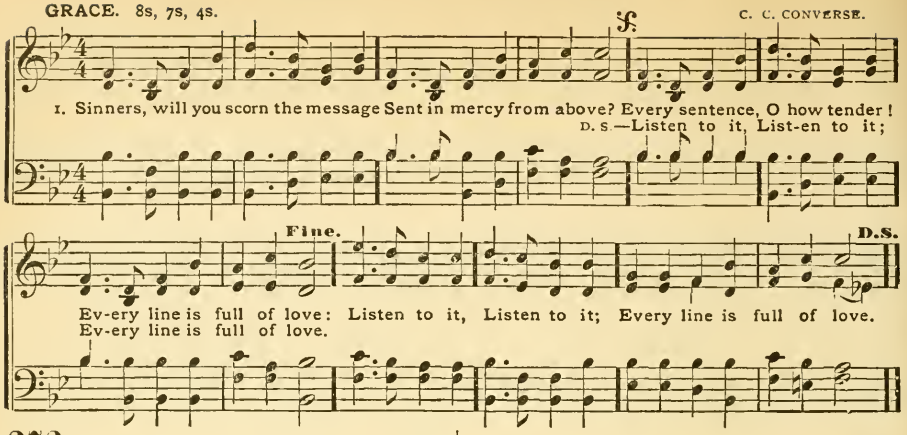
2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed this barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HORTON. 7s. X. S. VON WARTENSEE. 1786–1868.





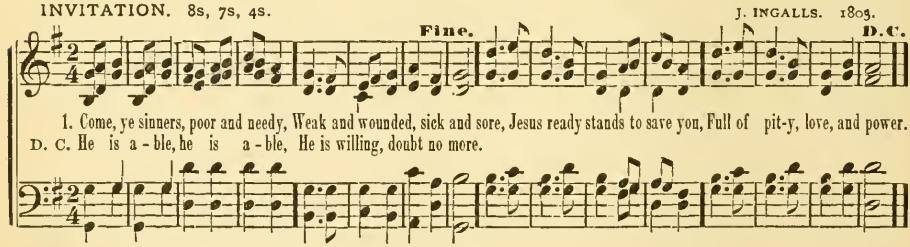
272

JONATHAN ALLEN. 1831.

1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offered to you by the Lord?



273

JOSEPH HART. 1759.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

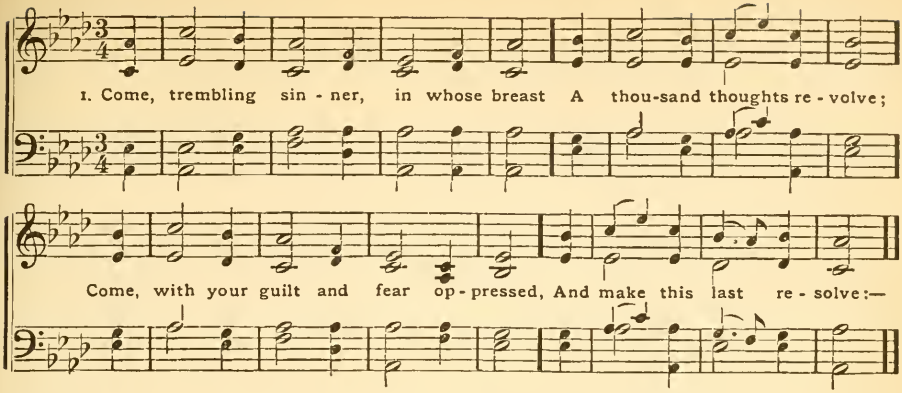
2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished;"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

BALERMA. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.



274

EDMUND JONES. 1787.

1 Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die."

275

SAMUEL MEDLEY. 1789.

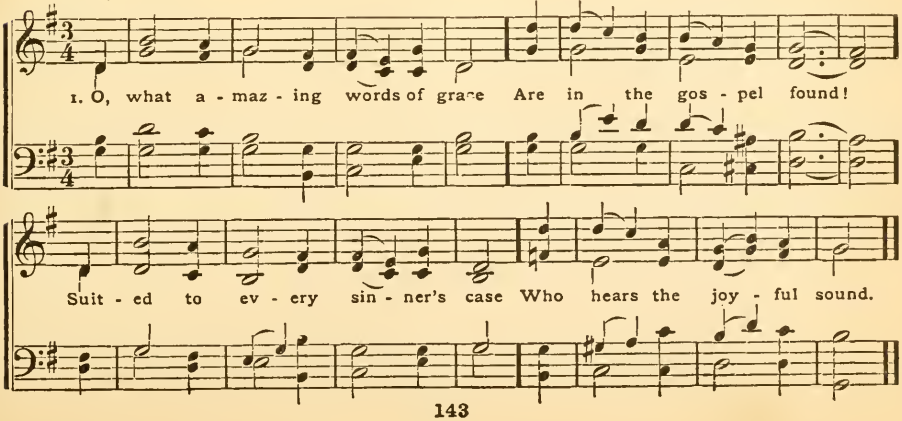
1 O, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

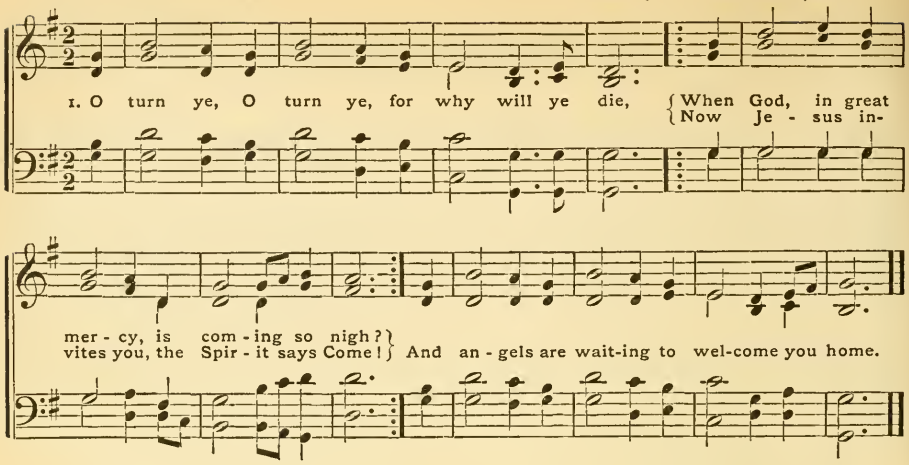
3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts:
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

VIGILS. C. M.

S. WEBBE. 1740–1816.



EXPOSTULATION. 11s. REV. JOSIAH HOPKINS. 1786–1862.



276

SAMSON OCCUM. 1723–1792.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says Come!
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better; your chains melt away!
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are;
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.

3 The contrite in heart he will freely receive,
O why will you not the glad message believe?
If sin be your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he makes welcome, he bids you come home.

277

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1831.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
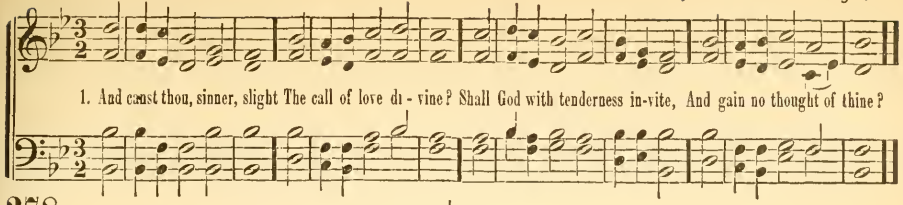
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

4 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid?

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN. 1813—.



278

ANN BEADLEY HYDE. 1824.

1 And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine.

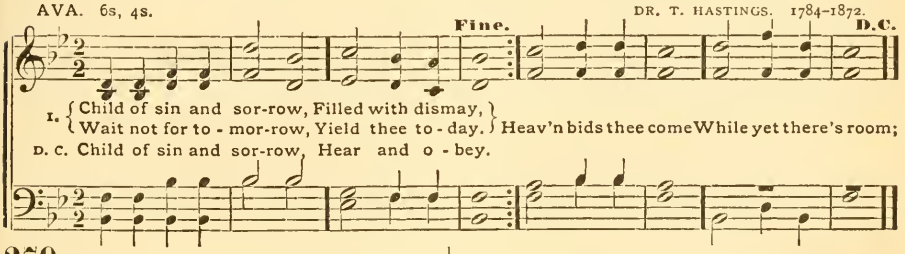
2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

AVA. 6s, 4s.

DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784–1872.



279

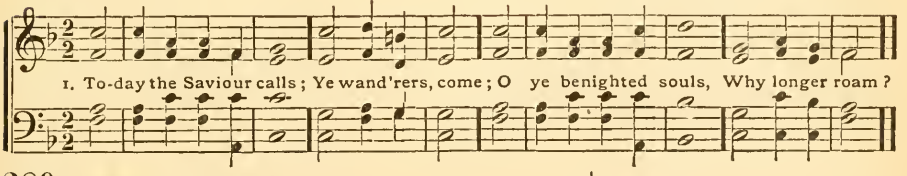
THOMAS HASTINGS. 1832.

1 Child of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day.
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high;
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

TO-DAY. 6s, 4s.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



280

S. F. SMITH. 1832.
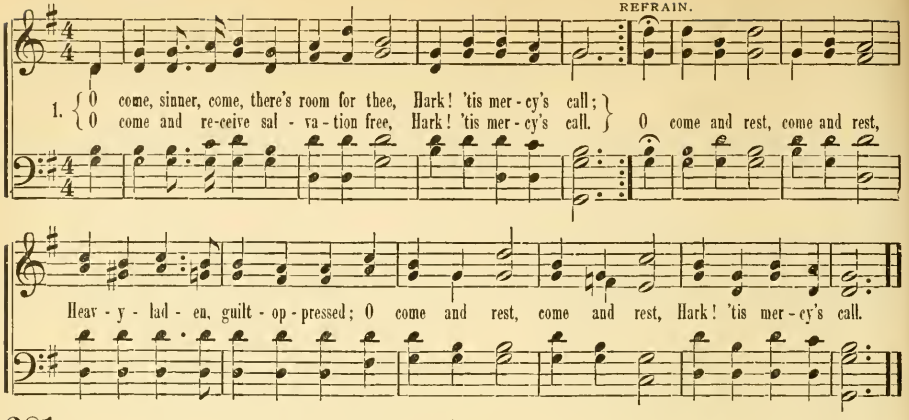
1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'rers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
O grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

MERCY'S CALL. P. M. W. H. DOANE.



281

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1882.

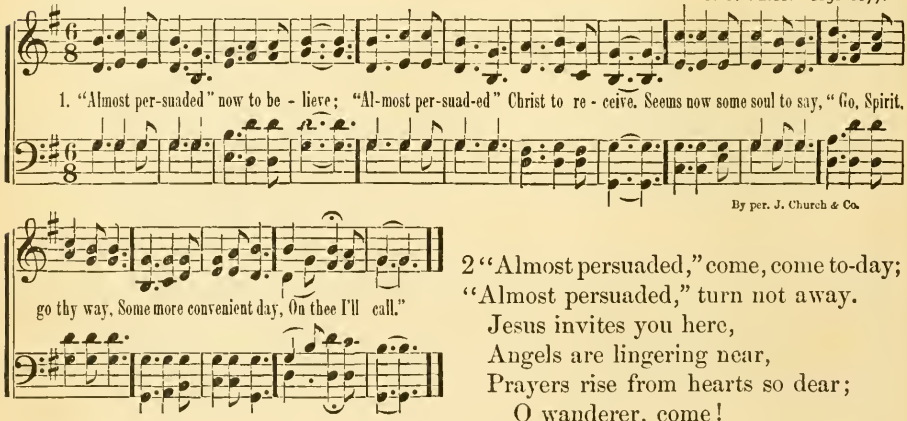
1 O come, sinner, come, there's room for thee,
Hark! 'tis mercy's call;
O come and receive salvation free,
Hark! 'tis mercy's call.

REF.—O come and rest, come and rest,
Heavy-laden, guilt-oppressed;
O come and rest, come and rest,
Hark! 'tis mercy's call.

2 O come, thy Redeemer waits to-day,
Hark! 'tis mercy's call;
Now wash in his blood thy sins away,
Hark! 'tis mercy's call.

3 Come, lay at his feet thy weary soul,
Hark! 'tis mercy's call;
Thy faith in his name will make thee whole,
Hark! 'tis mercy's call.

ALMOST PERSUADED. P. M. P. P. BLISS. 1838–1877.



282

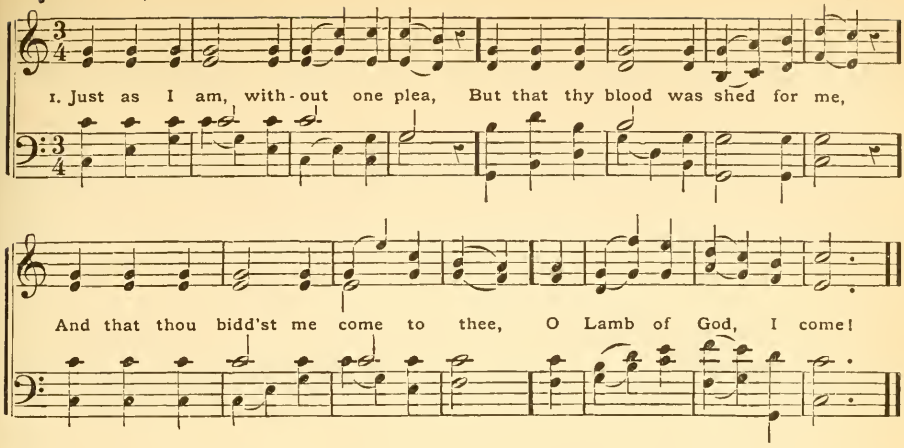
P. P. BLISS. 1852.

1 "Almost persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day,
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O wanderer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad that bitter wail,—
"Almost," but lost!

JETER. 8s, 6s. W. H. BIRCH.



283

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1836.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

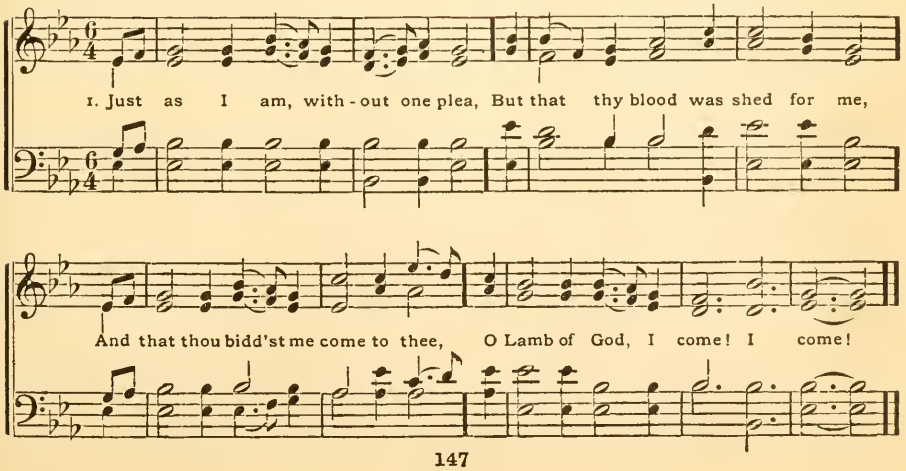
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

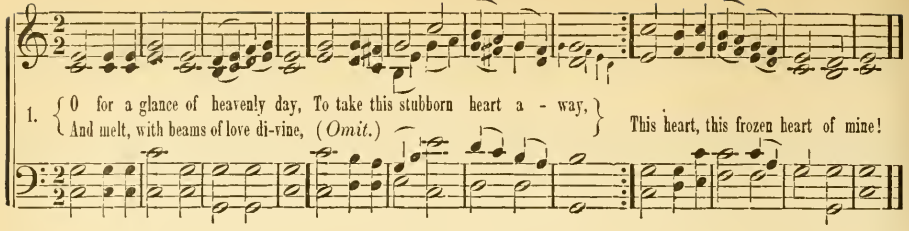
5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

WOODWORTH. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



WALLACE. L. M. B. F. BAKER.



284

JOSEPH HART. 1759.

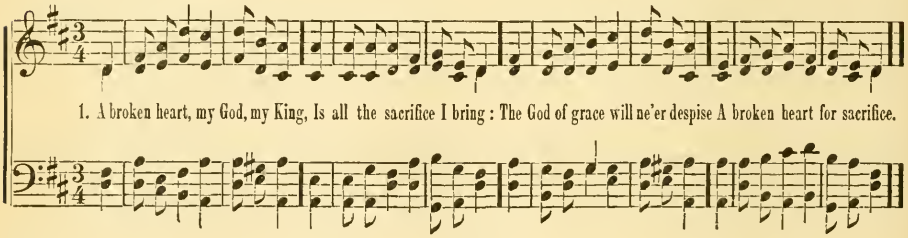
1 O for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And melt, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

4 O Breath of life, breathe on my soul!
On me let streams of mercy roll;
Now melt, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

WELLS. L. M. ISRAEL HOLDROYD. 1740.



285

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

286

CORNELIUS ELVEN. 1852.

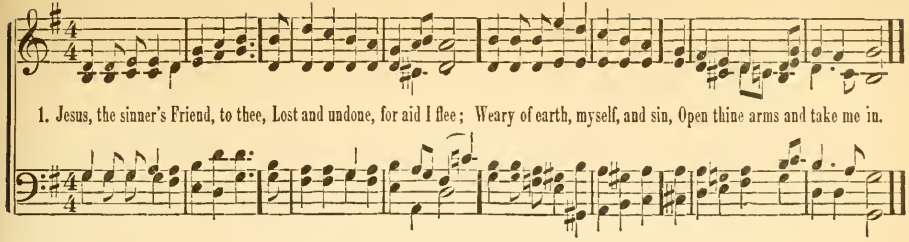
1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

SHIRLEY. L. M. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.



287

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

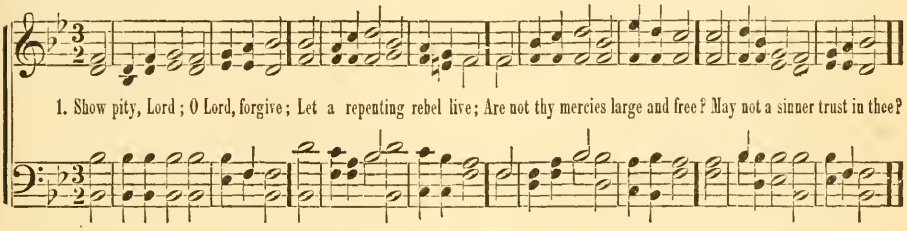
1 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my ruined soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it can not be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



288

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, can not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

289

WILLIAM B. COLLYER. 1812.

1 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.
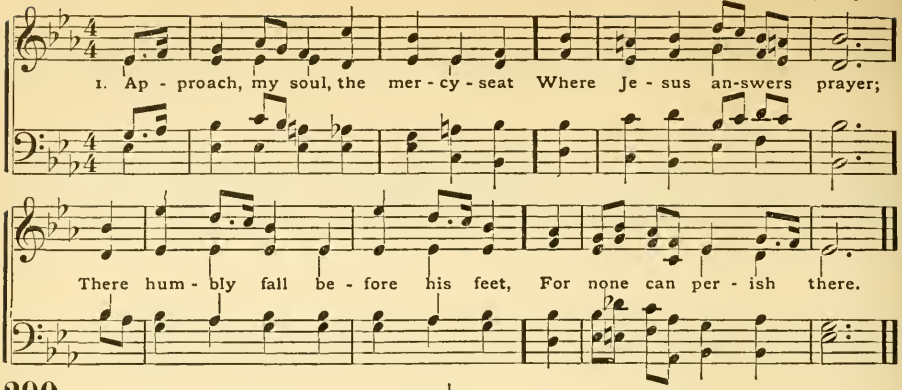
2 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, my wandering soul, return,
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

BURLINGTON. C. M.

J. F. BURROWES. 1787–1853.



290

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

291

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 Dearest of all the names above,
My Saviour and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.

292

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

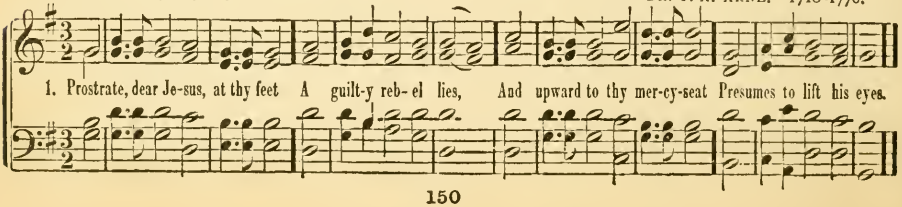
2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

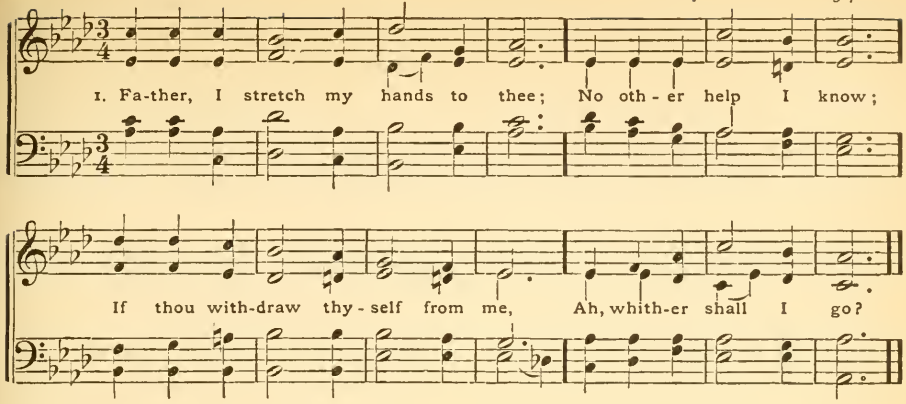
ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. T. A. ARNE. 1710–1778.



ST. AGNES. C. M.

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–76.



293

CHARLES WESLEY. 1741.

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O may I now receive that gift!
My soul, without it, dies.

294

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

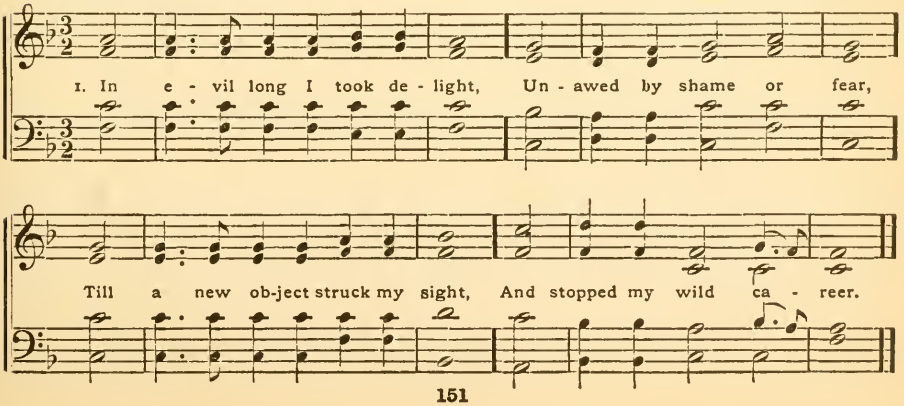
3 O never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look!
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I died that thou mayst live."

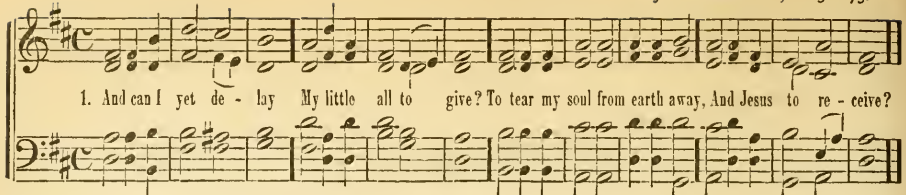
5 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

BYEFIELD. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784–1873.



OWEN. S. M. J. E. SWEETSER, 1825–1873.



295

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

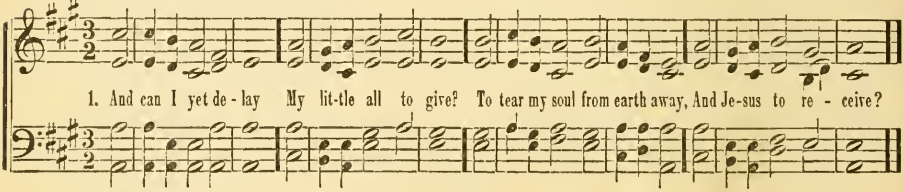
1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
And Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

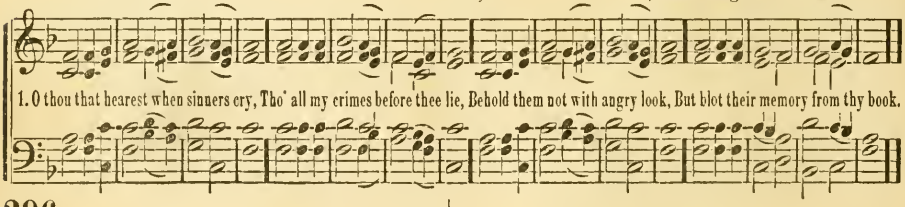
3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
Freely to yield all other bliss,
All other good below.

STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.



HAMBURG. L. M. Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON, from Gregorian Tone VIII.



296

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

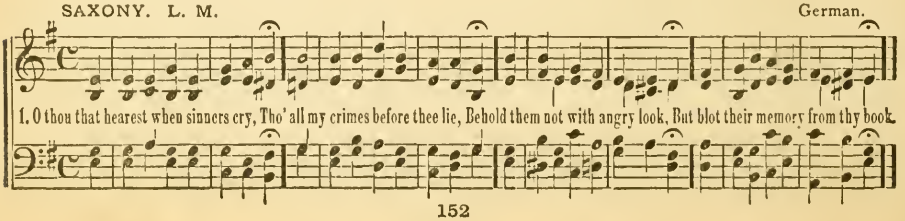
1 O thou that hearest when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
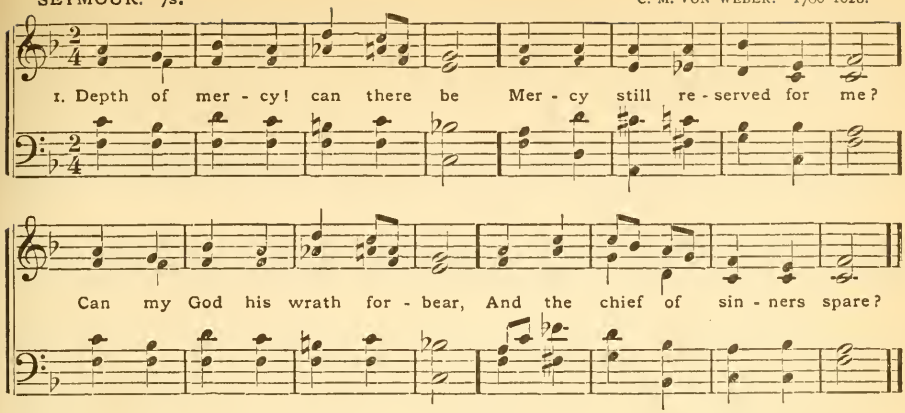
3 I can not live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

SAXONY. L. M. German.



SEYMOUR. 7s. C. M. VON WEBER. 1786–1826.



297

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

298

JOHN TAYLOR. 1818.

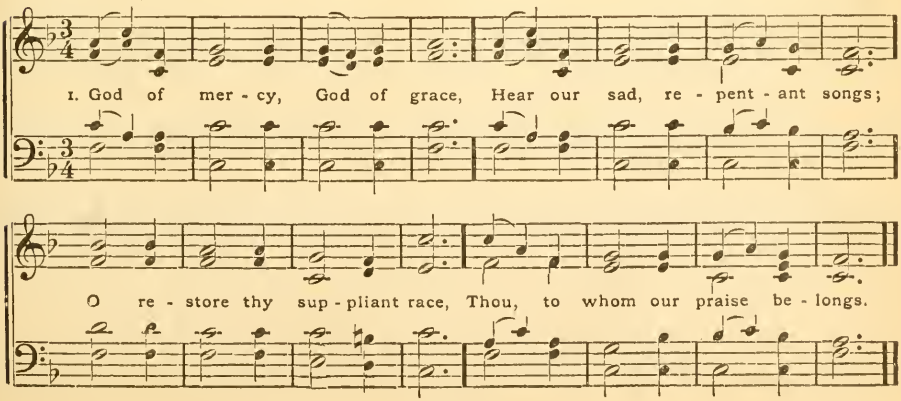
1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—

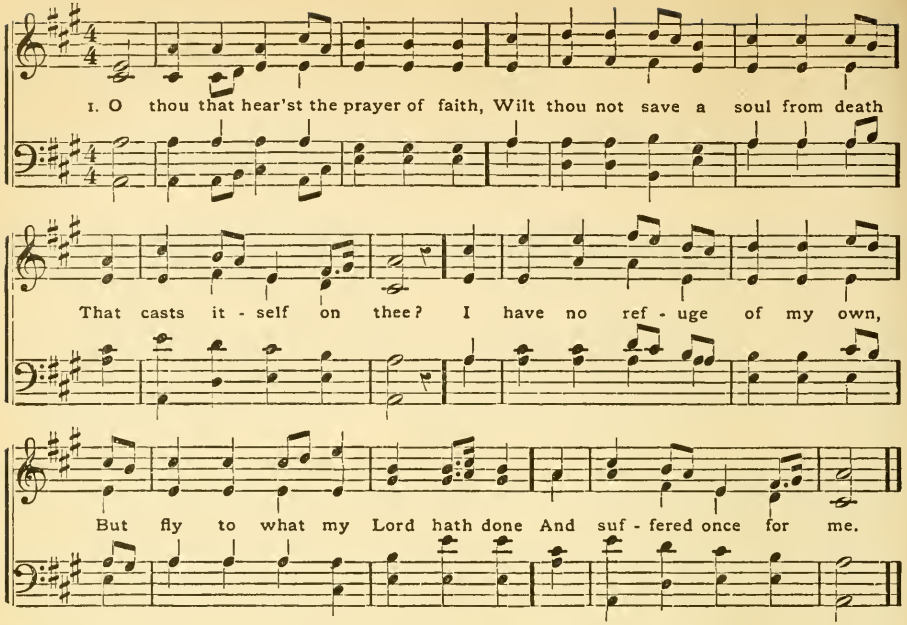
3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

ALETTA. 7s. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M. CRANE.



299

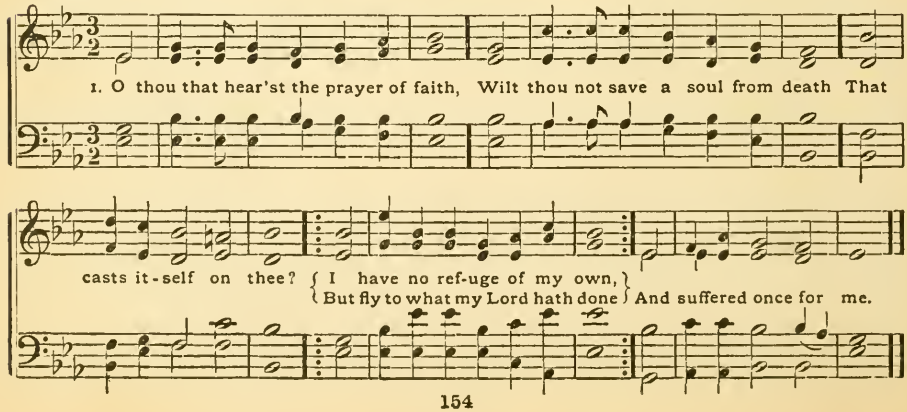
A. M. TOPLADY. 1759.

1 O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

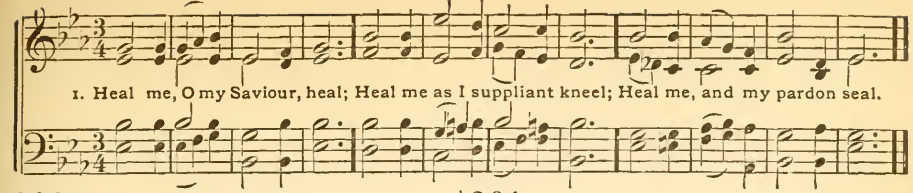
2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart—
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

MERIBAH. C. P. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



ARTHUR. 7s. 3 l. Arr. from A. S. SULLIVAN.



300

GODFREY THRING. 1823.

1 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

3 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To thy mercy I appeal.

301

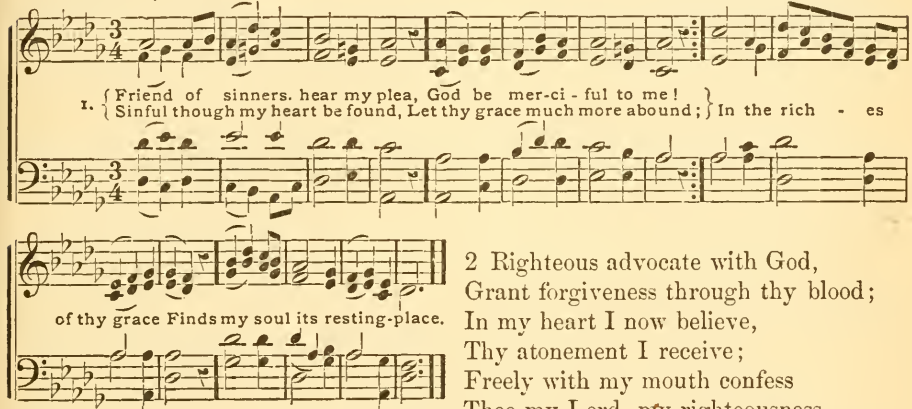
ISAAC WILLIAMS. 1844.

1 Lord, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

MENDEL. 7s. 6 l. Arr from MENDELSSOHN.



302

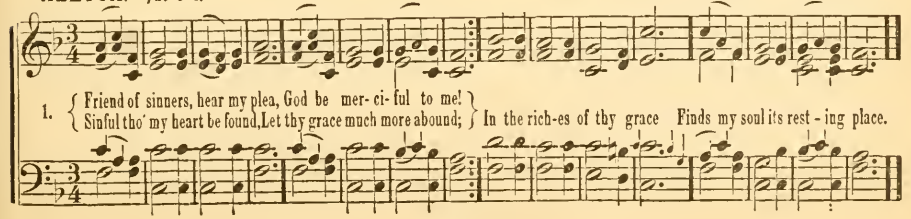
HENRY L. MOREHOUSE. 1872.

1 Friend of sinners, hear my plea,
God be merciful to me!
Sinful though my heart be found,
Let thy grace much more abound;
In the riches of thy grace
Finds my soul its resting-place.

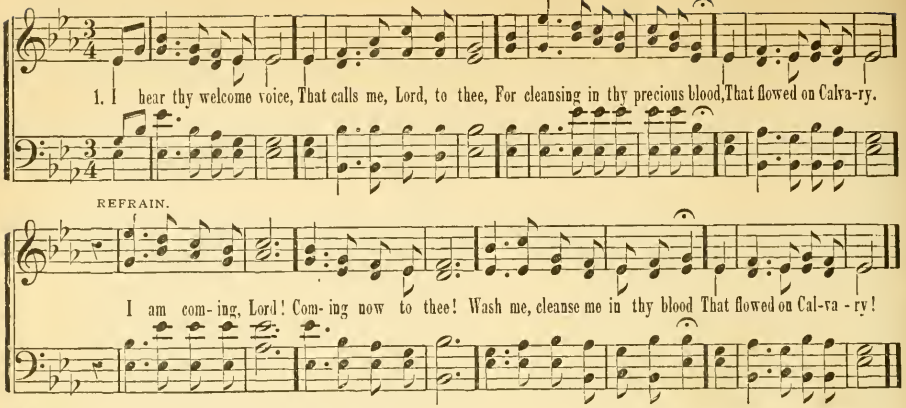
2 Righteous advocate with God,
Grant forgiveness through thy blood;
In my heart I now believe,
Thy atonement I receive;
Freely with my mouth confess
Thee my Lord, my righteousness.

3 Trusting thee, O Christ, my King,
Shall my soul thy praises sing;
Saved by thee, thou holy one,—
Not by works which I have done,—
Heart and tongue confess again,
Thine the glory, Lord. Amen.

ALETTA. 7s. 6 l. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



WELCOME VOICE. P. M. L. HARTSOUGH.



303

LOUIS HARTSOUGH. 1828—.

1 I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

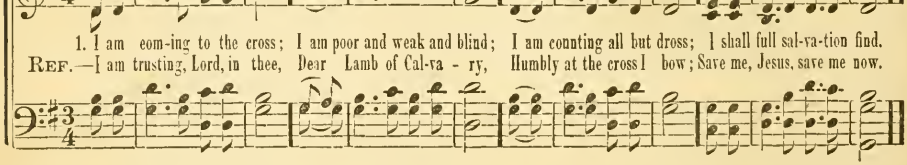
REF.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in thy blood
That flowed on Calvary!

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

TRUSTING. 7s. WM. G. FISCHER.



304

W. H. MC DONALD. 1869.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary,
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

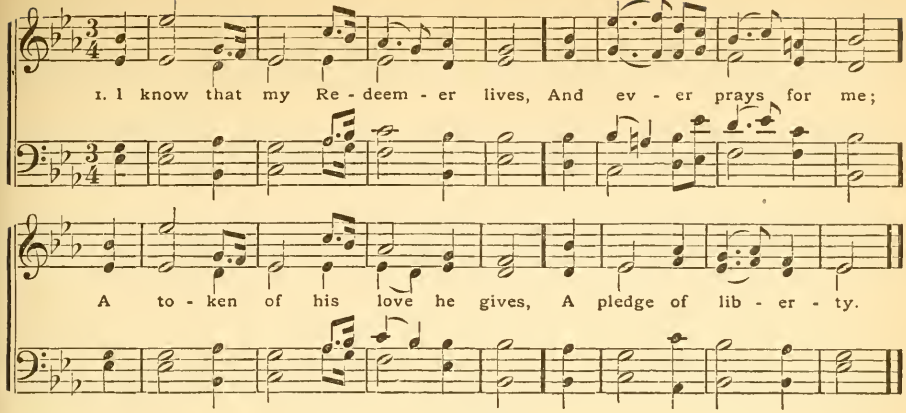
2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

BRADFORD. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL. 1685–1759.



305

C. WESLEY. 1749.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

306

C. WESLEY. 1742.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
He lives, who once was dead;
To me in grief he comfort gives;
With peace he crowns my head.

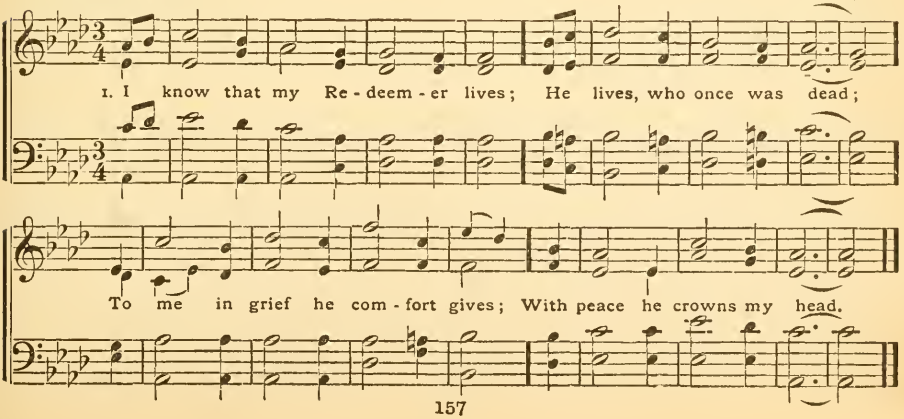
2 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
At God's right hand on high,
My ransomed soul to keep and save,
To bless and glorify.

3 He lives, that I may also live,
And now his grace proclaim;
He lives, that I may honor give
To his most holy name.
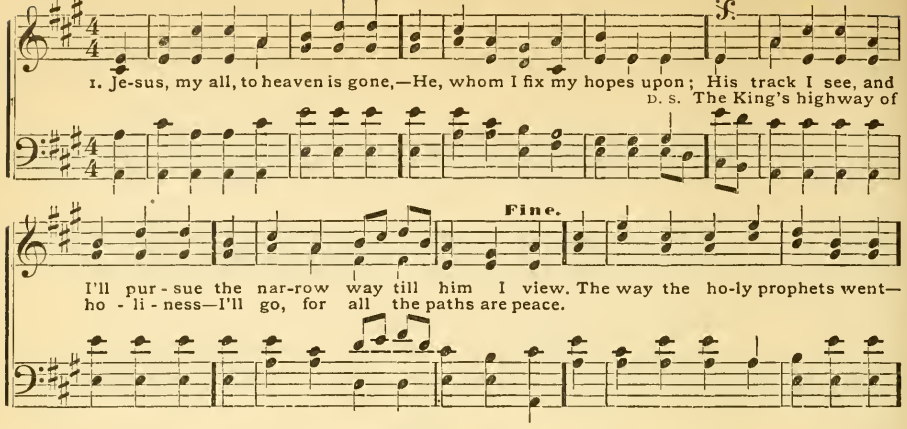
4 Let strains of heavenly music rise,
While all their anthem sing
To Christ, my precious sacrifice,
And ever-living King.

MANOAH. C. M.

F. J. HAYDN. 1732–1809.



DUANE STREET. L. M. REV. G. COLES. 1792–1858.



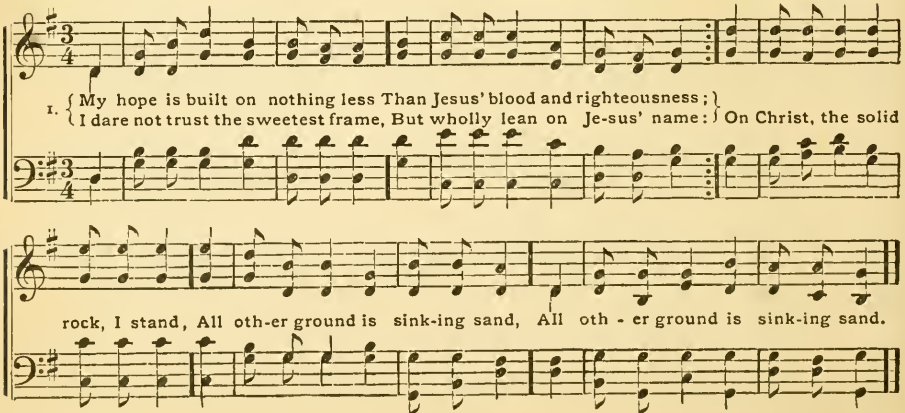
307 JOHN CENNICK. 1743.

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went—
The way that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
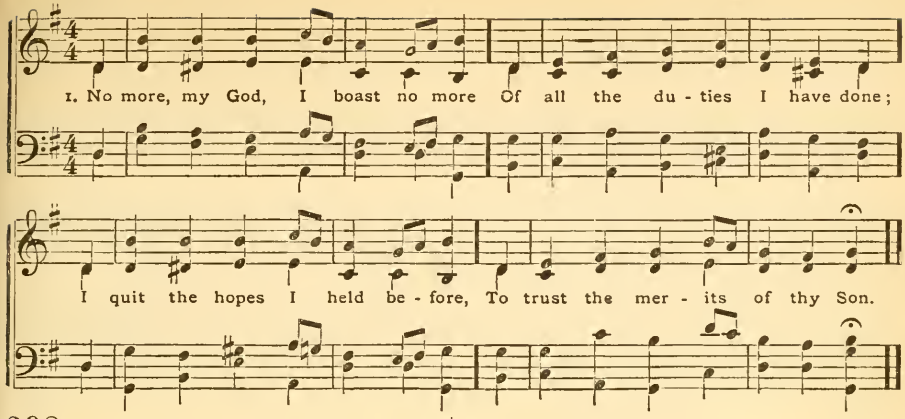
2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come! and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give:
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—Behold the way to God.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 61. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



CANONBURY. L. M. R. SCHUMANN. 1810–1856.



308

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

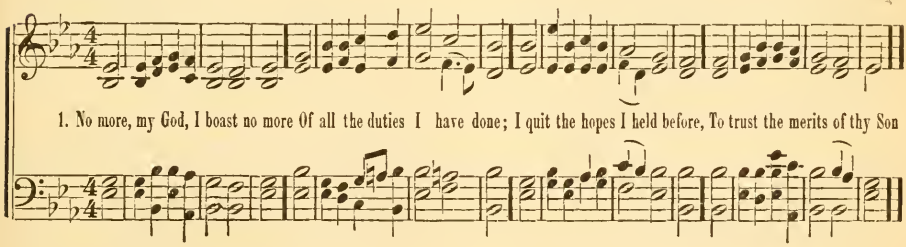
1 No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne:
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.
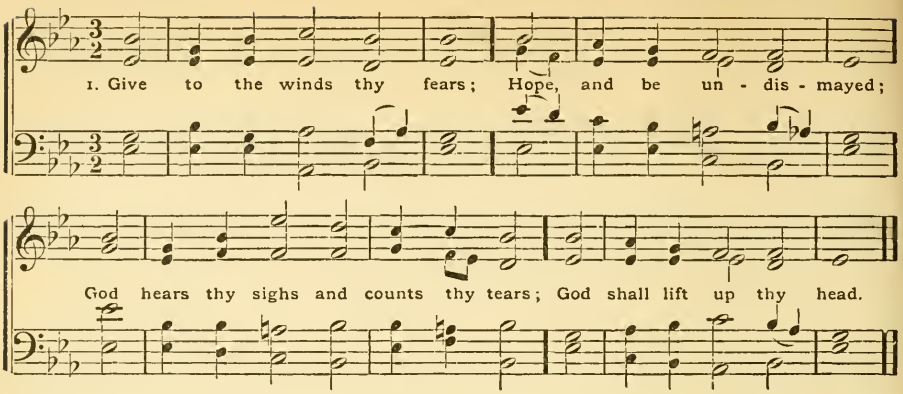


309 L. M. 61. EDWARD MOTE. 1836.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

NORWOOD. S. M. Arr from SWISS MELODY.



310

PAUL GERHARDT 1656.
Tr. by JOHN WESLEY. 1739.

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work has wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

311

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1834.

1 My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

312

A. M. TOPLADY. 1772.

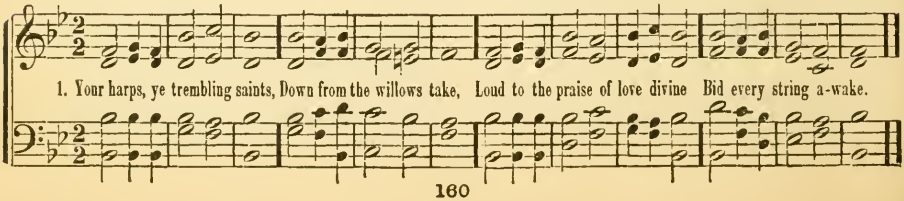
1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

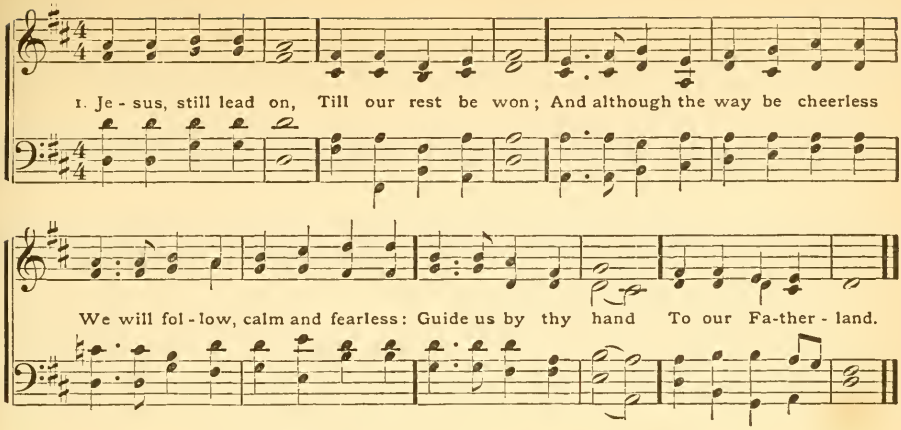
4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr. from Gregorian by DR LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



HUBERT. P. M.

REV. L. DARWALL. 1731–1789.



313

COUNT ZINZENDORF. 1721.
Tr. by JANE B. BORTHWICK. 1853.

1 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

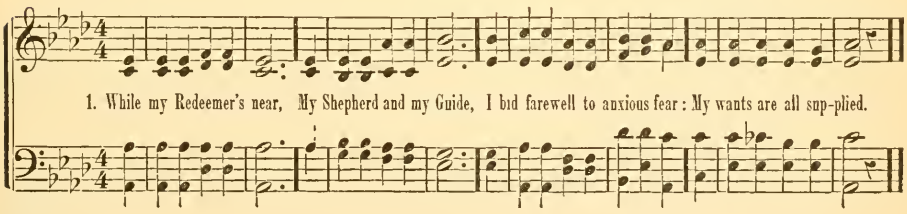
2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore,
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

GORTON. S. M.

L. BEETHOVEN. 1770–1827.



314

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear:
My wants are all supplied.

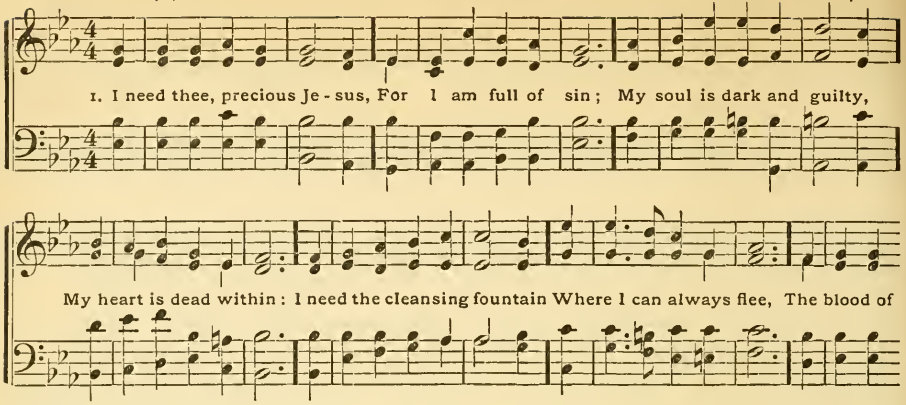
2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

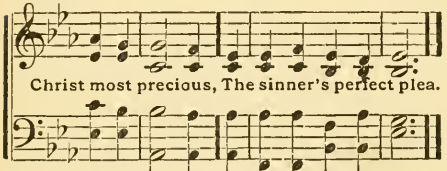
3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

4 Unworthy, as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D.

S. S. WESLEY. 1810–1876.





315

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. 1861.

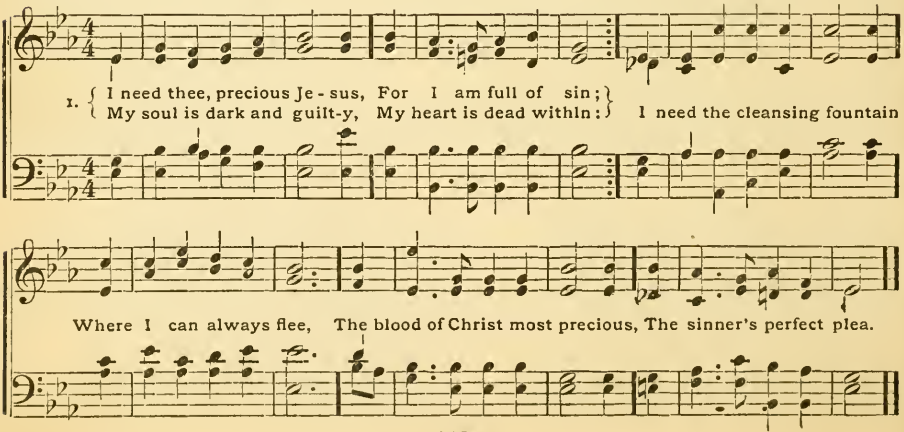
1 I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, blessed Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

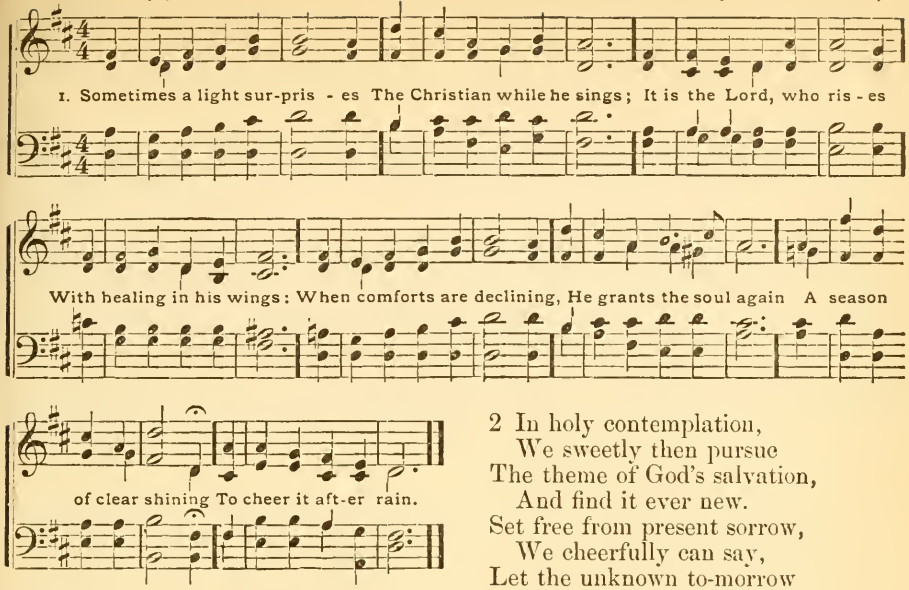
3 I need thee, blessed Jesus;
I need a friend like thee,—
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

SELBORNE. 7s, 6s. D.

Arr. from an Old Melody.



BENTLY. 7s, 6s. D. JOHN HULLAH. 1867.



316

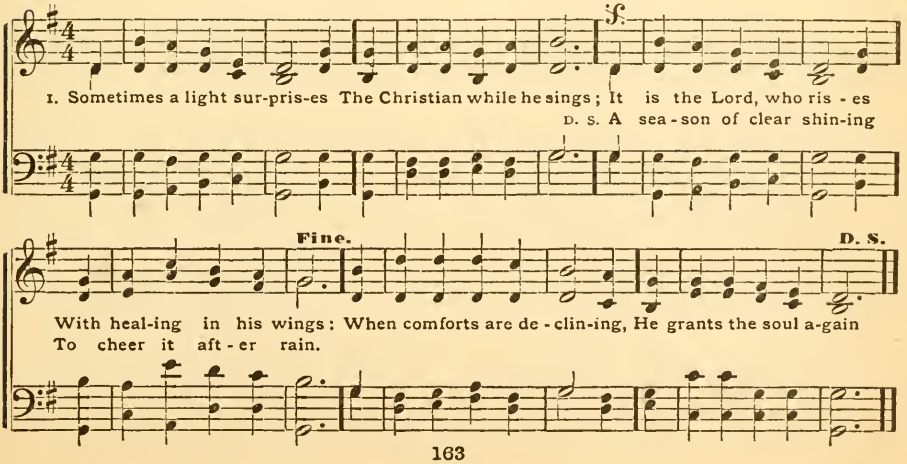
WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

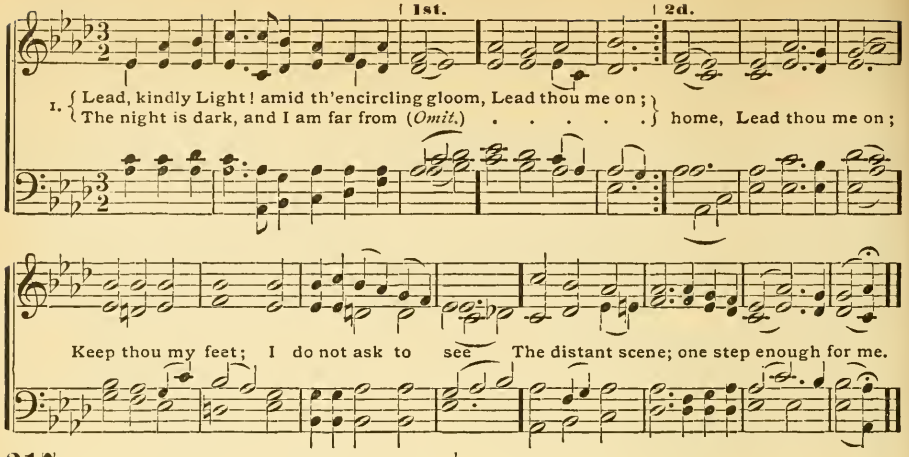
2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

CASKEY. 7s, 6s. D. T. E. PERKINS.



LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.



317

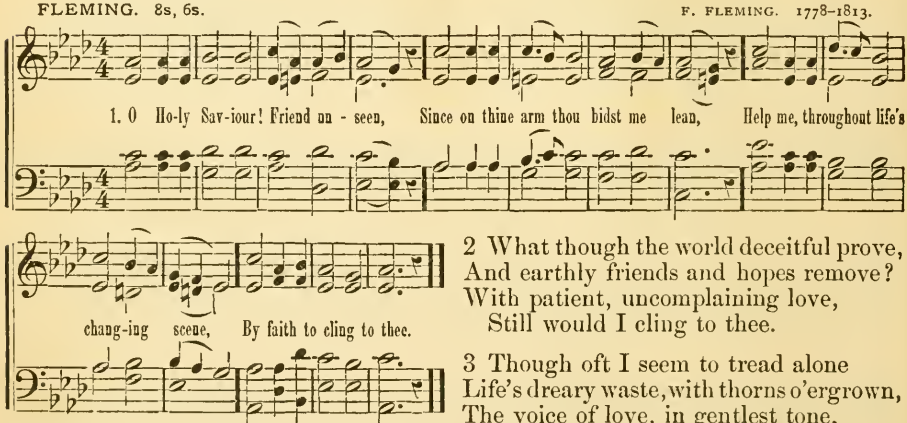
J. H. NEWMAN. 1833.

1 Lead, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
the night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

FLEMING. 8s, 6s. F. FLEMING. 1778–1813.



318

MISS C. ELLIOTT. 1871.

1 O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bidst me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee.

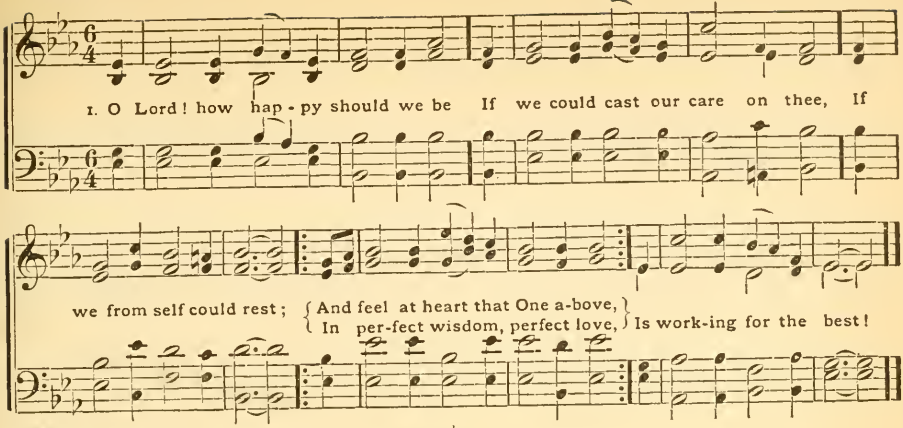
2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove?
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
The voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee.

BREMEN. C. P. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784–1872.



319

JOSEPH ANSTICE. 1836.

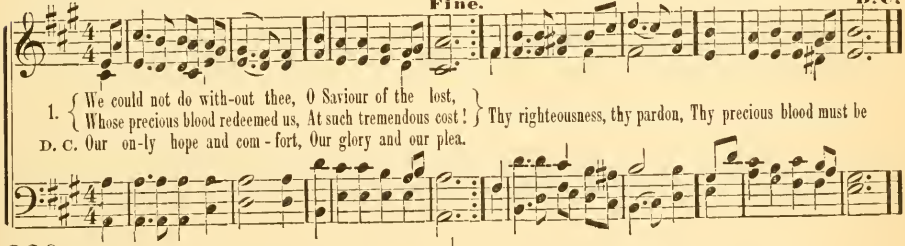
1 O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms;
O, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear!

MEHUL. 7s, 6s. D.

E. H. MEHUL. 1763–1817.



320

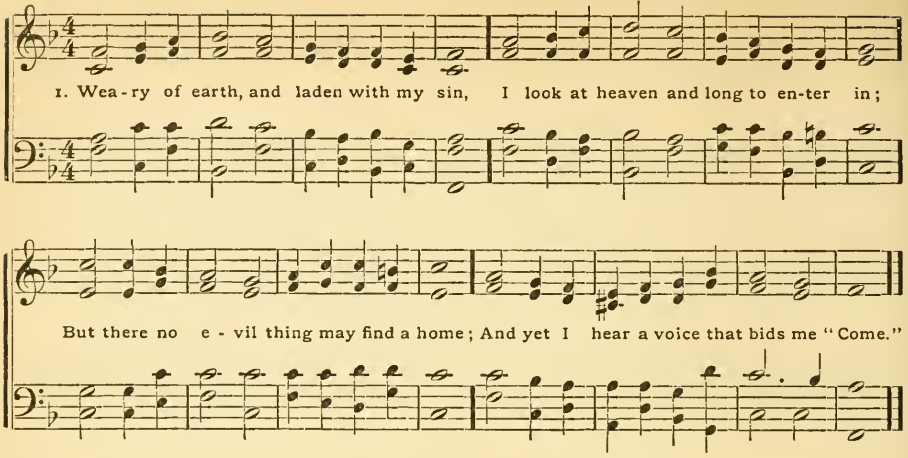
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL 1836–1879.

1 We could not do without thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed us,
At such tremendous cost!
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
Our only hope and comfort,
Our glory and our plea.

2 We could not do without thee!
We can not stand alone,
We have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of our own.
How could we do without thee?
We do not know the way;
Thou knowest and thou leadest,
And wilt not let us stray.

3 We could not do without thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear!
E'en when our eyes are holden,
We know that thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest in thee.

NAVARRE. 10s. Arr. from C. GOUDIMEL. 16th cent.



321

S. J. STONE. 1865

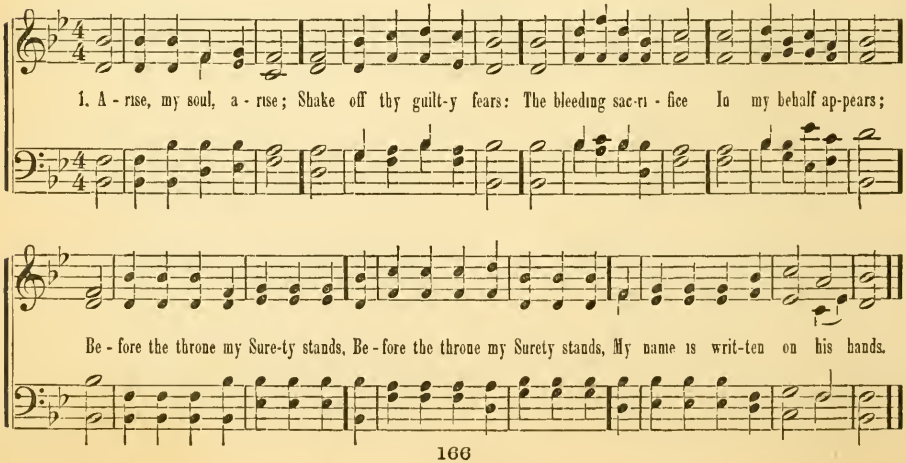
1 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 Sinful I am; how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

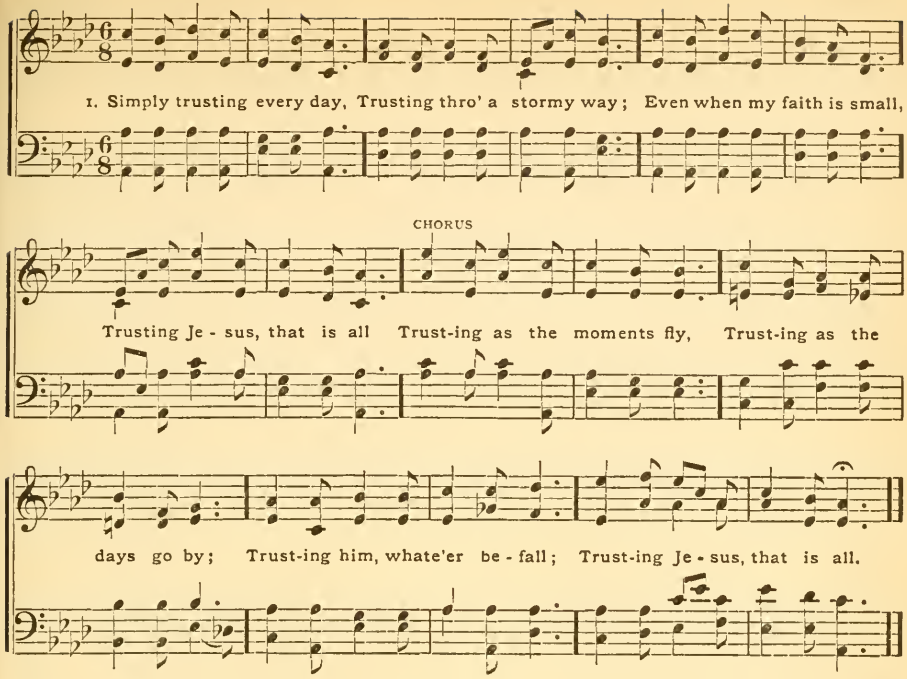
3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

4 O great Absolver! grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

LENOX. H. M. LEWIS EDSON. 1748–1820.



SIMPLY TRUSTING. 7s. IRA D. SANKEY. By per.



322

EDGAR PAGE.

1 Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads I can not fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

323 H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY 1739

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

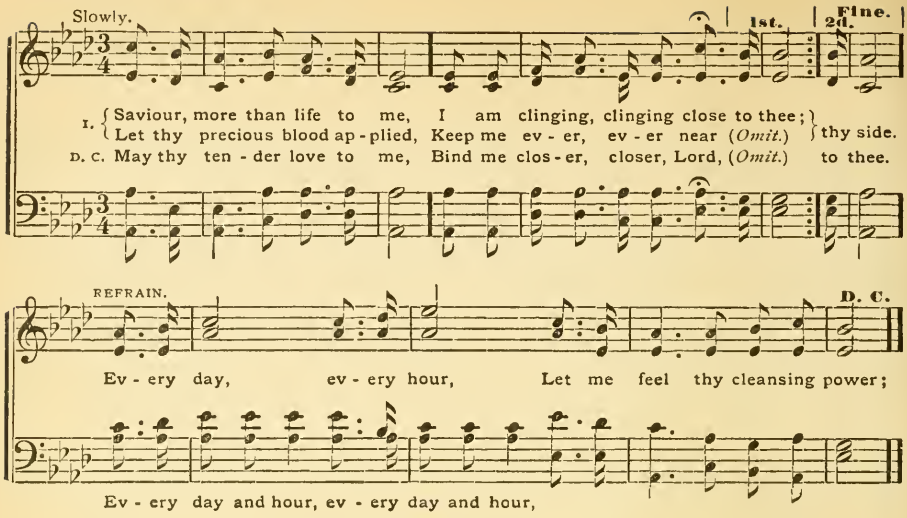
2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

3 The Father hears him pray,—
His dear anointed One;
He can not turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

EVERY DAY AND HOUR. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.



324

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1875.

1 Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

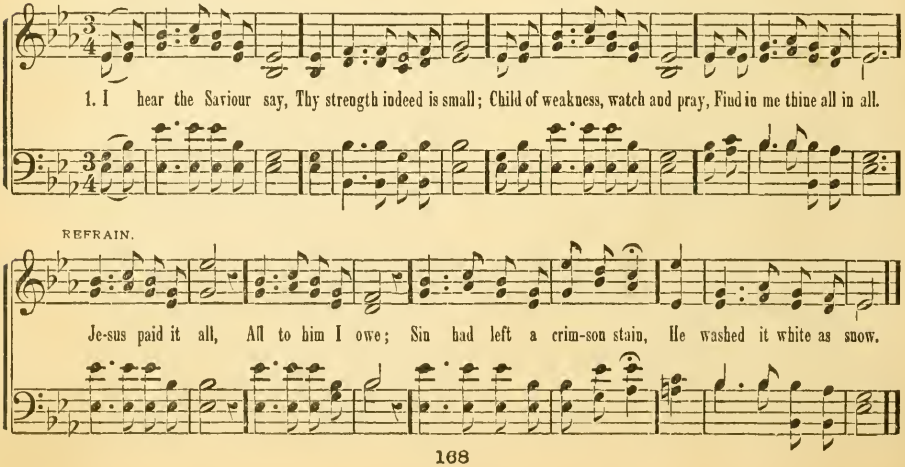
REF.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing power;
May thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I can not stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

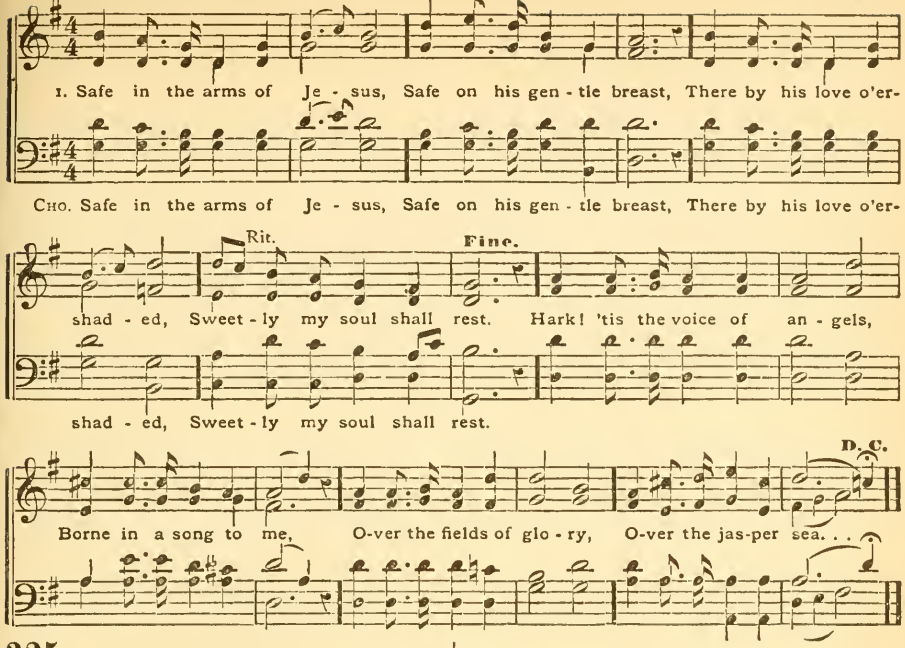
3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

JESUS PAID IT ALL. P. M.

J. T. GRAPE.



SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS. 7s, 6s. W. H. DOANE.



325

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1868.

1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin can not harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

326

P. M. ELVINA M. HALL. 1870.

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

REF.—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.
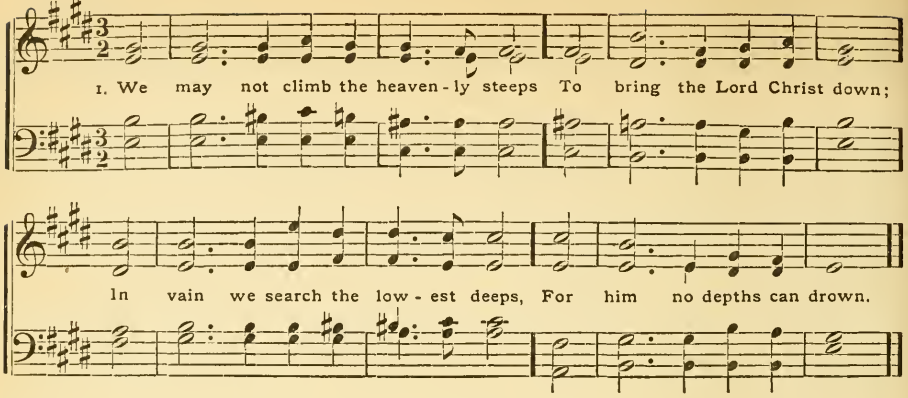
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

SERENITY. C. M.

W. V. WALLACE. 1815–1866.



327

J. G. WHITTIER. 1802—.

1 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

3 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

4 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

328

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

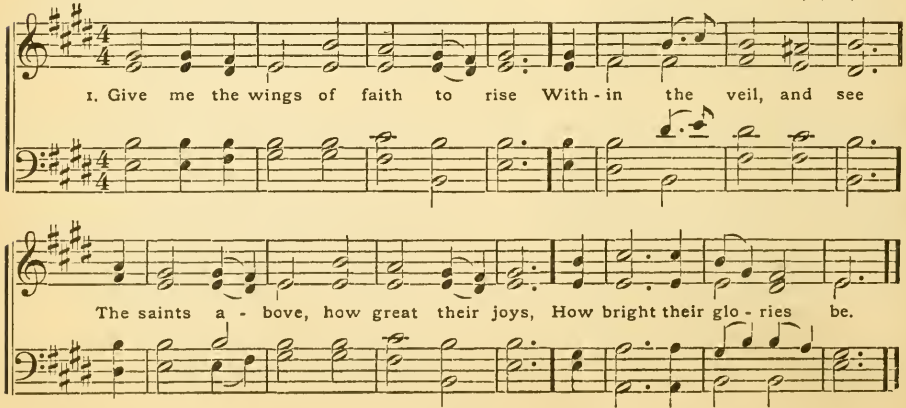
2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

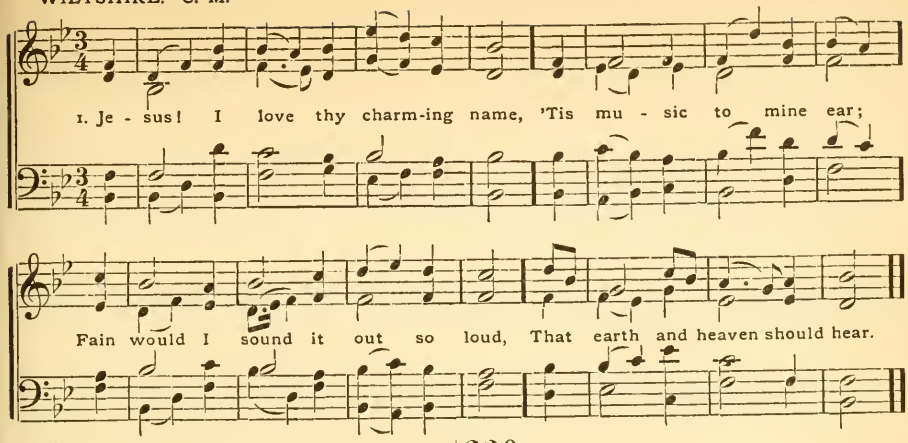
HAVEN. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784–1872.



WILTSHIRE. C. M.

SIR GEORGE THOMAS SMART. 1776–1867.



329

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

1 Jesus! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

330

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
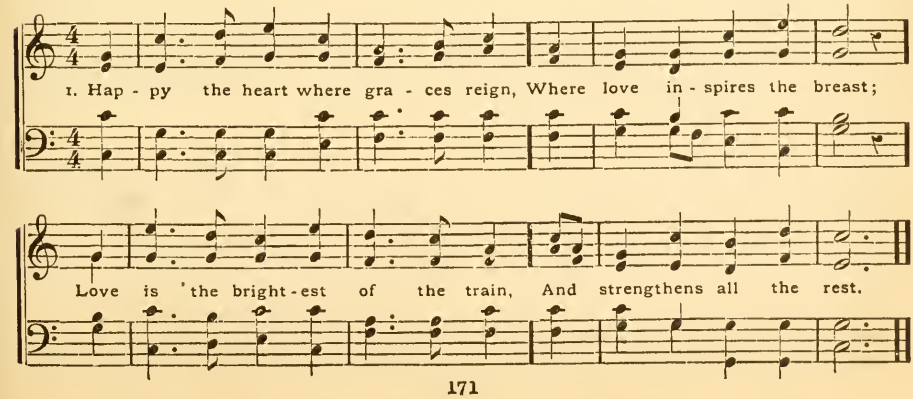
2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But they can never love.
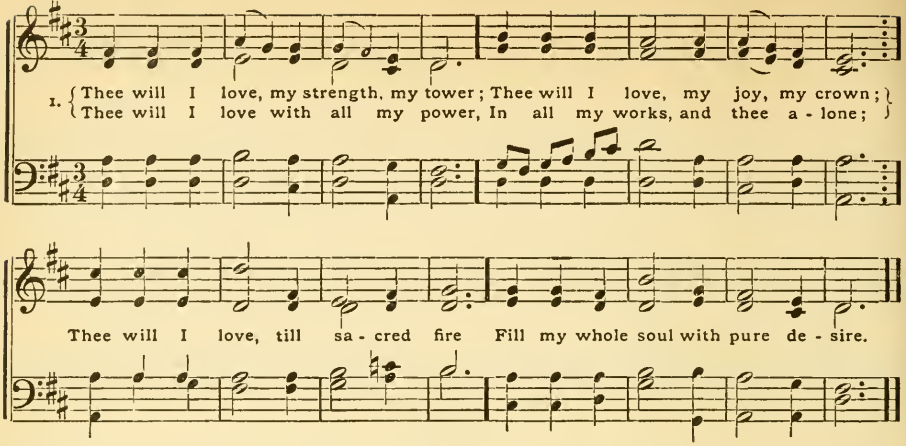
4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



WAVERTREE. L. M. 61. W. SHORE. 1791–1877.



331

J. SCHEFFLER. 1657.
Tr. by J. WESLEY. 1739.
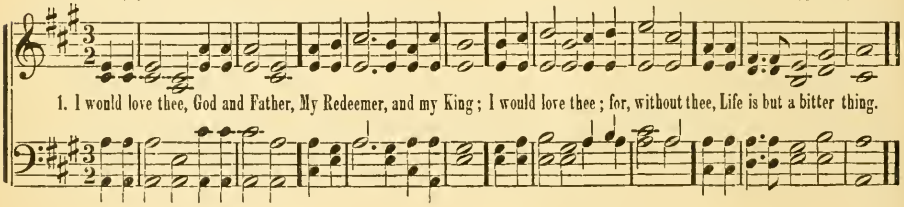
1 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love till sacred fire
Fill my whole soul with pure desire.

2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

3 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease of pain?
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn
That I to thee so late did turn.

4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to mine heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

OVIO. 8s, 7s. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



332

MADAME J. M. B. GUYON. 1648–1717.

1 I would love thee, God and Father,
My Redeemer and my King;
I would love thee; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.
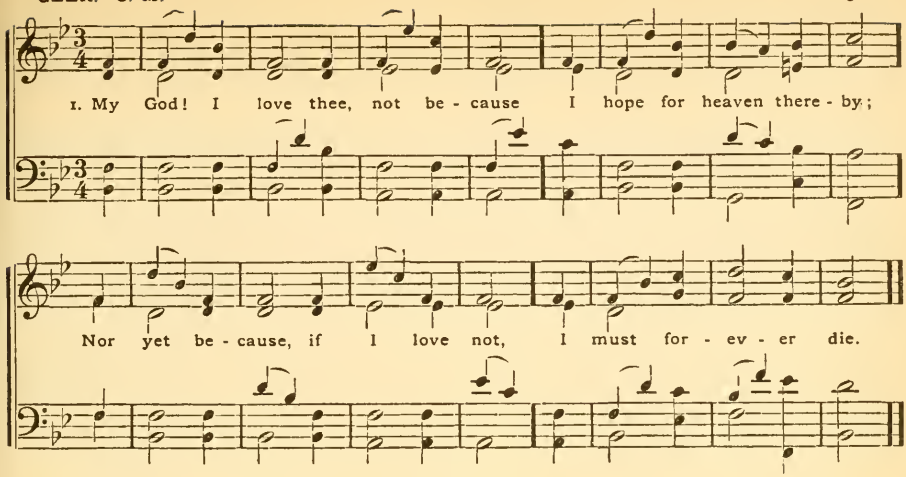
2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee; he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me;
Ever guide me with thine eye;
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee; I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set:
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

GEER. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX. 1811–1858.



333

FRANCIS XAVIER. 1552.
Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL. 1849.

1 My God! I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die.

2 Thou, O my Jesus! thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

3 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell.

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself has loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

5 E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

334

RAY PALMER. 1858.

1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

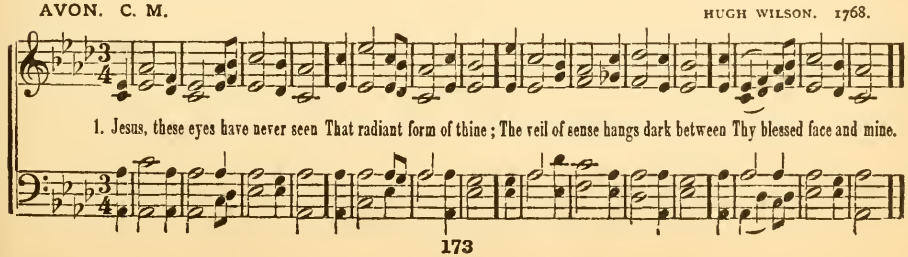
3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
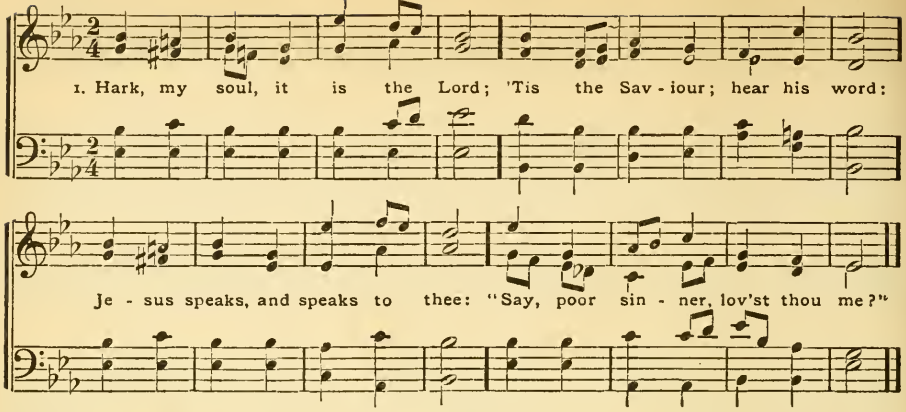
5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON. 1768.



SOLITUDE. 7s. L. T. DOWNS. 1824.



335

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis the Saviour; hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

4 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

336

MARY F. MAUDE. 1848.
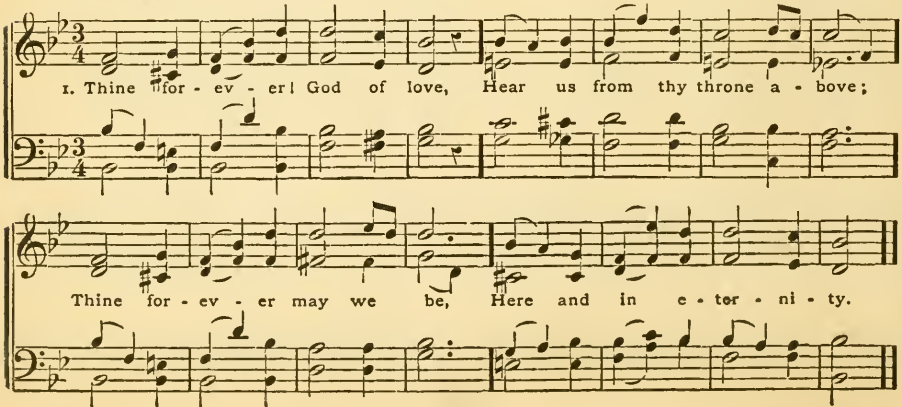
1 Thine forever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above,
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever! O how blest
They who find in thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep,
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.
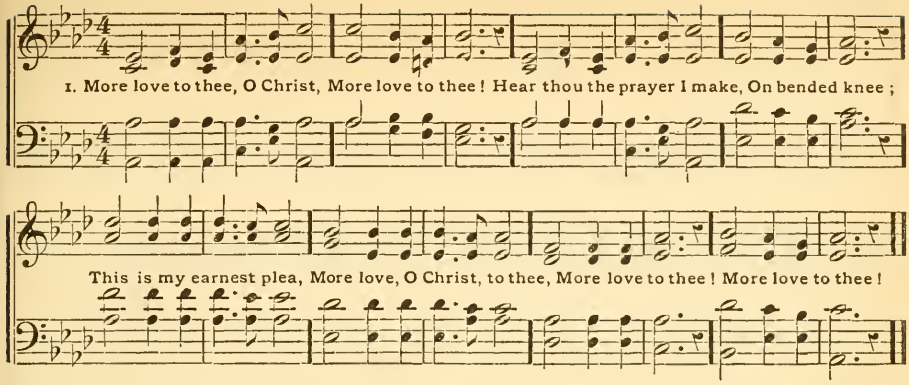
4 Thine forever! thou our Guide
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

MERCY. 7s. Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK. 1829–1869.



MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6s, 4s, 6s

W. H. DOANE.



337

ELIZABETH PRENTISS. 1870.
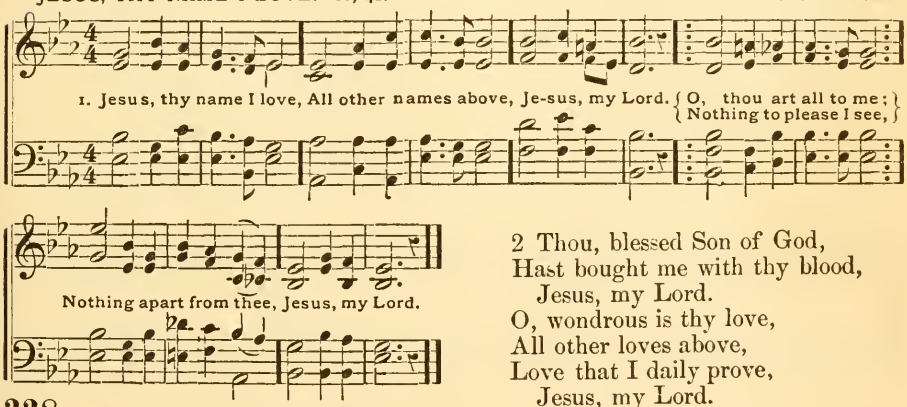
1 More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved.
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

JESUS, THY NAME I LOVE. 6s, 4s.

W. H. DOANE.



338

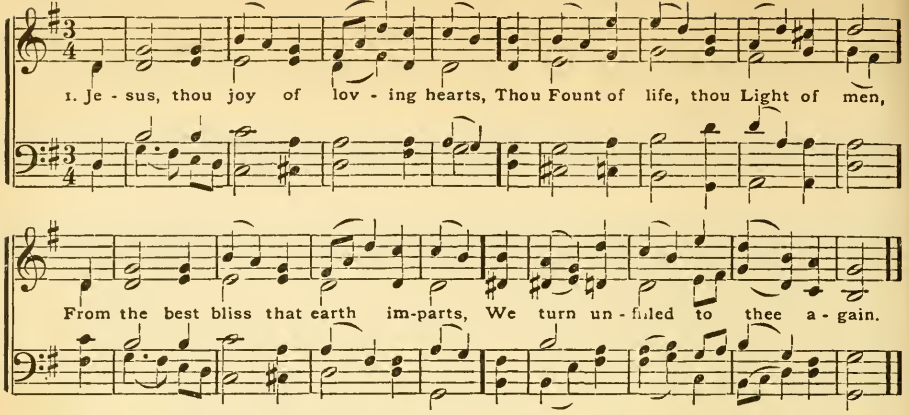
J. G. DECK. 1853.

1 Jesus, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord.
O, thou art all to me;
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord.

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord.
O, wondrous is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord.

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord.
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord.

FRIENDSHIP. L. M. A. MESSINGER.



339 BERNARD OF CLAIRVEAUX. 1091–1153. Tr. by RAY PALMER. 1858.

1 Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 We taste thee, O thou living bread!
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

3 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

4 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

340 JAMES EDMESTON. 1844.

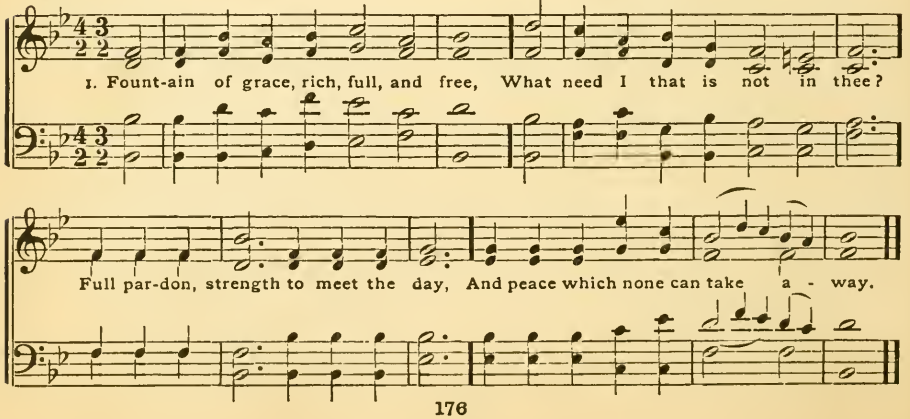
1 Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I that is not in thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near.
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.
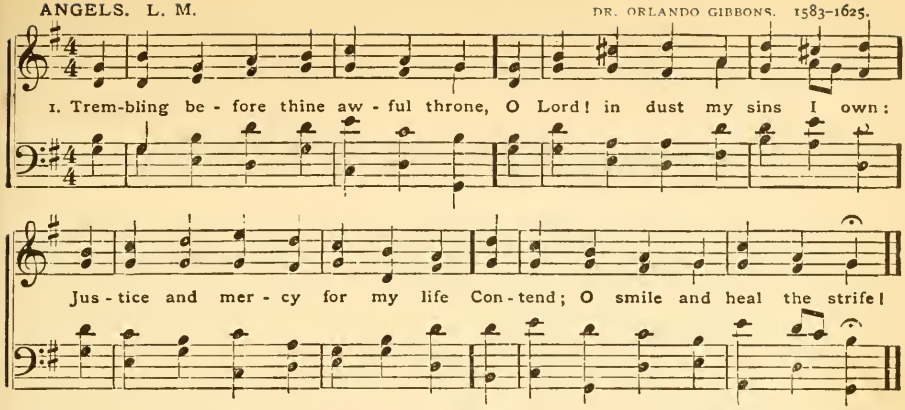
3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently vails the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O all-sufficient Saviour! be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain nor sin nor death can harm
The weakest shielded by thine arm.

AMES. L. M. SIGISMUND NEUKOMM. 1778–1858.



ANGELS. L. M. DR. ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1583–1625.



341

A. L. HILLHOUSE. 1816.

1 Trembling before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; O smile and heal the strife!

2 The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

4 Though I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

342

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.
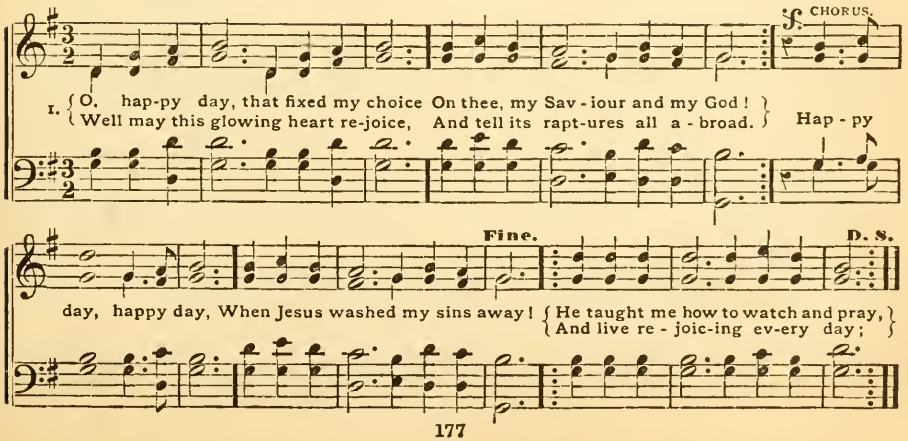
1 O, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 'Tis done,—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

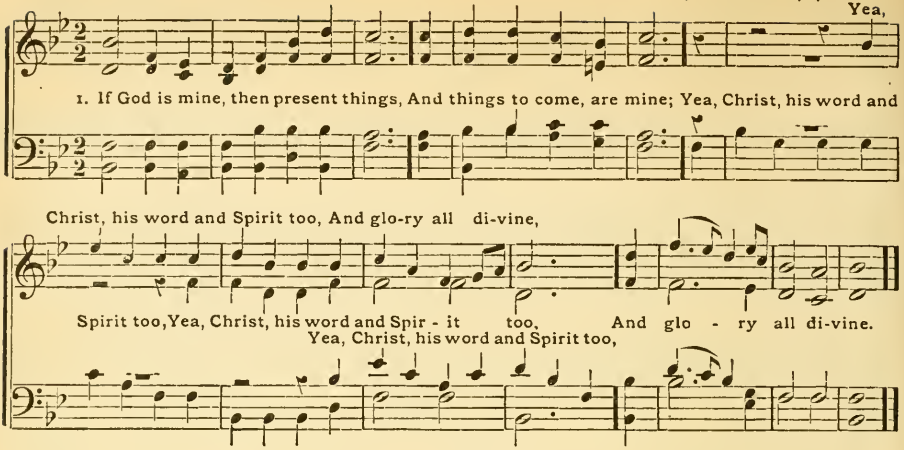
4 High heaven that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HAPPY DAY. L. M. E. F. RIMBAULT. 1816–1876.



NORTHFIELD. C. M.

J. INGALLS. 1764–1828.



343

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1800.

1 If God is mine, then present things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honor flee:
Sure he who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.

4 O, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

344

CHARLES WESLEY. 1759.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my home in heaven.

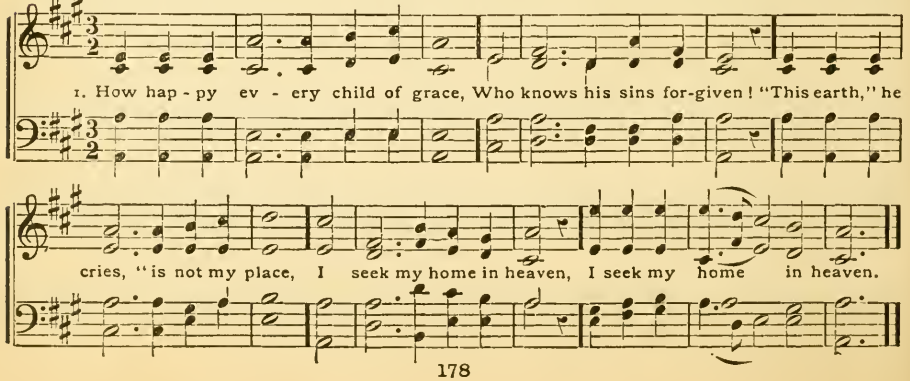
2 "A country far from mortal sight—
Yet, O, by faith, I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

3 O, what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
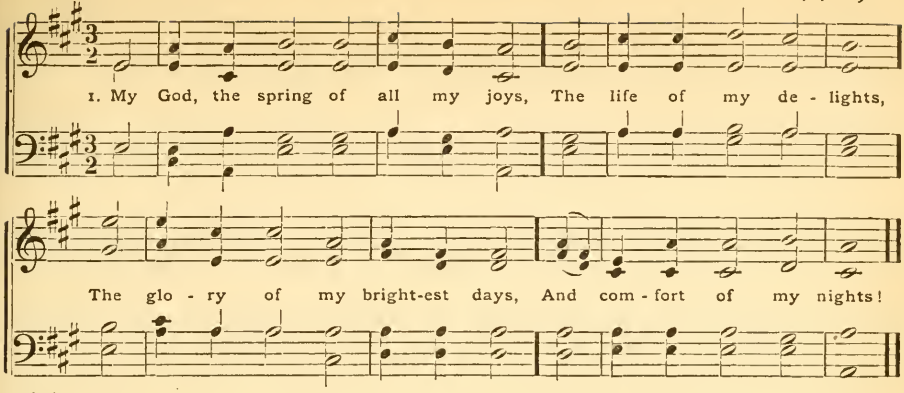
ARCADIA. C. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1784–1872.



DENFIELD. C. M.

C. G. GLASER. 1784–1829.



345

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.

346

F. W. FABER. 1849.

1 O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 O happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

347

B. BEDDOME. 1818.

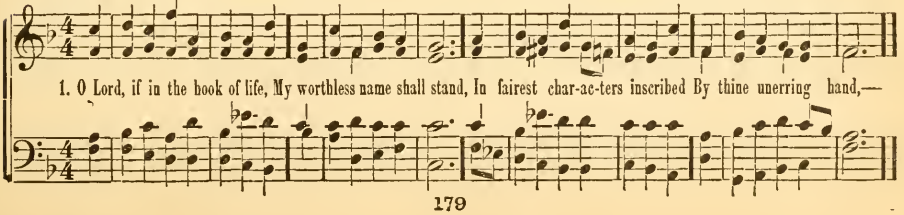
1 O Lord, if in the book of life
My worthless name shall stand,
In fairest characters inscribed
By thine unerring hand,—

2 Then I to thee in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.

3 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

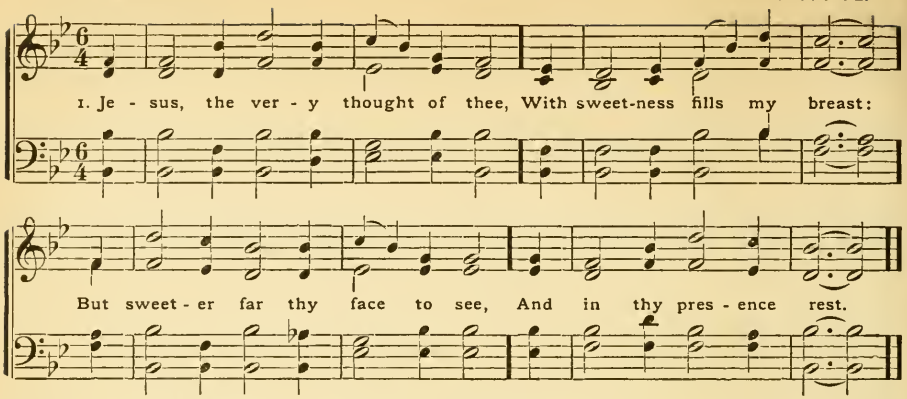
IFFLEY. C. M.

DR. G. M. GARRETT. 1872.



CLAXTON. C. M.

W. H. DOANE.



348

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. 1153.
Tr. by E. CASWALL. 1849.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
No tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

349

ISAAC WATTS 1719.

1 Thou art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.
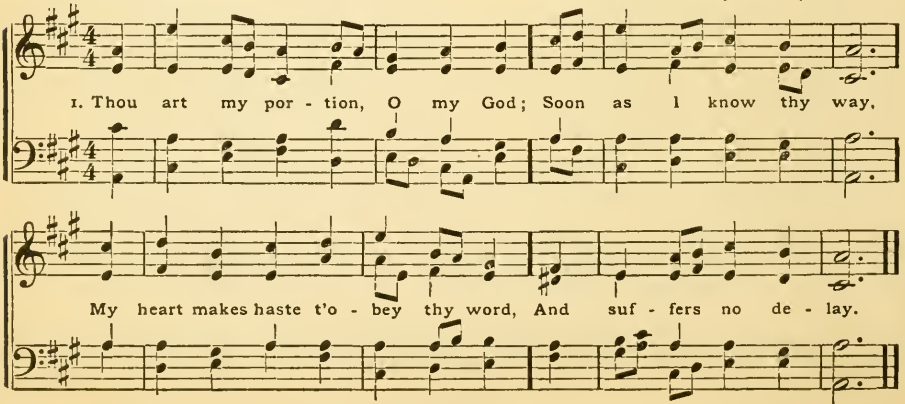
2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 Now I am thine, forever thine;
O save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.
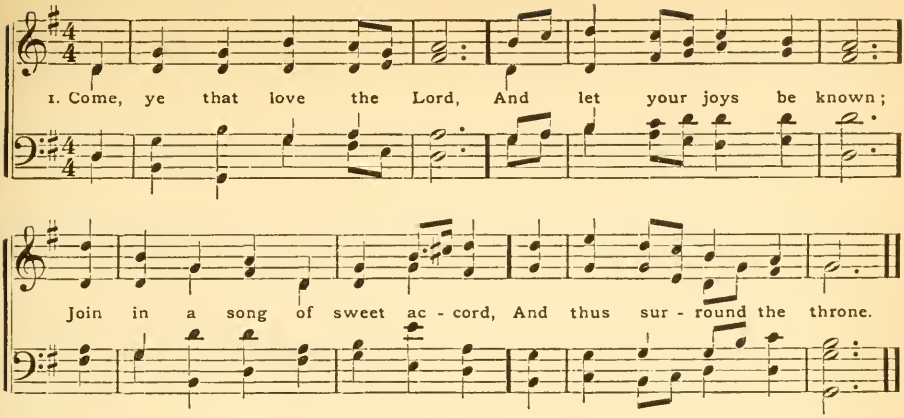
STEPHENS. C. M.

W. JONES. 1726–1800.



ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL. 1685–1759.



350

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

351

JOHN KEBLE. 1827.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.
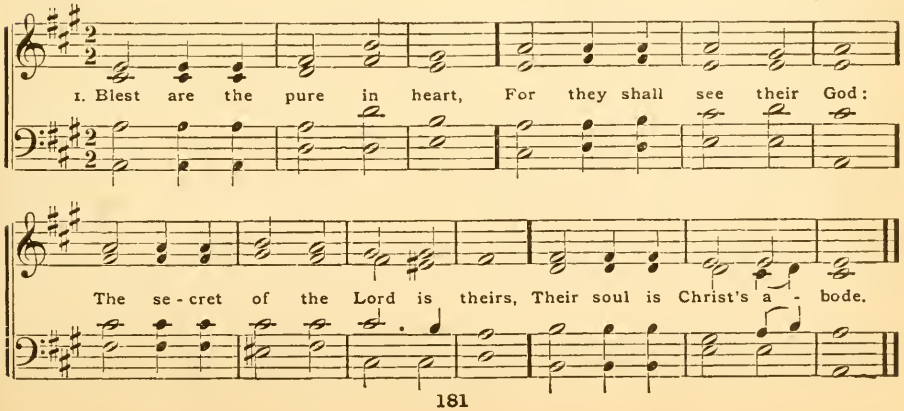
2 The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King;
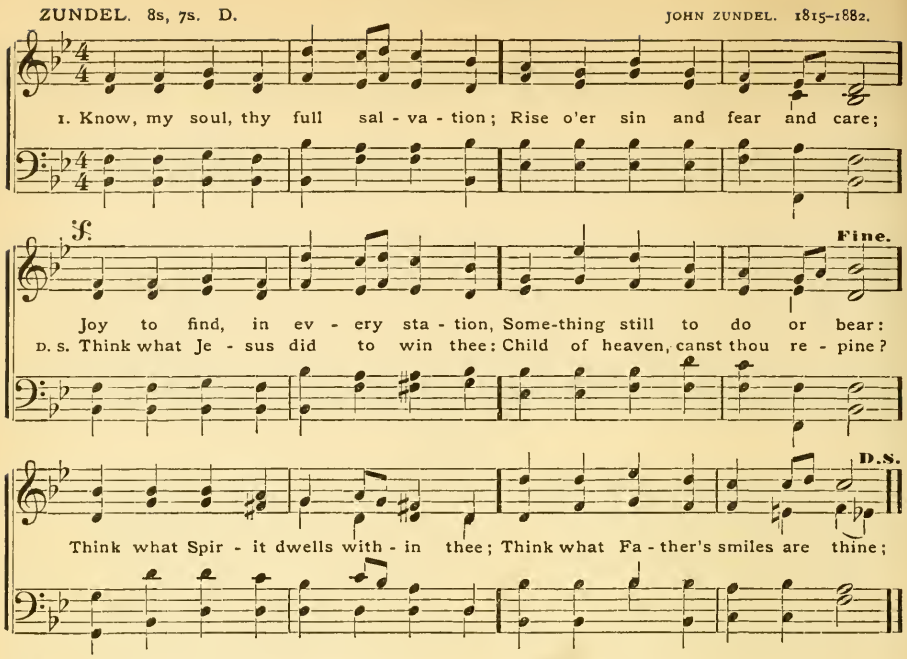
3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
O, give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

BEATITUDE. S. M.

Arr. from E. L. WHITE. 1809–1851.



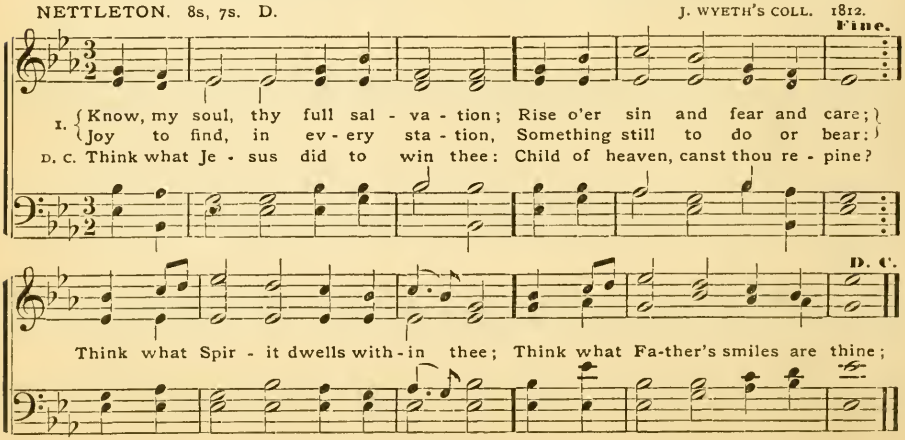


352

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1825.

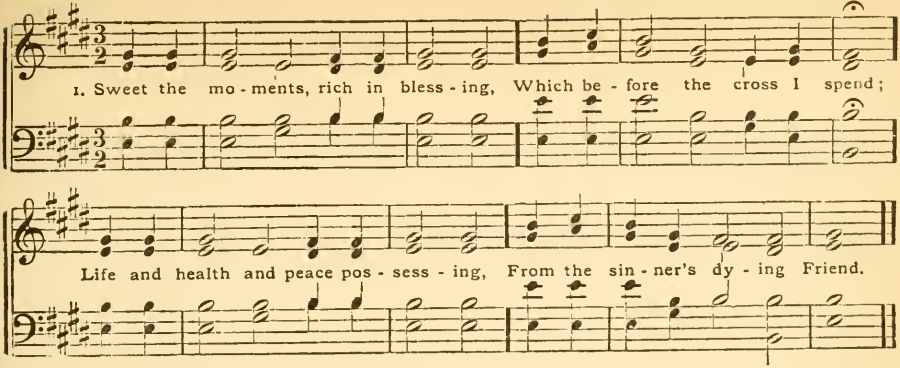
1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



DORRNANCE. 8s, 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY. 1819–1858.



353

JAMES ALLEN. 1757.
Alt. by WALTER SHIRLEY. 1776.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

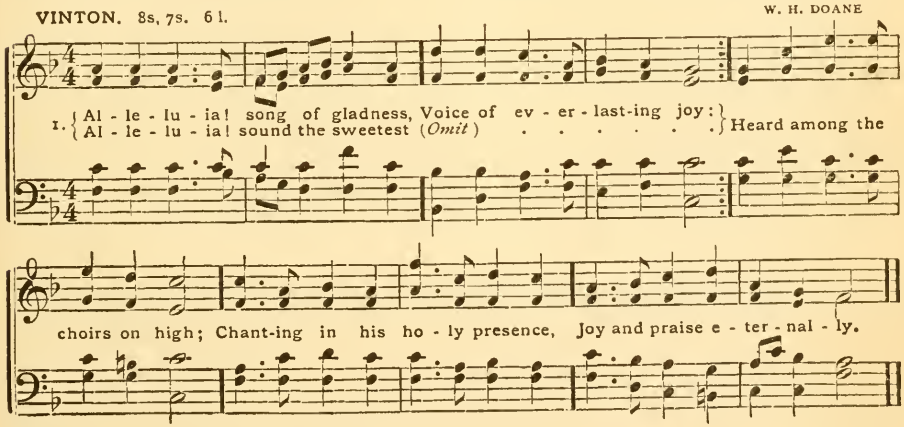
2 Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

4 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

VINTON. 8s, 7s. 6 l.

W. H. DOANE



354

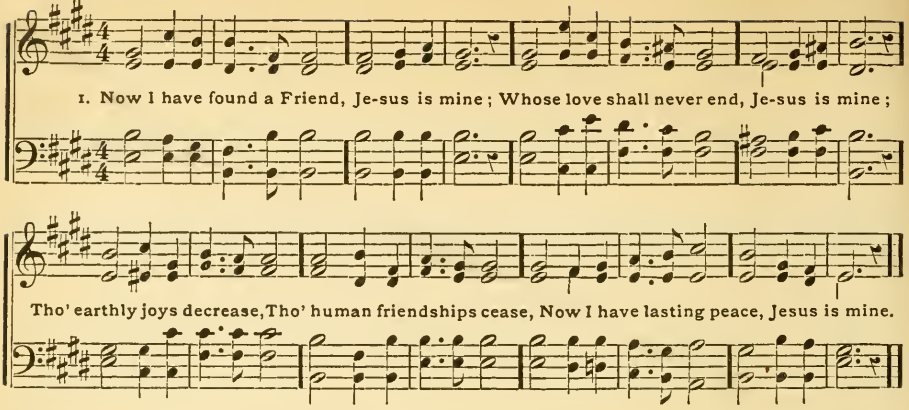
13th century.

1 Alleluia! song of gladness,
Voice of everlasting joy:
Alleluia! sound the sweetest
Heard among the choirs on high;
Chanting in his holy presence,
Joy and praise eternally.

2 Alleluia! O how faintly
Mortal tongues its raptures raise;
Here our joy is mixed with sadness,
Clouding oft our brightest days;
Here our sweetest songs can never
Give to Jesus worthy praise.

3 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Bring us to thy blissful presence,
Make us all thy joys to see;
Then we'll sing our hallelujah,—
Sing to all eternity.

TRUE FRIEND. 6s, 4s. W. H. DOANE.



355 H. J. M'CRACKEN HOPE. 1852.

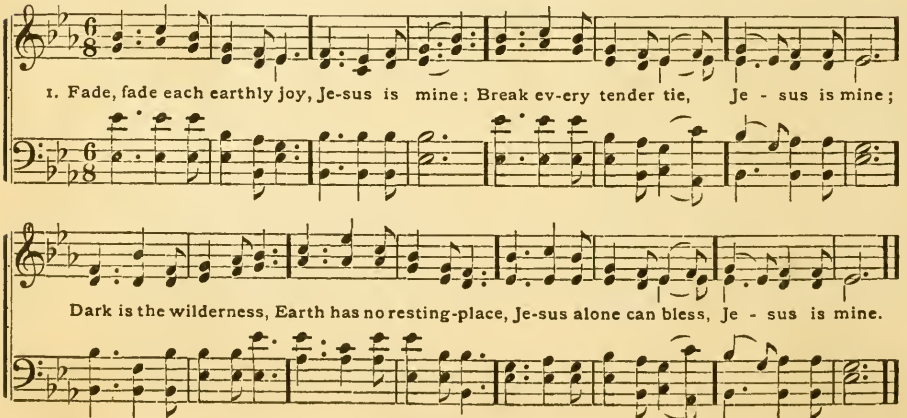
1 Now I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine;
Whose love shall never end,
Jesus is mine;
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace,
Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine;
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine.

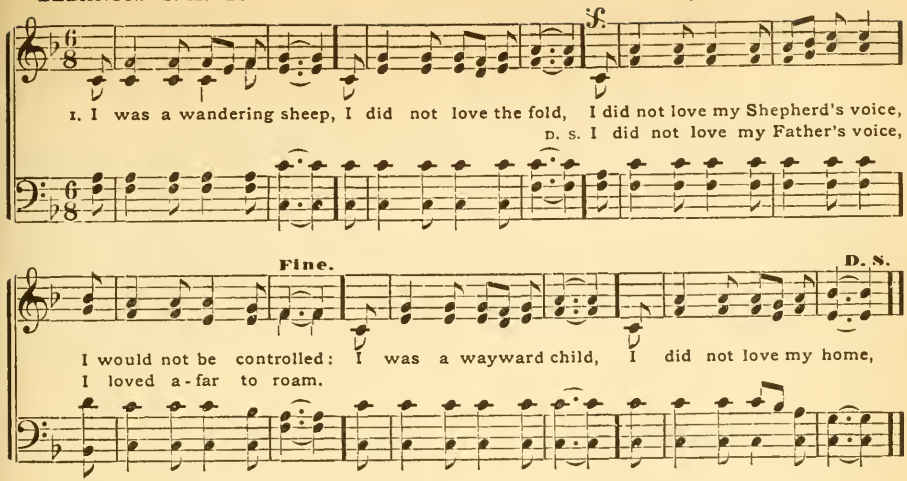
3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine;
O what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4 Father! thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Jesus is mine;
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

JESUS IS MINE. 6s, 4s. T. E. PERKINS, by per.



LEBANON. S. M. D. J. ZUNDEL. 1815–1882.



356

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

357

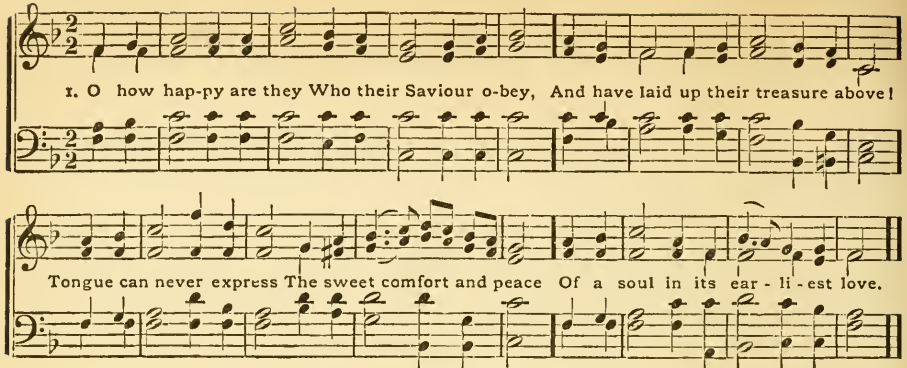
6s, 4s. CATHARINE JANE BONAR. 1845.

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine;
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

HAPPINESS. 11s, 9s. WESTERN MELODY.



358

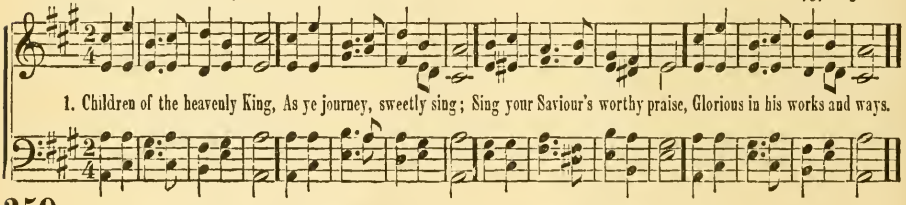
C. WESLEY. 1749.

1 O how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I had found in the blood of the Lamb.
When at first I believed,
What true joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!

3 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me."

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. I. PLEYEL. 1757–1831.



359

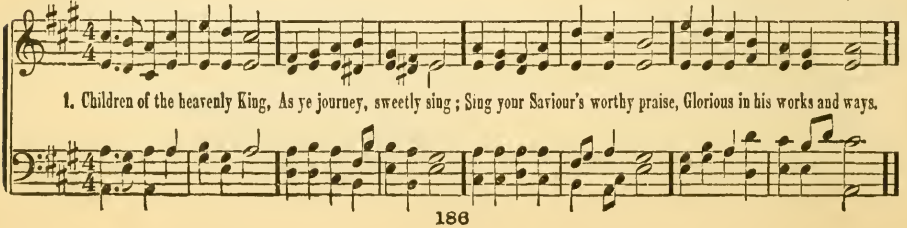
JOHN CENNICK. 1742.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

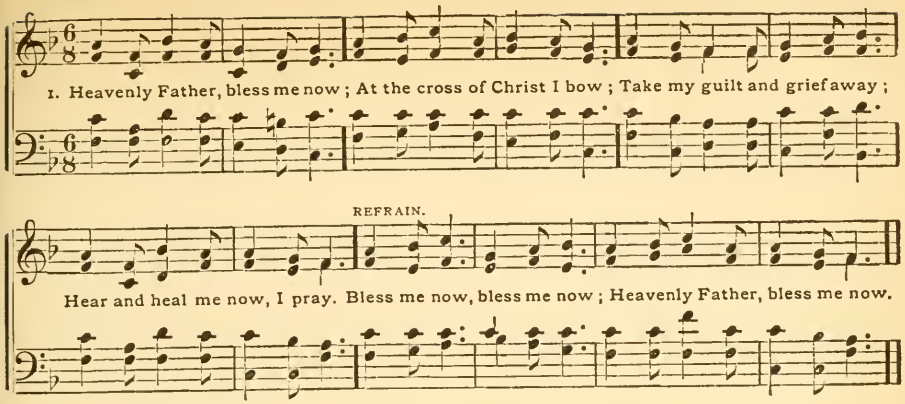
2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

VIENNA. 7s. ARR. J. H. KNECHT. 1752–1795.



BLESS ME NOW. 7s. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



360

ALEXANDER CLARK. 1834–1881.

1 Heavenly Father, bless me now;
At the cross of Christ I bow;
Take my guilt and grief away;
Hear and heal me now, I pray.
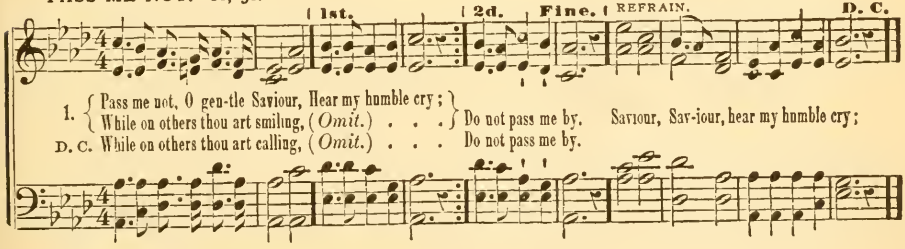
REF.—Bless me now, bless me now;
Heavenly Father, bless me now.

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send thy grace and show thy power;
While I rest upon thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord!

3 Now, O now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show thy grace.

PASS ME NOT. 8s, 5s. W. H. DOANE.



361

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1869.

1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

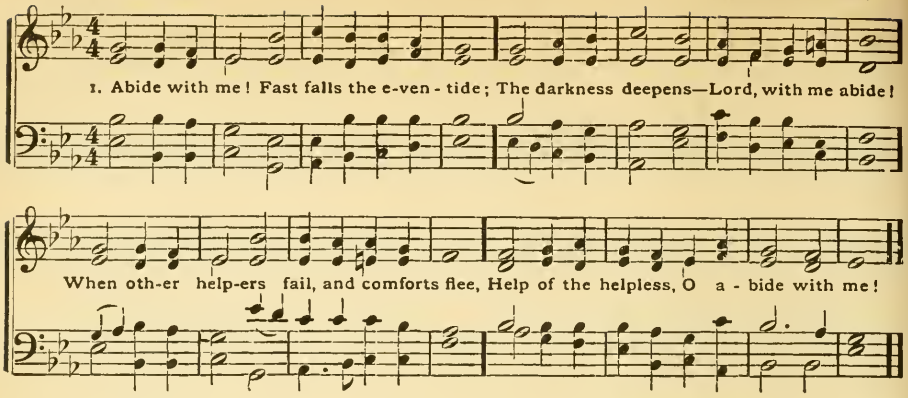
REF.—Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit;
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

EVENTIDE. 10s. W. H. MONK. 1861.



362

H. F. LYTE. 1847.

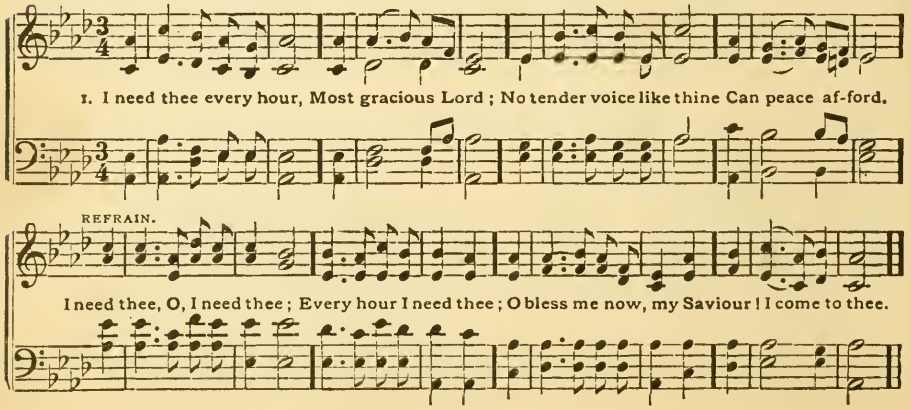
1 Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

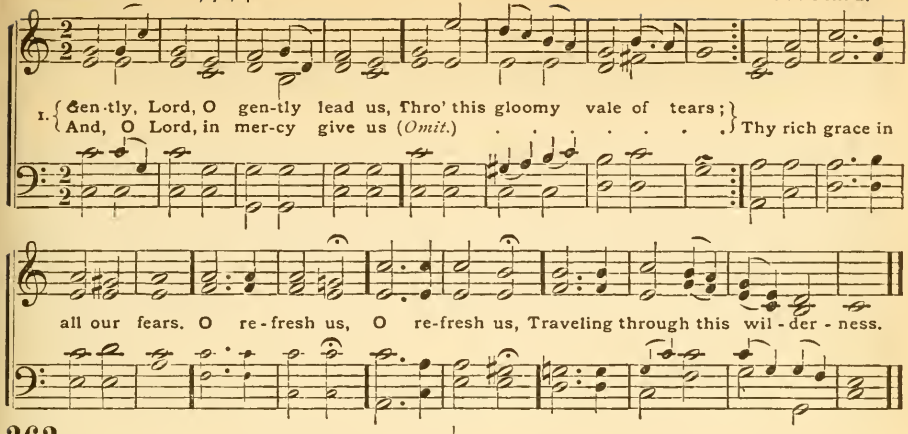
3 I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

I NEED THEE. P. M. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



CONSTANCE. 8s, 7s, 4s. W. H. DOANE.



363

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1832.
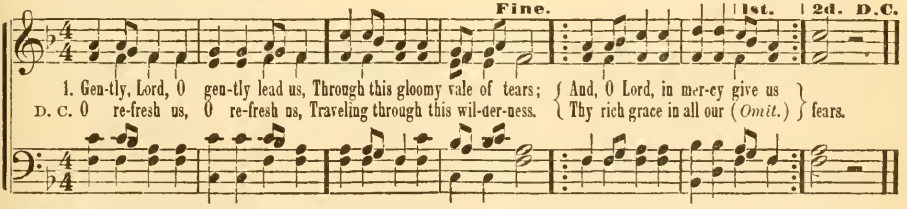
1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, 4s. J. J. ROUSSEAU. 1712–78.



364

P. M. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

1 I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need thee, O, I need thee;
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to thee.

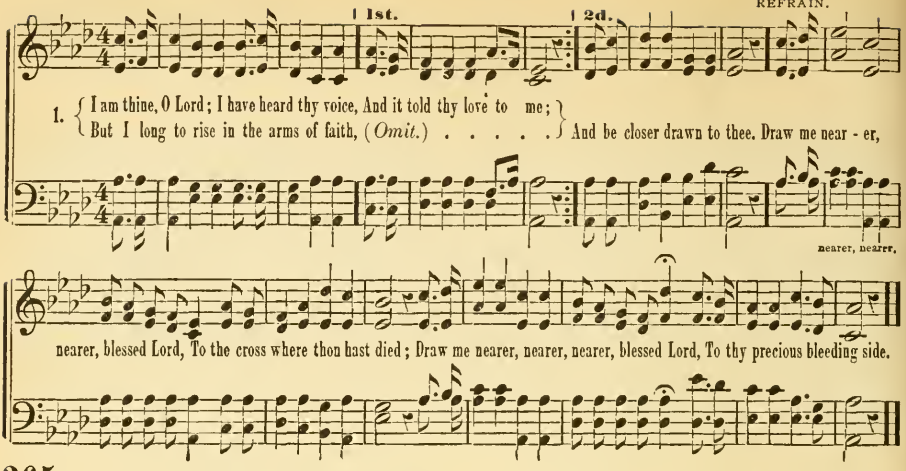
2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

4 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

DRAW ME NEARER. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.



365

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1875.

1 I am thine, O Lord; I have heard thy voice,
And it told thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to thee.

REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To thy precious bleeding side.
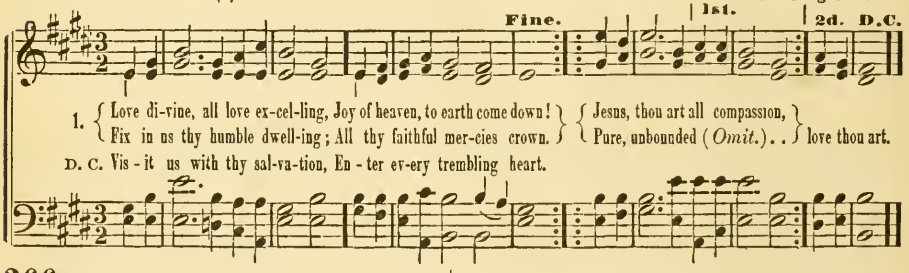
2 Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I can not know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s, 7s.

Arr. from Gregorian.



366

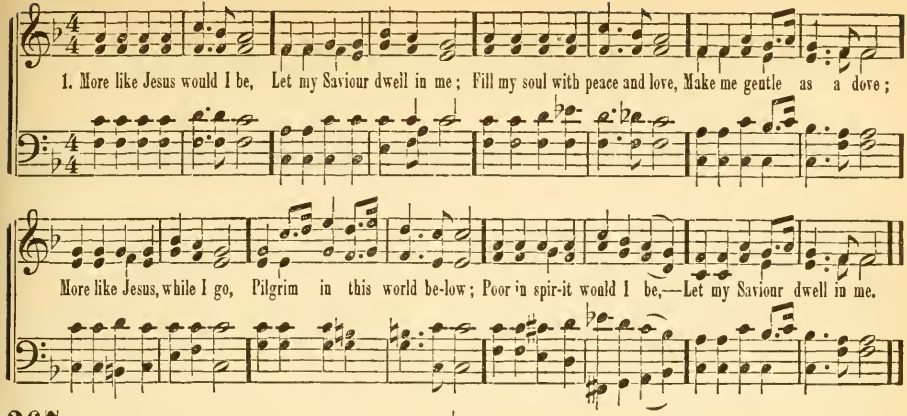
CHARLES WESLEY. 1746.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

[For 3d verse, see next page.

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D. J. BLUMENTHAL. 1824—.



367

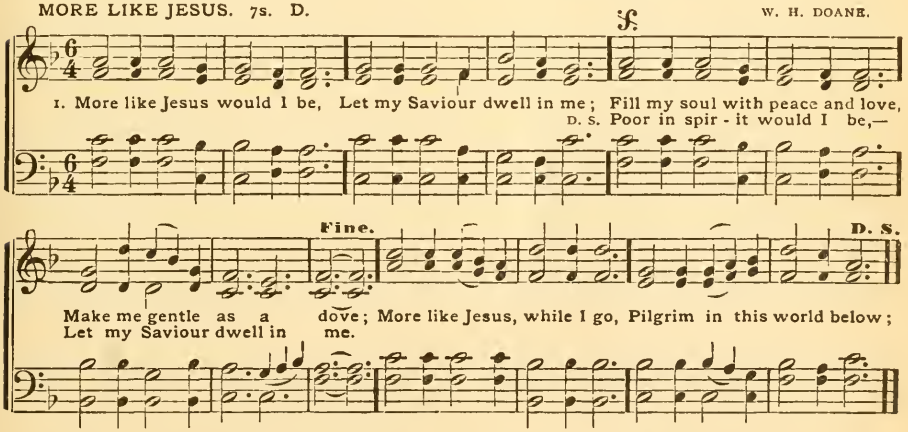
F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1868.

1 More like Jesus would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell in me;
Fill my soul with peace and love,
Make me gentle as a dove;
More like Jesus, while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below;
Poor in spirit would I be,—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

2 If he hears the raven's cry,
If his ever-watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely he will hear my call.
He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive;
Pure in heart I still would be,—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.
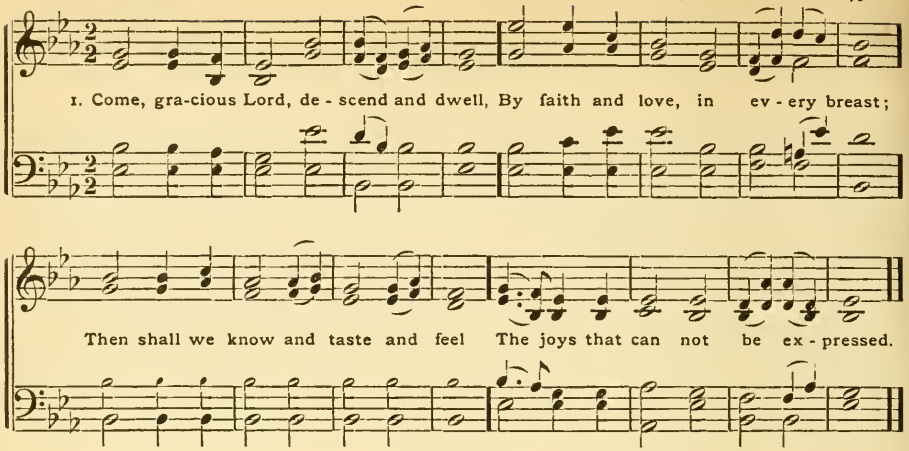
3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day;
May I rest me by his side,
Where the tranquil waters glide,
Born of him, through grace renewed,
By his love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be,—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

MORE LIKE JESUS. 7s. D. W. H. DOANE.



3 Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

BERA. L. M. J. E. GOULD. 1822–1875.



368

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that can not be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

369

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

4 I would, but thou must give the power:
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

370

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

371

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

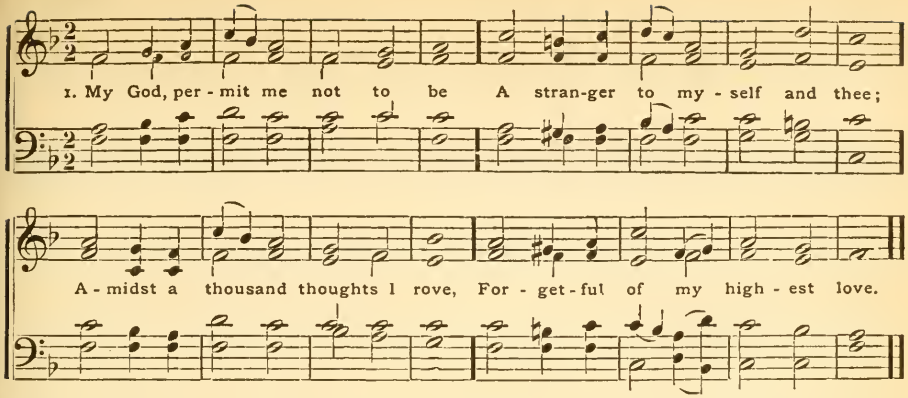
1 Jesus demands this heart of mine—
Demands my wish, my joy, my care;
But, ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
O for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 O let thy love shine forth and raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

ROWLAND. L. M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.



372

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

373

PAUL GERHARDT. 1653.
Tr. by JOHN WESLEY. 1739.

1 Jesus, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.
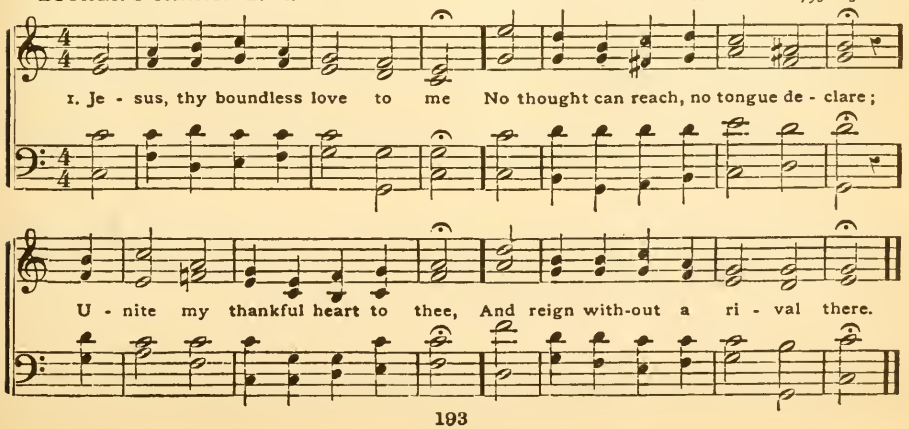
2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3 O let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mold me wholly to thy mind.

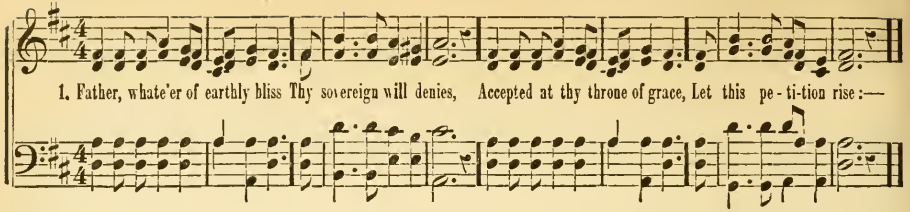
4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

LUTHER'S CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER. 1795–1852.



NAOMI. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



374 ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

375 WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

376 BENJAMIN CLEAVELAND. 1792.

1 O could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

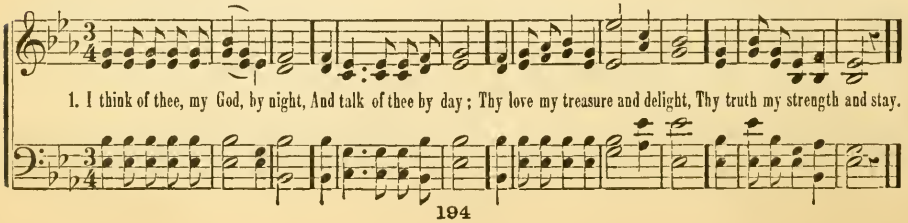
377 JOHN S. B. MONSELL. 1863.

1 I think of thee, my God, by night,
And talk of thee by day;
Thy love my treasure and delight,
Thy truth my strength and stay.
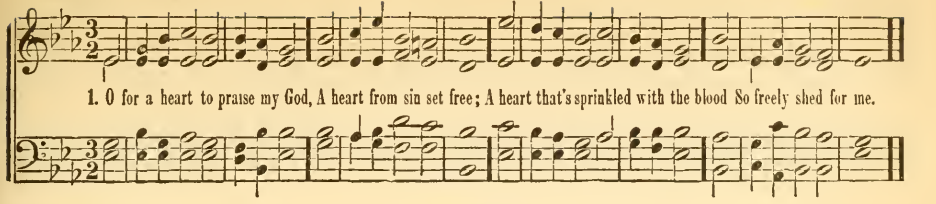
2 The day is dark, the night is long,
Unblest with thoughts of thee,
And dull to me the sweetest song,
Unless its theme thou be.

3 So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let thy presence be,
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light,
Myself absorbed in thee.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



DOWNS. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



378

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 O for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O write thy name upon my heart!
Thy new, best name of love.

379

WILLIAM H. BATHURST. 1831.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

380

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

381

ELIZABETH MILLS.

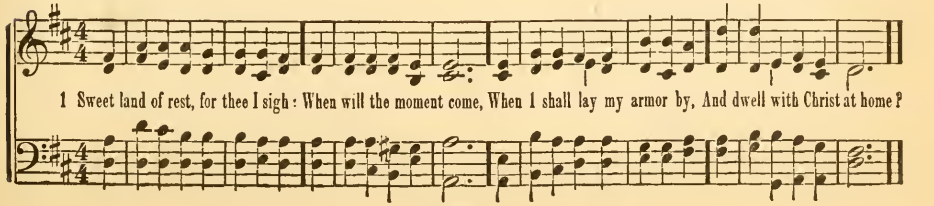
1 Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of woe,—
This world is not my home.

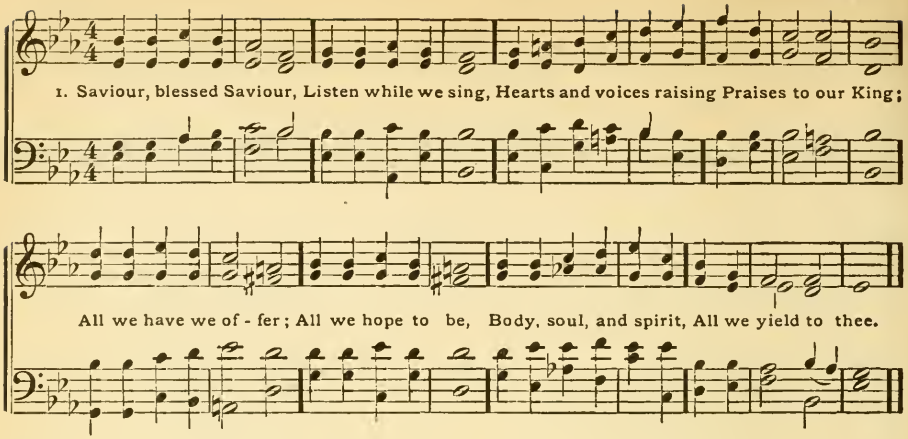
3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

ST. MARK. C. M. H. J. GAUNTLETT. 1806–1876.



AUKLAND. 6s, 5s. D. T. E. AYLWARD. 1868.



382

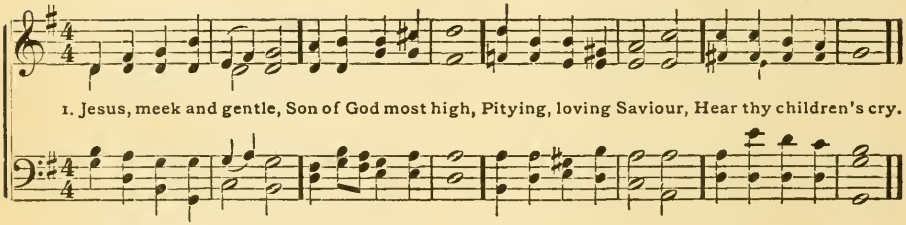
GODFREY THRING. 1862.

1 Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have we offer;
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care is known;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round thy throne.

CONWAY. 6s, 5s. G. A. HARDACRE. 1867.



383

GEORGE RUNDELL PRYNNE. 1856.

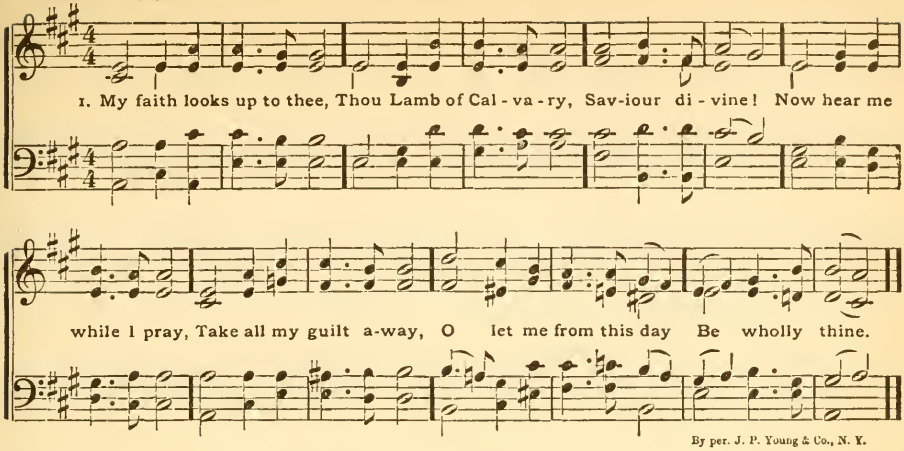
1 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains;
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey:
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

FAITH. 6s, 4s. JOHN HENRY CORNELL. 1872.



By per. J. P. Young & Co., N. Y.

384

RAY PALMER. 1830.

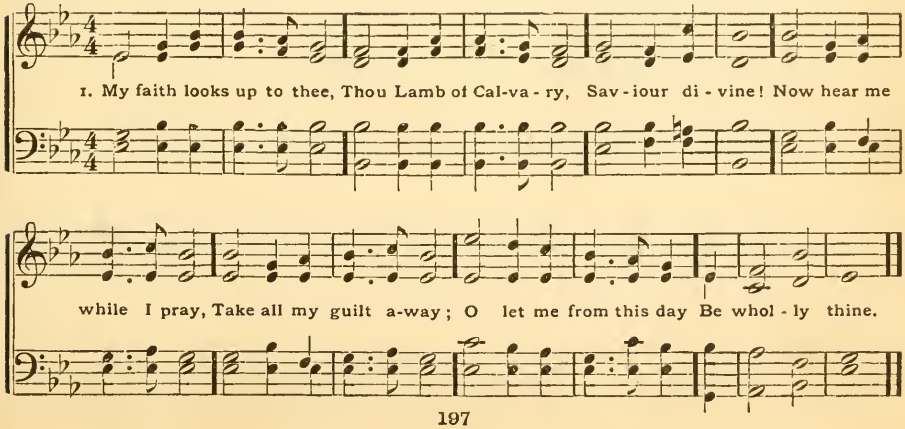
1 My faith looks up to thee.
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart·
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be
A living fire.
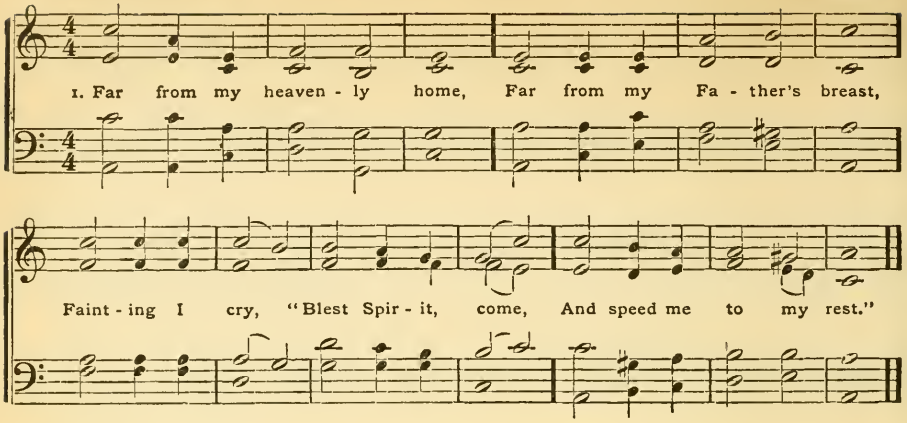
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

OLIVET. 6s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



LYTE. S. M. J. P. WILKES.



385

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1834.

1 Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest."

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:
On thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

386

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;

2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

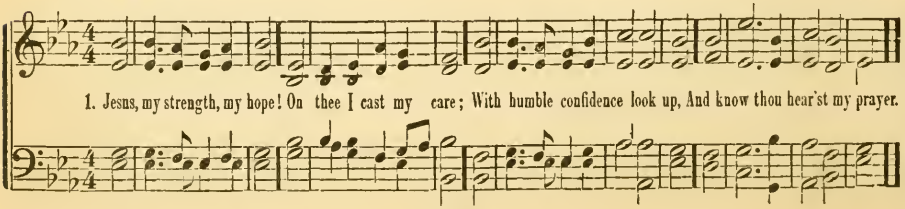
3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

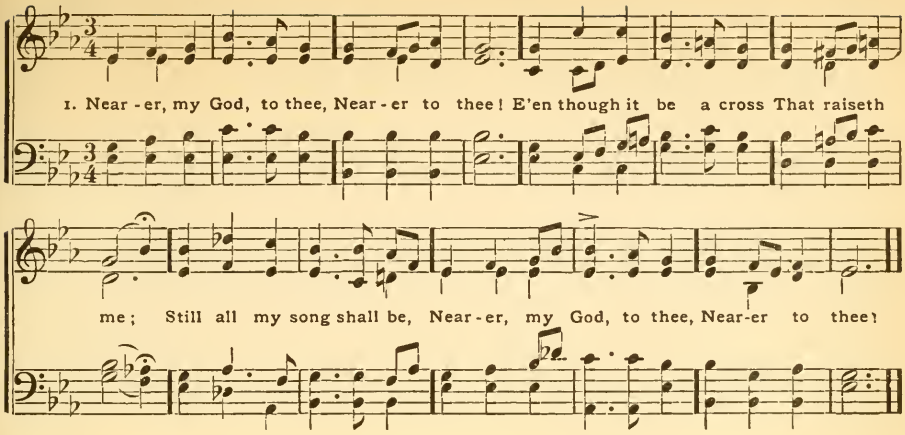
5 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

OLNEY. S. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



HORBURY. 6s, 4s. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823-1876.



387

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. 1841.

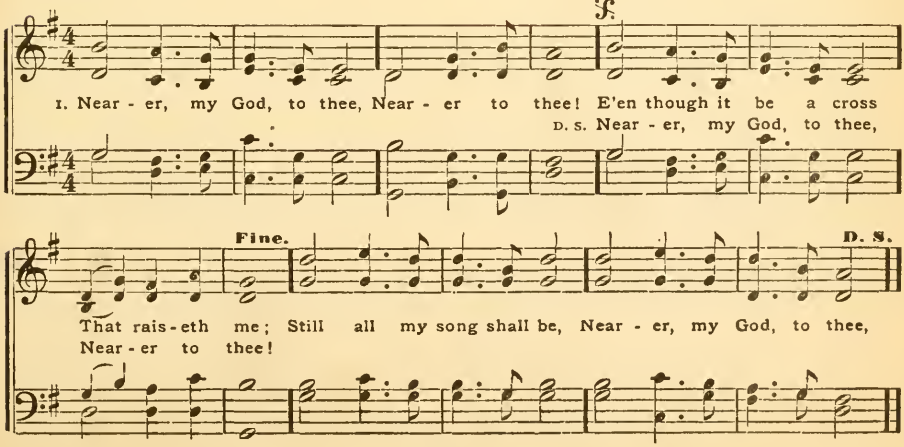
1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

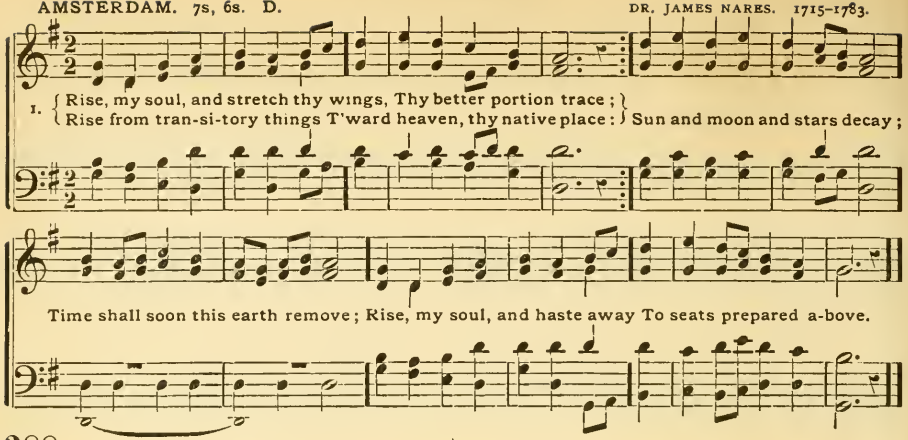
2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

BETHANY. 6s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.





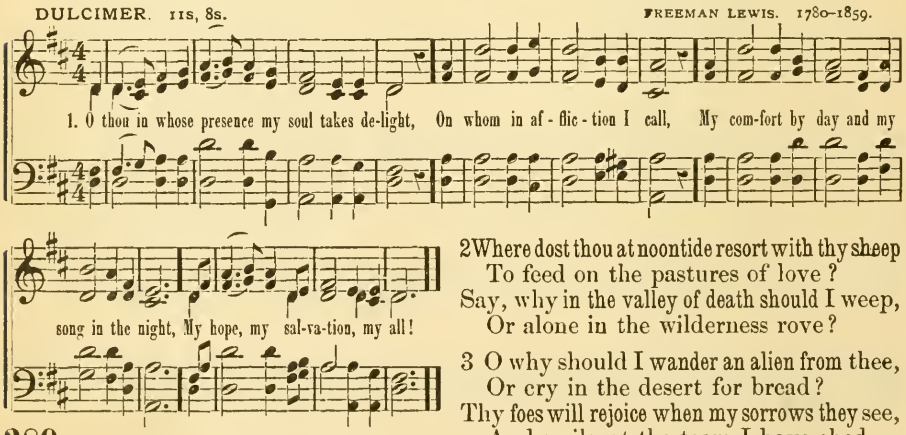
388

ROBERT SEAGRAVE. 1742.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
T'ward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.



389

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1761–1796.

1 O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

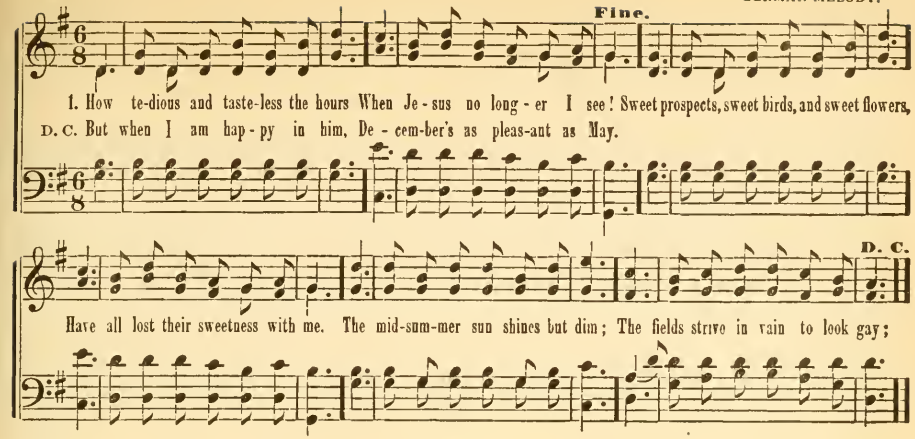
2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of thy face,
Thy soul-cheering comfort impart,
And let the sweet tokens of pardoning grace
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

GERMAN MELODY.



390

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness with me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

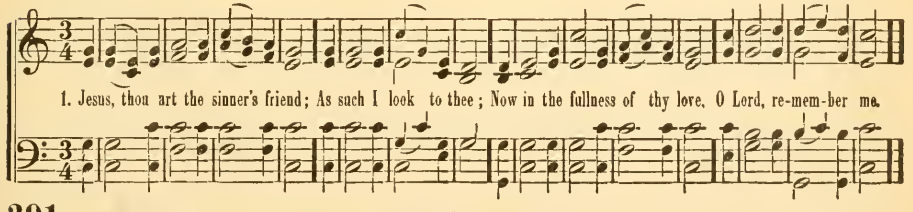
2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

SUBMISSION. C. M.

T. J. COOK. 1826–1876.



391

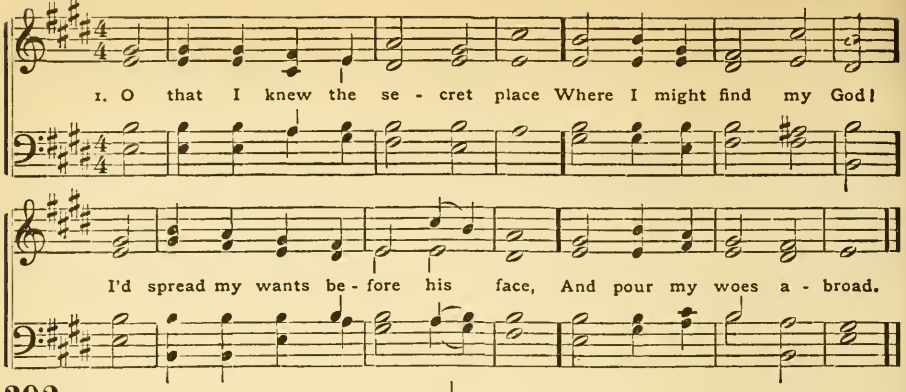
RICHARD BURNHAM. 1783.

1 Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

EWART. C. M. S. P. TUCKERMAN.



392

ISAAC WATTS 1707.

1 O that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

393

INGRAM COBBIN. 1825.

1 A throne of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! O at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath;
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

394

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

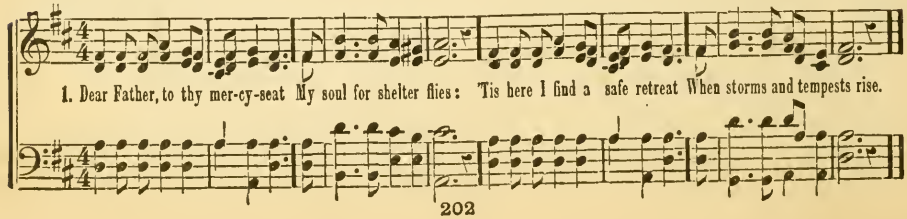
1 Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

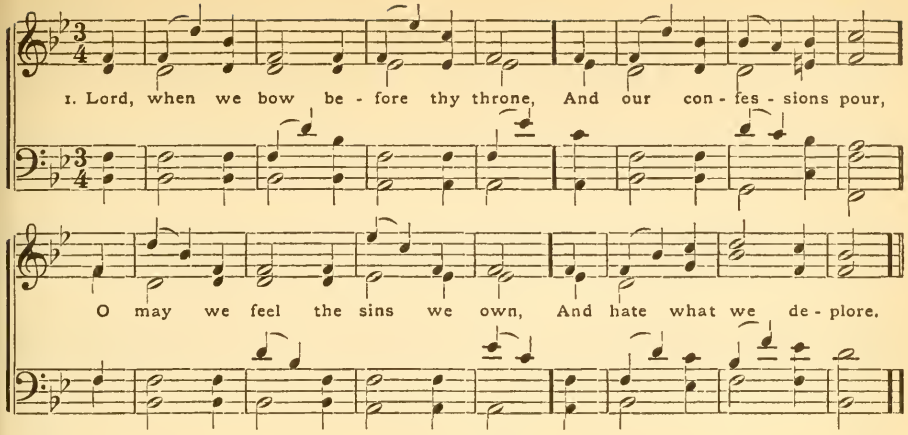
4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

NAOMI. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



GEER. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX. 1811–1858.



395

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE. 1805.

1 Lord, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still
That grants it, or denies.

396

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

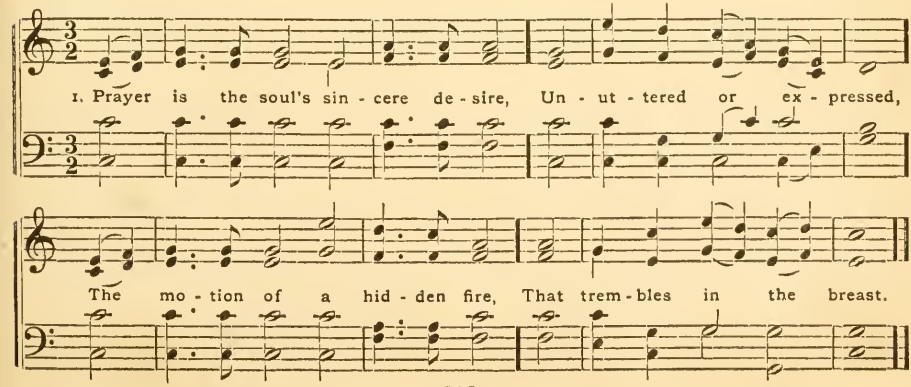
2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

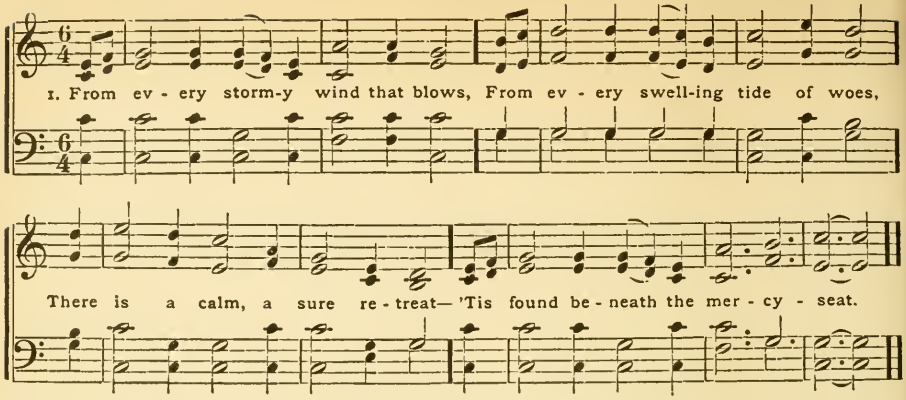
4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

HEBER C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



RETREAT. L. M. DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.



397

HUGH STOWELL. 1832.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

398

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.
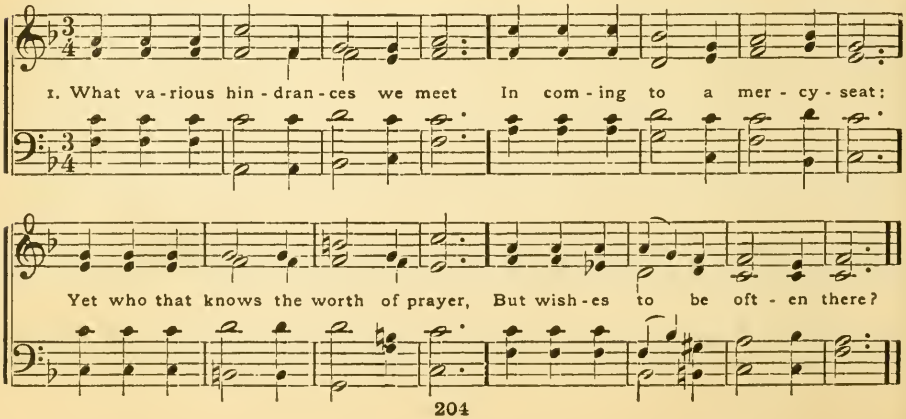
1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
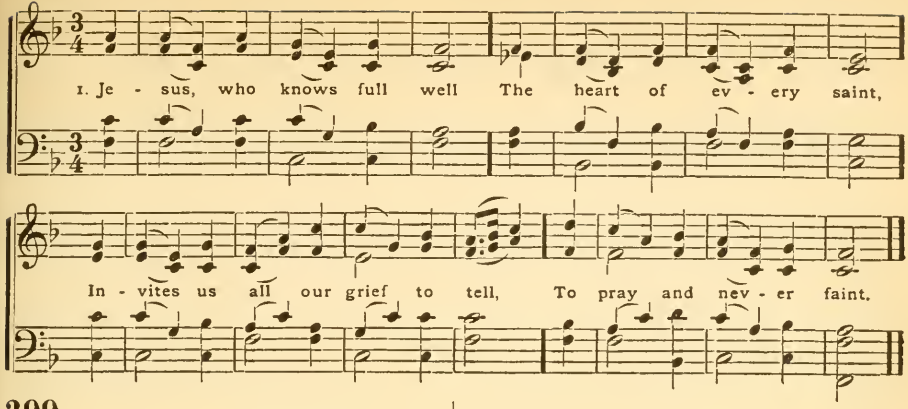
4 Were half the breath oft vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

VENN. L. M. SIR G. J. ELVEY, alt.



DENNIS. S. M

H. G. NAGELI. 1768–1836.



399

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.
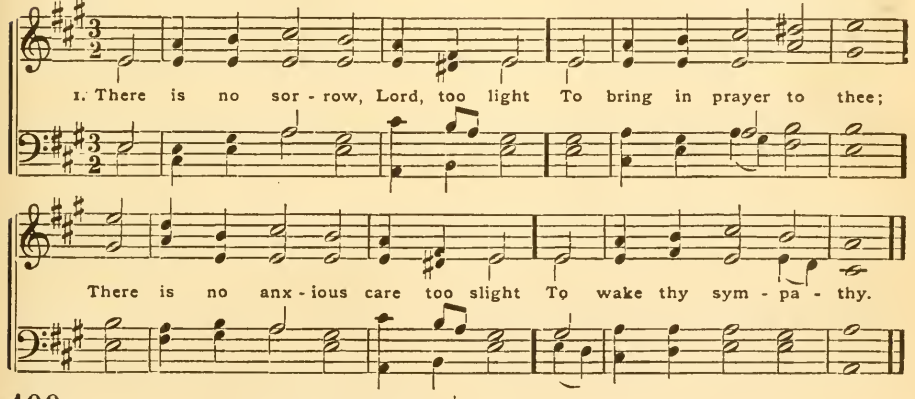
2 He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

MELODY. C. M.

A. CHAPIN. 1813.



400

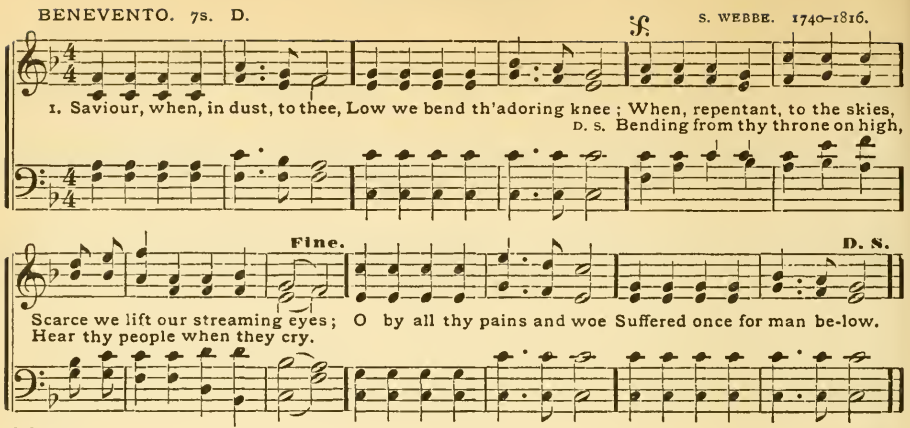
JANE CREWDSON. 1860.

1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.



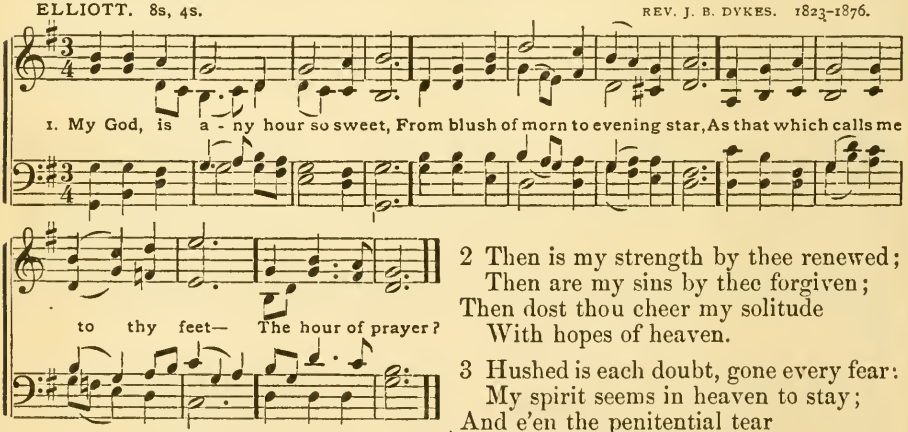
401

SIR ROBERT GRANT. 1815

1 Saviour, when, in dust, to thee,
Low we bend th'adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies,
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear thy people when they cry.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness:
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear thy people while they cry.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By thy purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear thy people while they cry.



402

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834.
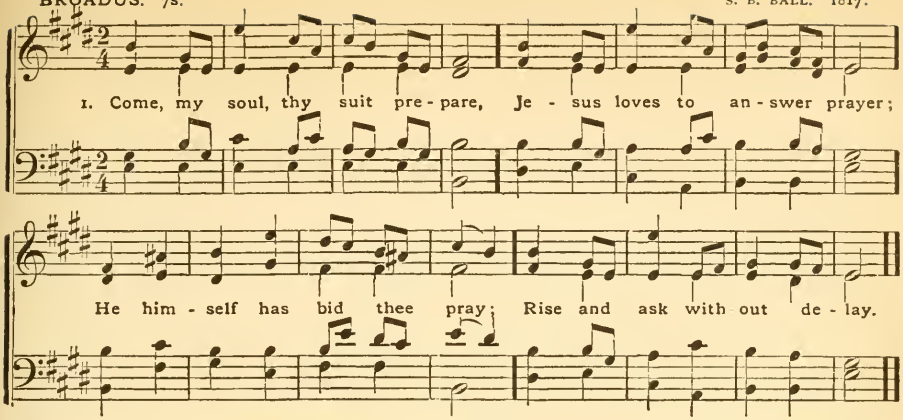
1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

3 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear:
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

4 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

BROADUS. 7s. S. B. BALL. 1817.



403

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray;
Rise and ask without delay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin:
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

404

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.
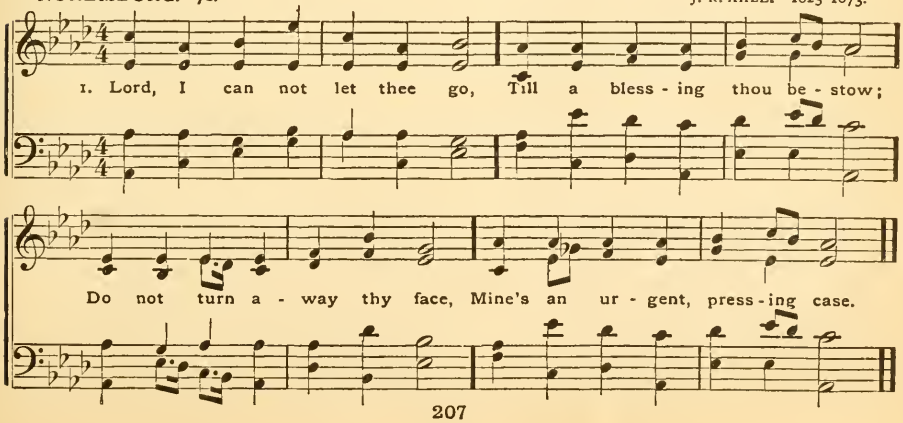
1 Lord, I can not let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.

3 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

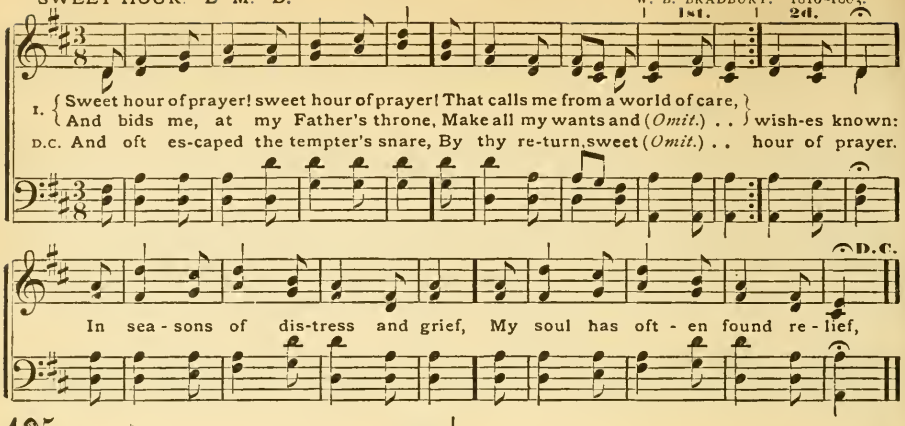
4 No! I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

NUREMBURG. 7s. J. R. AHLE. 1625–1673.



SWEET HOUR. L M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1863.



405

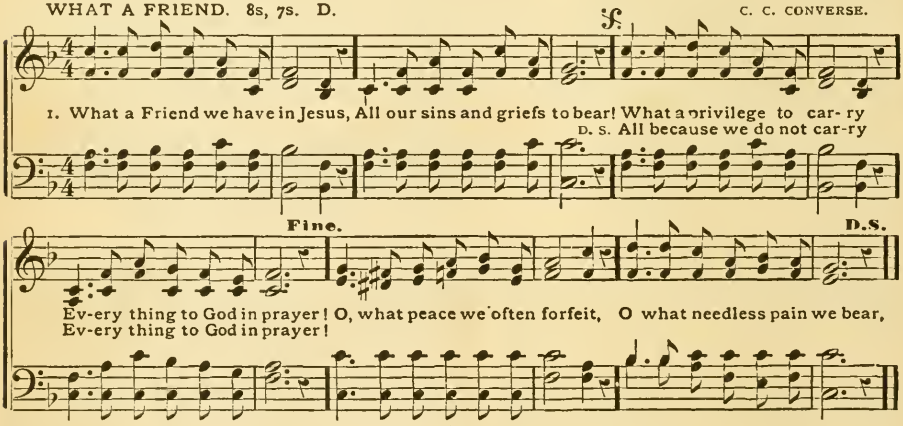
W. W. WALFORD. 1846.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting souls to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.

C. C. CONVERSE.



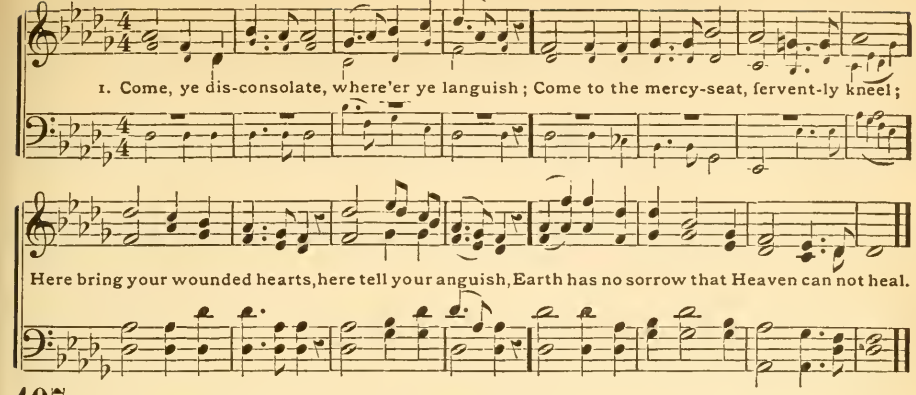
406

ANON.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s. S. WEBBE. 1740–1816.
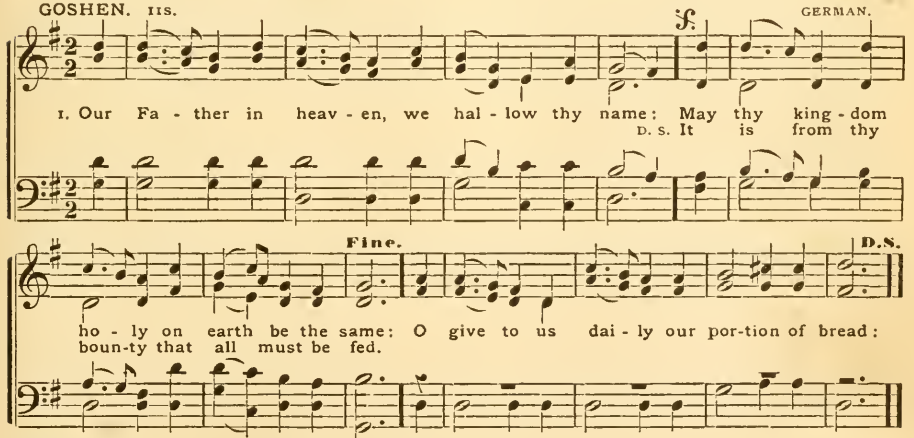


407 V. 1 & 2, THOMAS MOORE. 1816. V. 3, THOMAS HASTINGS. 1830.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

GOSHEN. 11s. GERMAN.

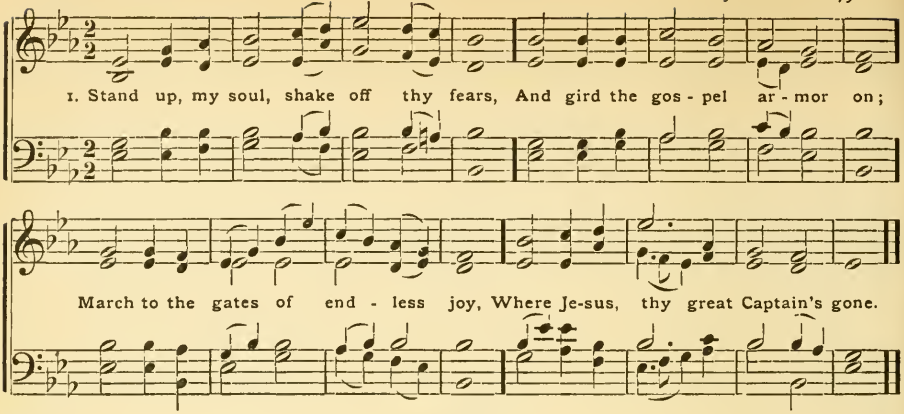


408 MRS. S. J. HALE. 1795–1879.

1 Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name:
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same:
O give to us daily our portion of bread:
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion which pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from evil and sin,
And thine be the glory, forever! Amen!

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON. 1790.



409

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

410

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.
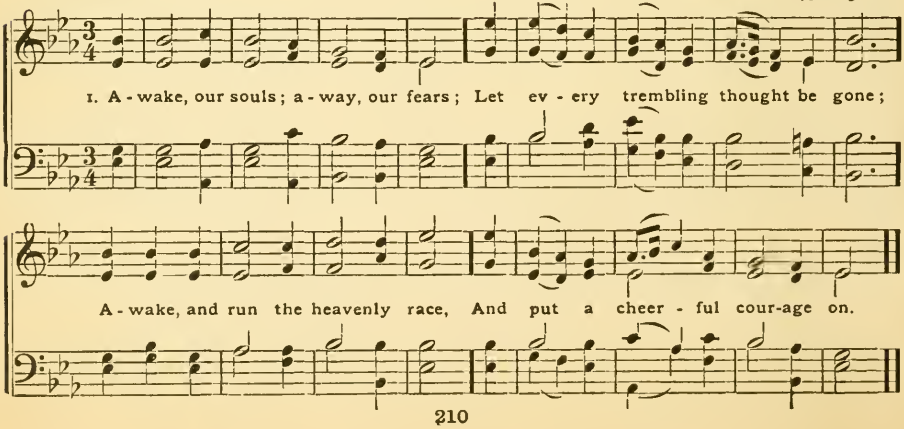
1 Awake, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

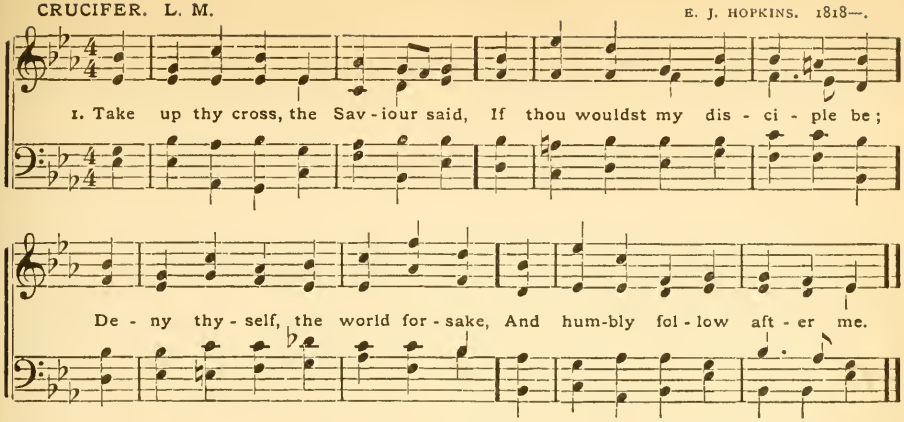
4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

LUTON. L. M. G. BURDER. 1752–1832.



CRUCIFER. L. M.

E. J. HOPKINS. 1818—.



411

C. W. EVEREST 1833

1 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

412

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 Be still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.
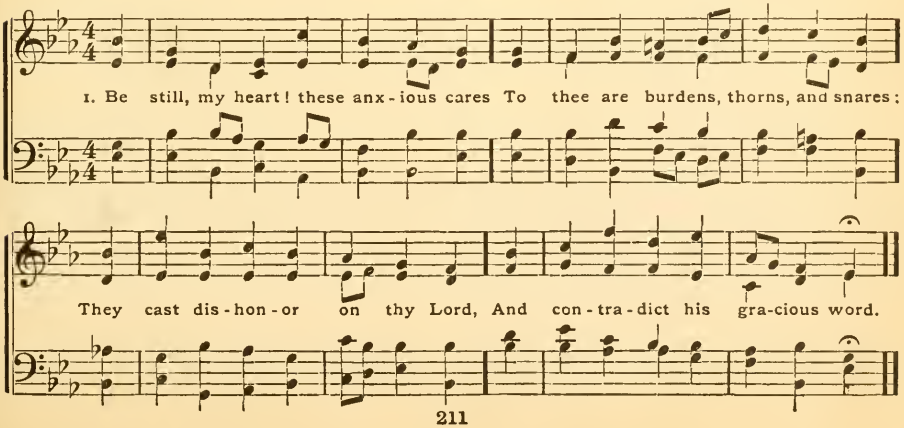
2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
He, who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through.

4 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

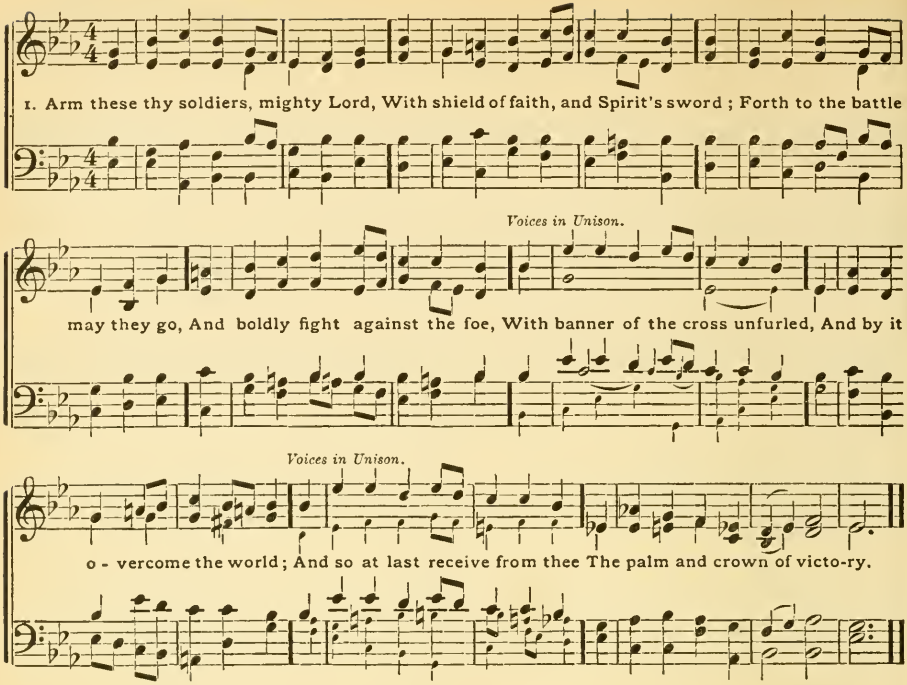
KENT. L. M.

JOHANN F. LAMPE. 1703–1751.



WORDSWORTH. L. M. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY. 1868.



413

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. 1862.

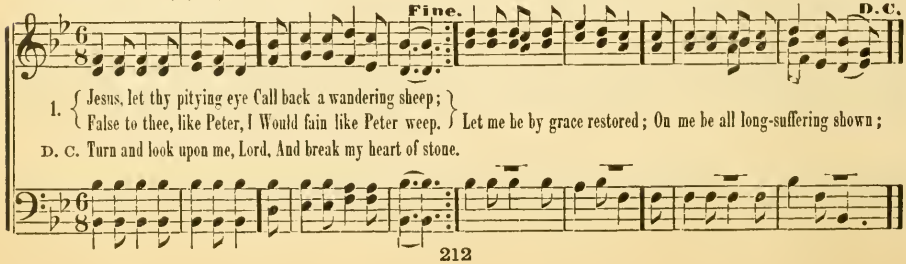
1 Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from thee
The palm and crown of victory.

2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallowed forever, Lord, to thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine,—
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

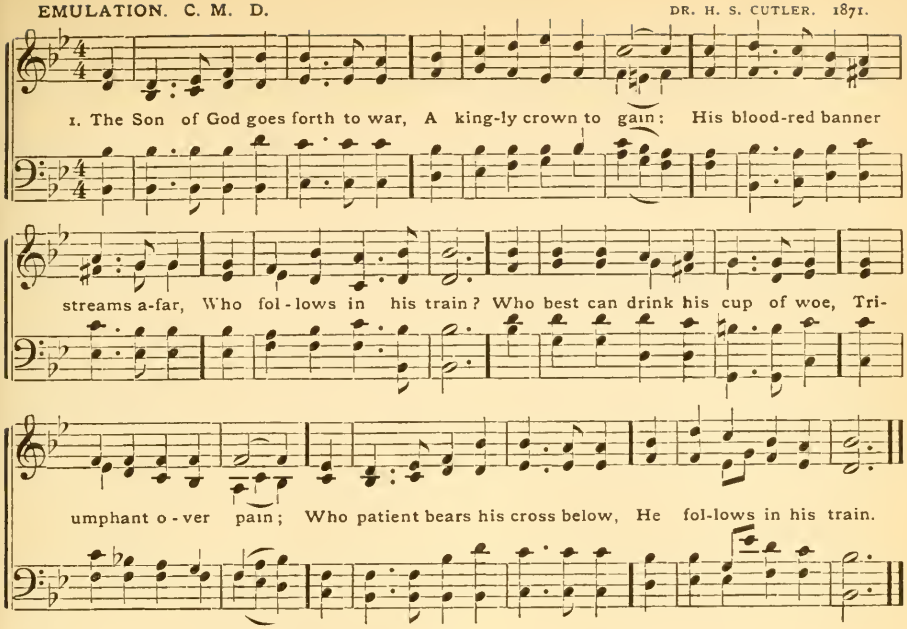
3 O Trinity in unity
One only God, and persons three
In whom, through whom, by whom we live,
To thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use thy grace,
That we may see thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ROCKPORT. 7s, 6s, 8s.

I. B. WOODBURY. 1819-1858.



EMULATION. C. M. D. DR. H. S. CUTLER. 1871.



414

REGINALD HEBER. 1827.

1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

415

7s, 6s, 8s. CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

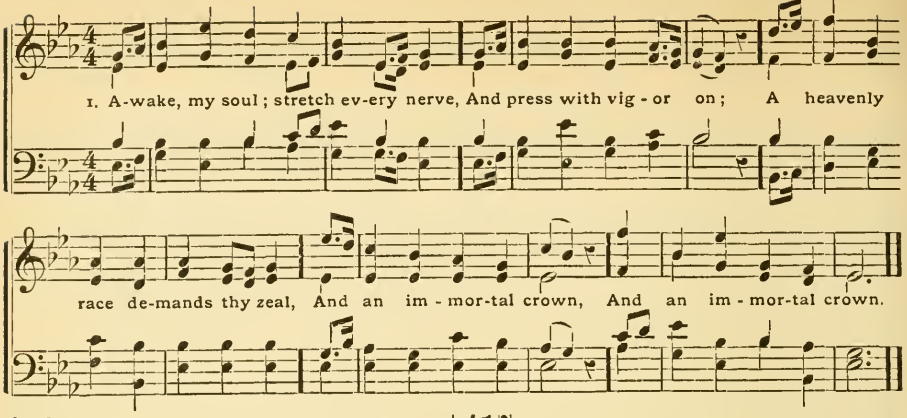
1 Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince! enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour! from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life and happiness and love
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL. 1685–1759.



416

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

1 Awake, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

417

ISAAC WATTS. 1705.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

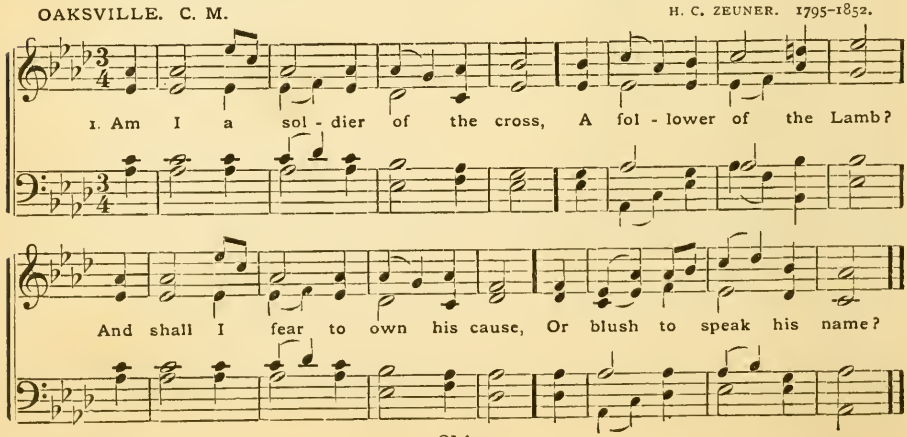
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

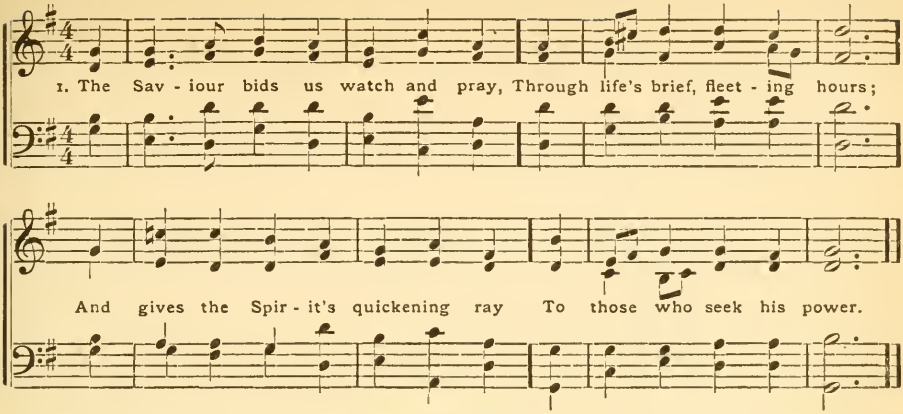
OAKSVILLE. C. M.

H. C. ZEUNER. 1795–1852.



FARRANT. C. M.

RICHARD FARRANT. 1530–1580.



418

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1782–1872.

1 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour;
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

419

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 How oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
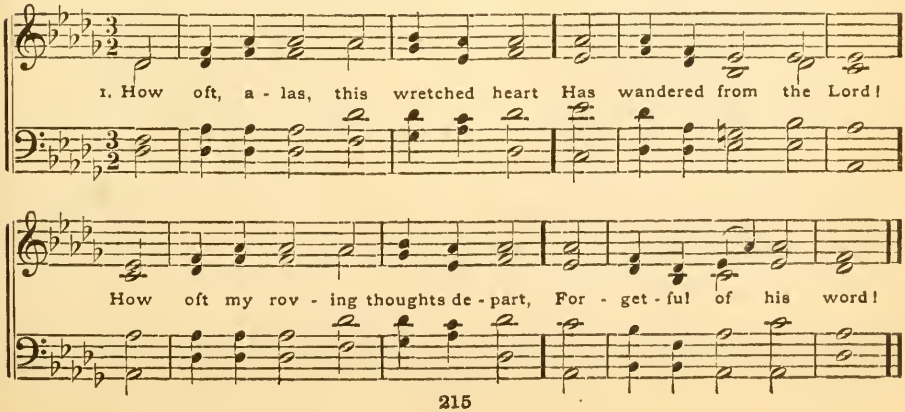
2 Yet sovereign Mercy calls, "Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

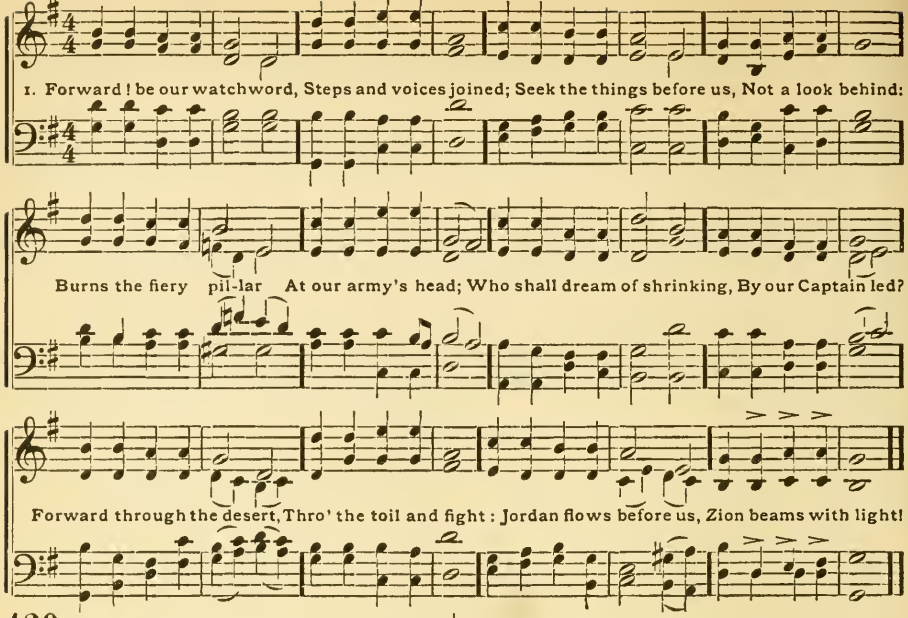
4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

CORINTH. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



ST. ALBAN'S. 6s, 5s. D. F. J. HAYDN. 1732–1809.



420

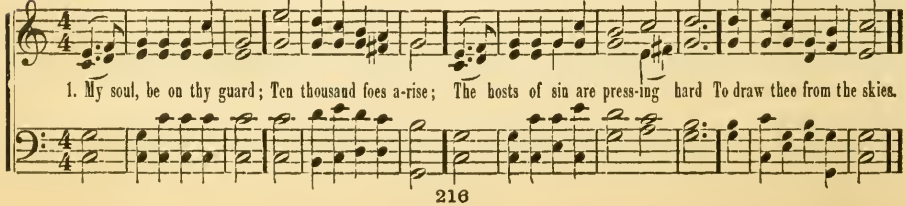
HENRY ALFORD. 1865.

1 Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

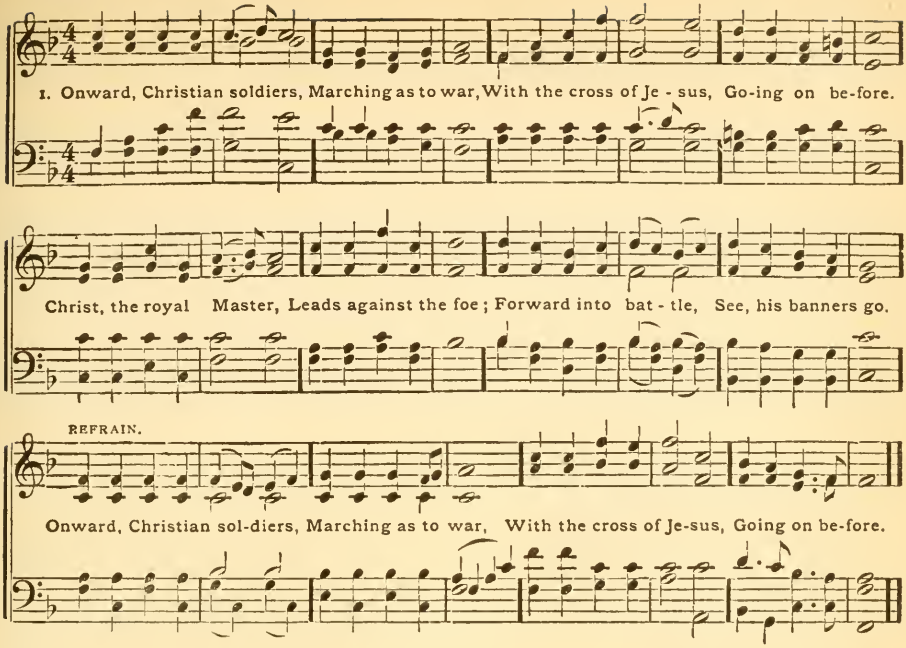
2 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him,
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the vail be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

LABAN. S. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D. A. S. SULLIVAN. 1872.



421

S. BARING-GOULD. 1865.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

REF.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

2 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that can not fail.

3 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

422

S. M. GEORGE HEATH. 1781.
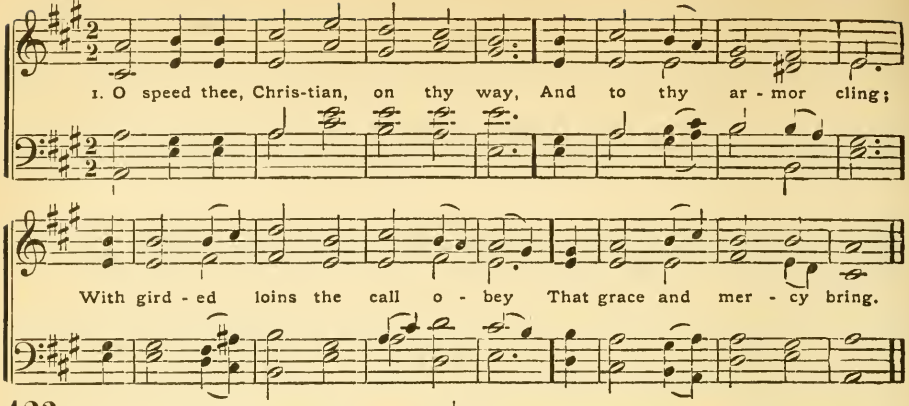
1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

DEDHAM. C. M. W. GARDINER. 1766-1853.



423

ANON.
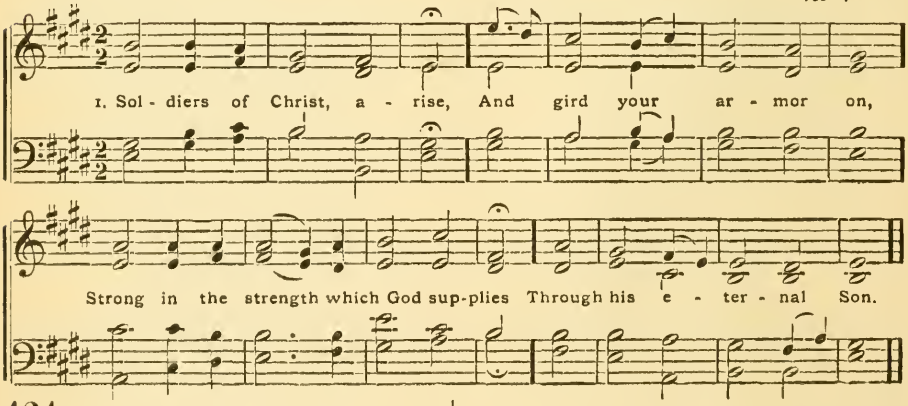
1 O speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow can not reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.

4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.

MORNINGTON S. M. G. W. MORNINGTON. 1735-1781.



424

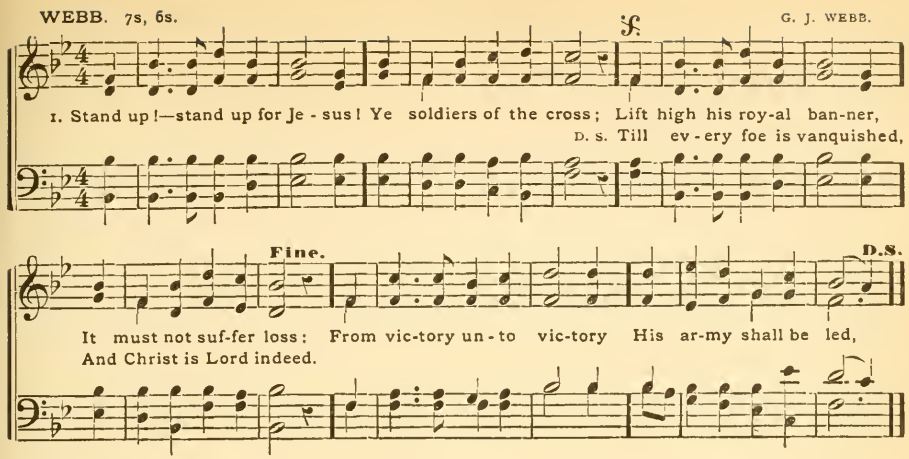
CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might.
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight.
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down.
And win the well-fought day.



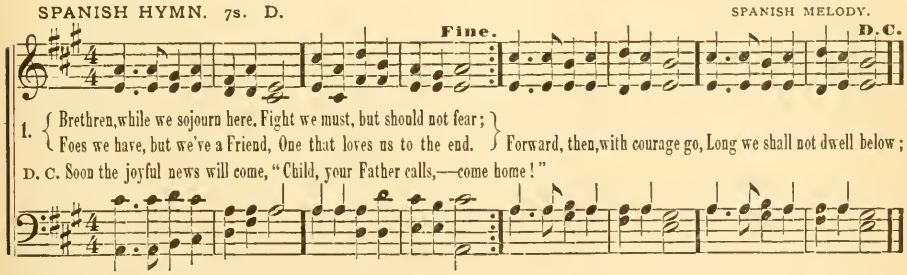
425

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. 1858.

1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.



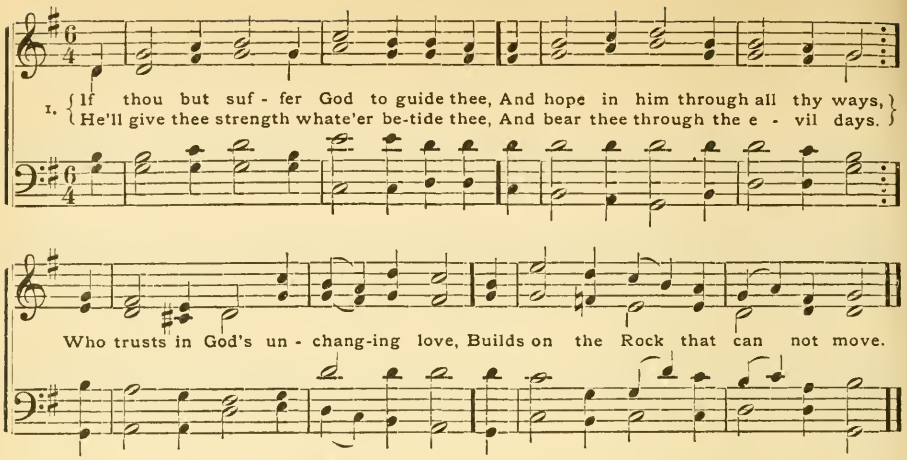
426

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

1 Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls,—come home!"

2 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls,—come home!"

RADFORD. 9s, 8s. Arr. from S. S. WESLEY.



427

GEORGE NEUMARK. 1653.
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH. 1863.
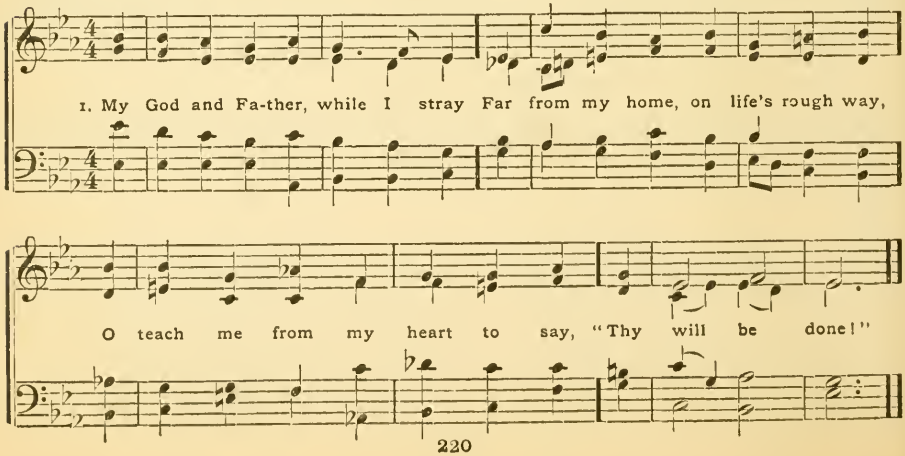
1 If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the Rock that can not move.

2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,
The never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help, if thou bewail thee,
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

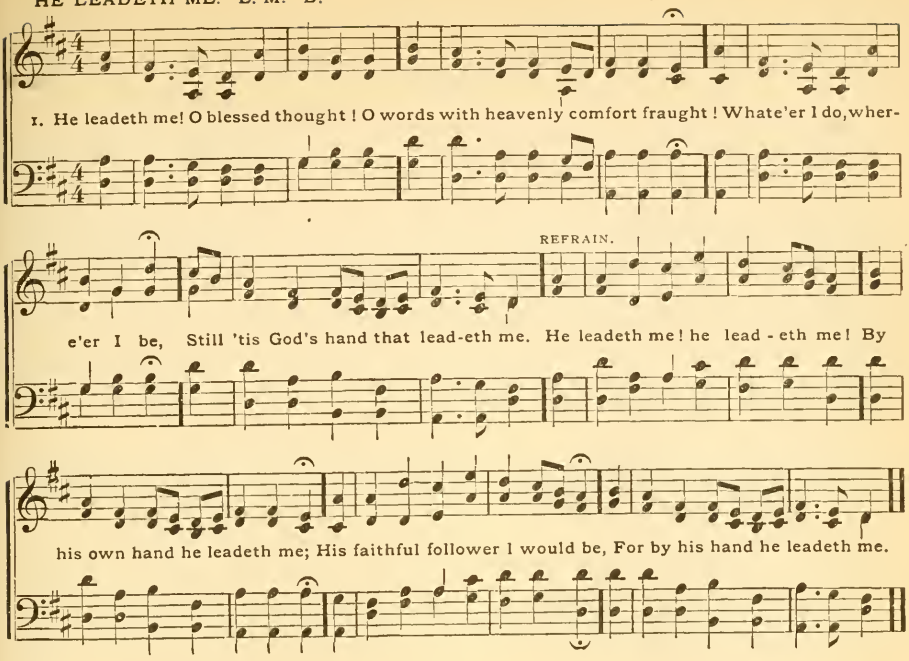
3 Only be still and wait his leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love hath sent;
No doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

4 Sing, pray, and keep his ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust his word, though undeserving,
Thou yet shall find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

GABRIEL. 8s, 4. F. A. G. OUSELEY. 1825—.



HE LEADETH ME. L. M. D. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



428

J. H. GILMORE. 1861.

1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
Even death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

429

8s, 4s. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834.

1 My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"
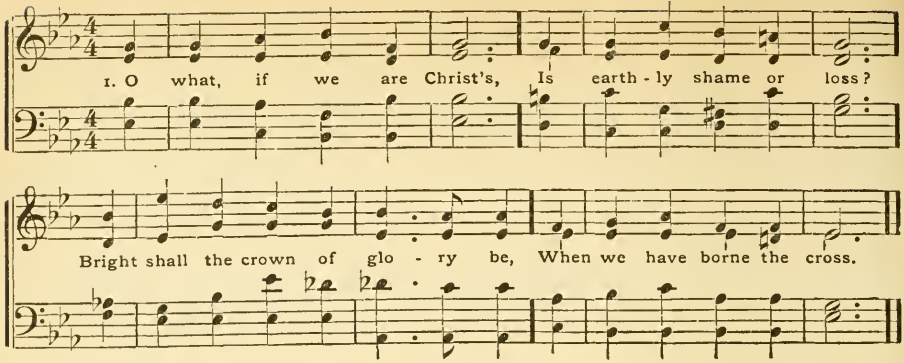
2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was thine;
"Thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

MONSELL. S. M. JOSEPH BARNBY. 1868.



430

HENRY W. BAKER. 1859.

1 O what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

431

HORATIUS BONAR. 1856.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
O lead me by thine own right hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
But choose thou for me, O my God,
So shall I walk aright.

3 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As ever best to thee may seem,
Choose thou my good and ill.

4 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my guard, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

432

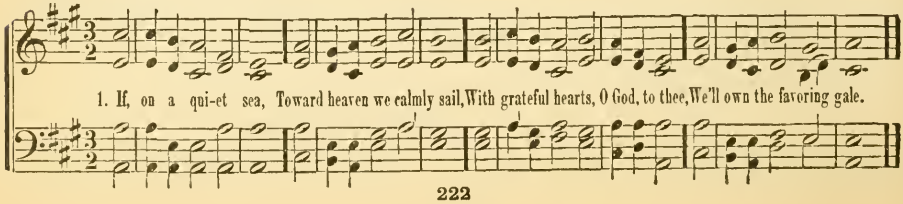
A. M. TOPLADY. 1772.

1 If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

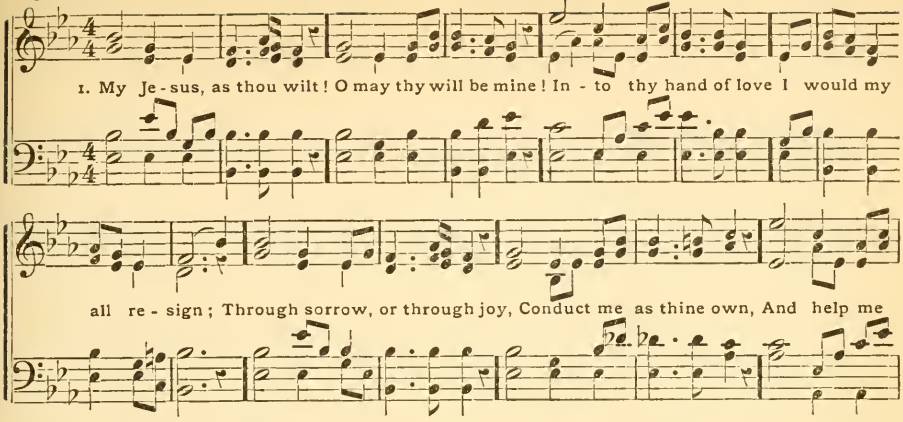
3 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own,
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.



JEWETT. 6s. D.

C. M. VON WEBER. 1786–1826.



433

B. SCHMOLKE. 1716.
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. 1854.

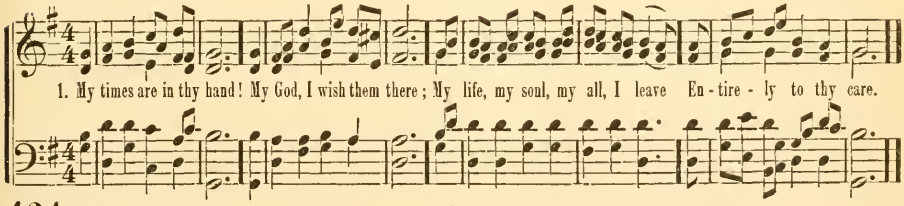
1 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
O may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

SHIRLAND. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY. 1767–1822.



434

WILLIAM F. LLOYD. 1835.

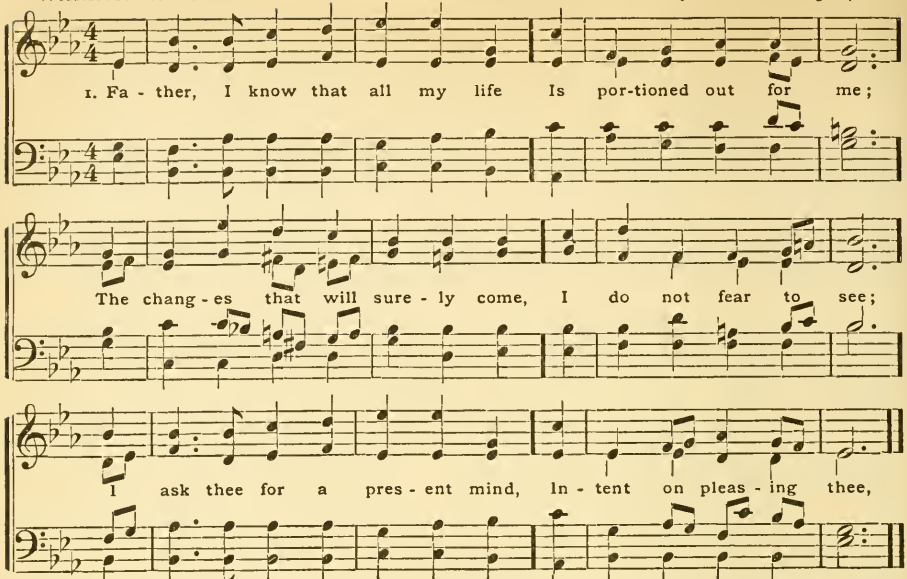
1 My times are in thy hand!
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 My times are in thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in thy hand,
Jesus! the crucified;
The hand my many sins have pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

WARING. C. M. 61. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.



435

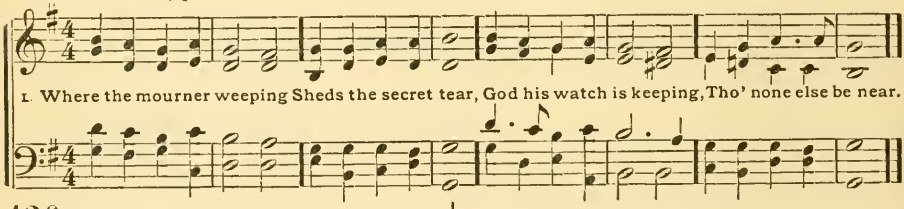
MISS A. L. WARING. 1850.

1 Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see;
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I ask thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

SELWIN. 6s, 5s. W. JONES. 1726–1800.



436

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX. 1841.
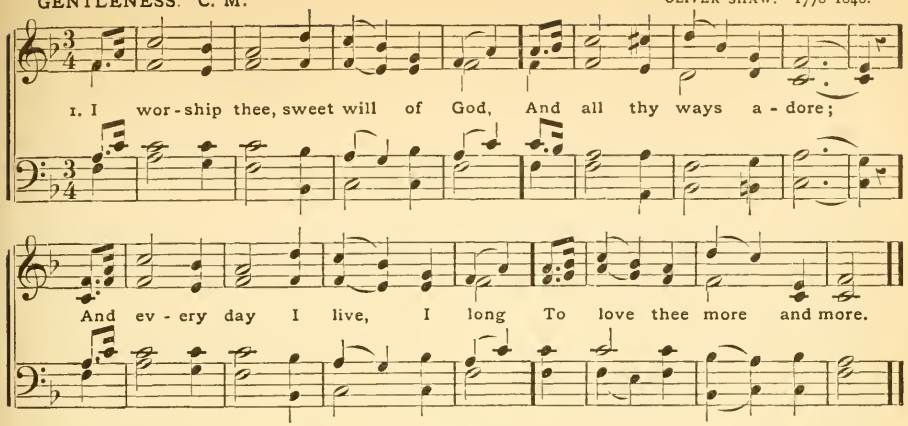
1 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

2 Jesus ne'er will leave thee,
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy hidden woes.

3 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

4 All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

GENTLENESS. C. M. OLIVER SHAW. 1778–1848.



437

F. W. FABER. 1832.

1 I worship thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

2 I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet;
I can not fear thee, blessed will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

3 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

4 When duty's path and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

438

RICHARD BAXTER. 1681.

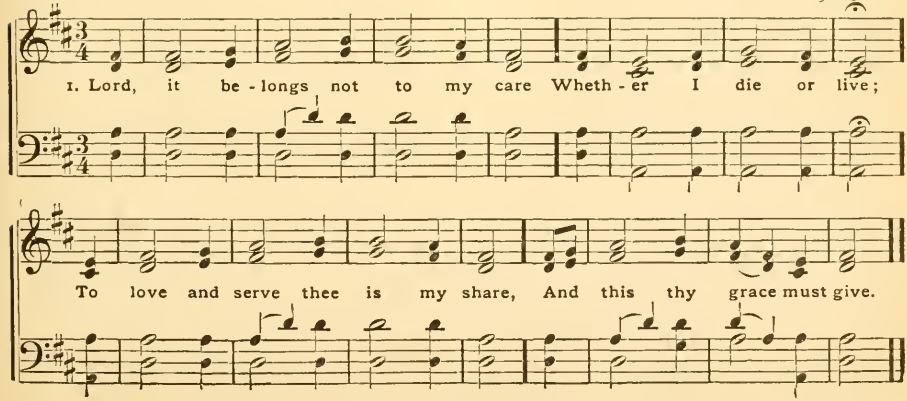
1 Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
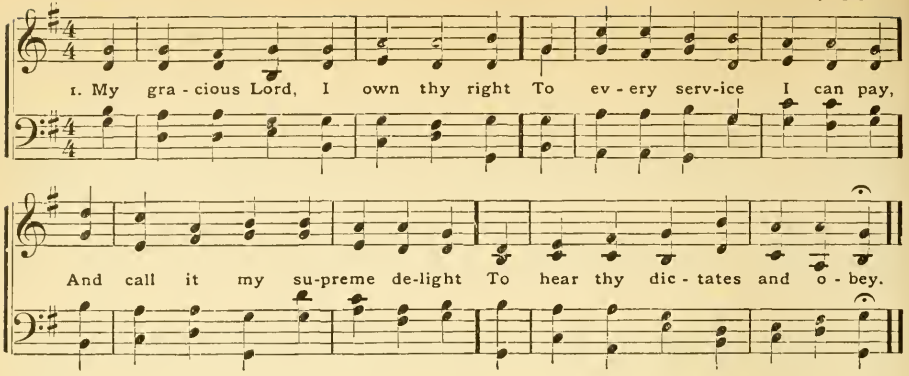
3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

PHILLIPS. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY. 1819-1858.



TALLIS' CANON. L. M. THOMAS TALLIS. 1529–1585.



439

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

440

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 I send the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

441

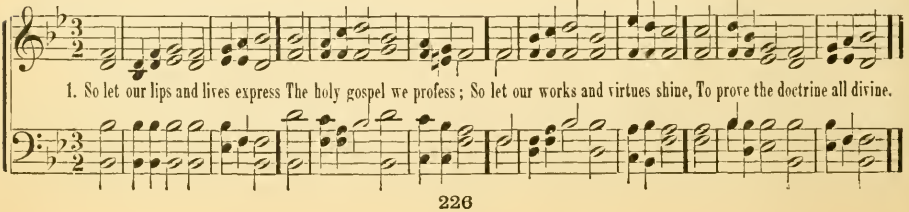
ISAAC WATTS 1707.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

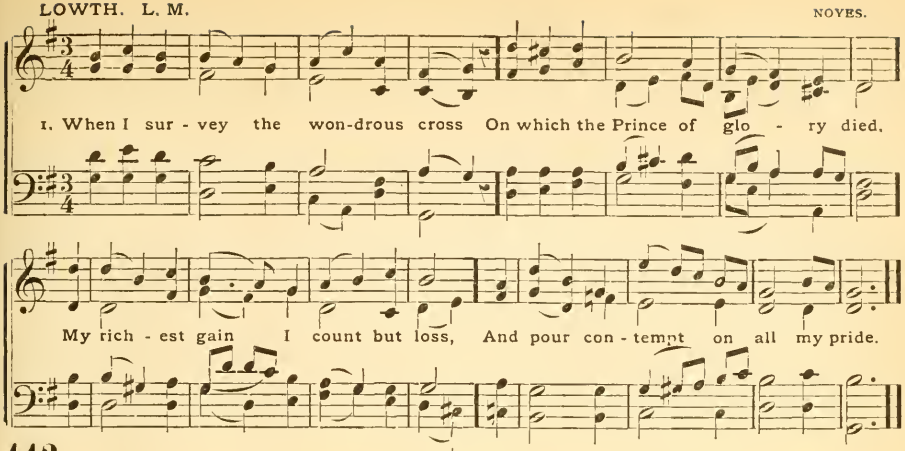
2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



LOWTH. L. M. NOYES.



442

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

443

SAMUEL DAVIES. 1760.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

444

J. F. OBERLIN. 1820.
Tr. MRS. DANIEL WILSON. 1830.
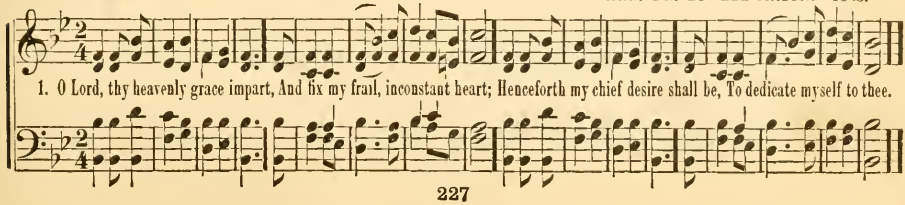
1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

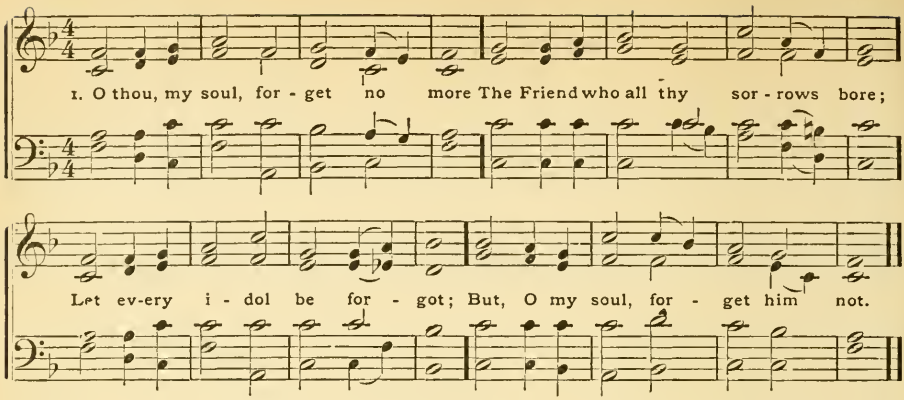
4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

WARD. L. M. ARR. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1820.



REPENTANCE. L. M.

T. E. PERKINS.



445

KRISHNU PAL. 1764–1822.
Tr. J. MARSHMAN. 1801.

1 O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

4 O no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

446

JOSEPH GRIGG. 1765.
Alt. by BENJAMIN FRANCIS. 1787.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
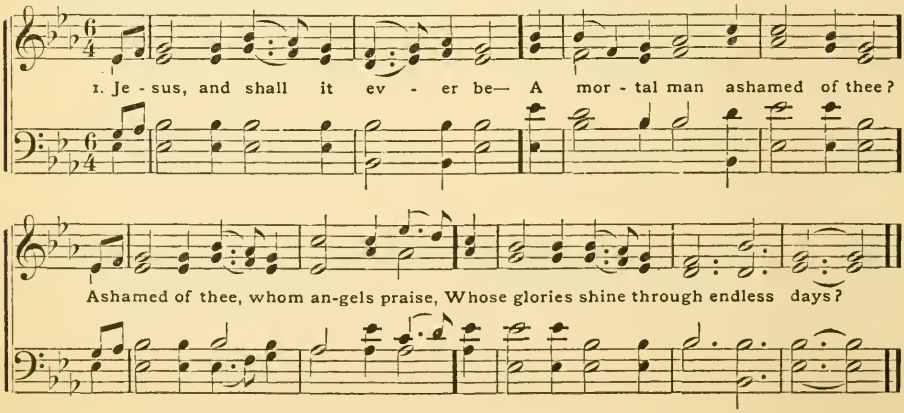
2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

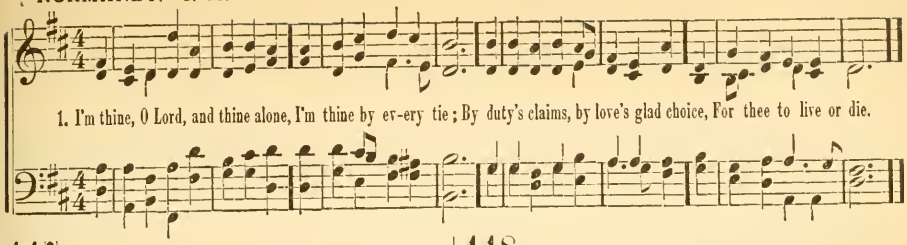
4 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



NORMANBY. C. M. RICHARD REDHEAD. 1820—.



447

ANON.

1 I'm thine, O Lord, and thine alone,
I'm thine by every tie;
By duty's claims, by love's glad choice,
For thee to live or die.

2 There's not an angel blest in heaven
So bound to thee as I;
To them thy love its gifts has given,
For me love's self did die.

3 My life, my time, my strength, my all,
I'd hold and spend for thee;
O set my heart as free from earth
As saints in glory be.

4 With single eye and fervent heart
Let this poor life be spent;
Eager to use for thy great name
Whatever thou hast lent.

448

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1818.

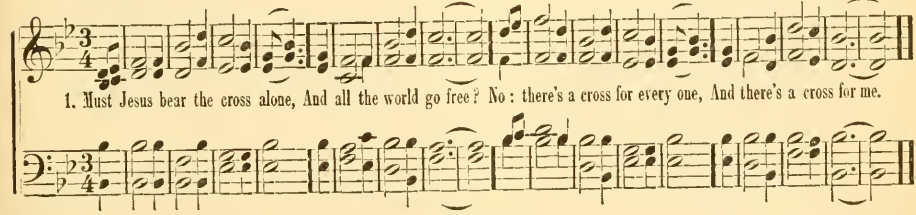
1 Ye men and angels, witness now,—
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break:

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

MAITLAND. C. M. GEORGE N. ALLEN. 1812-1877.



449

G. N. ALLEN. 1852.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

450

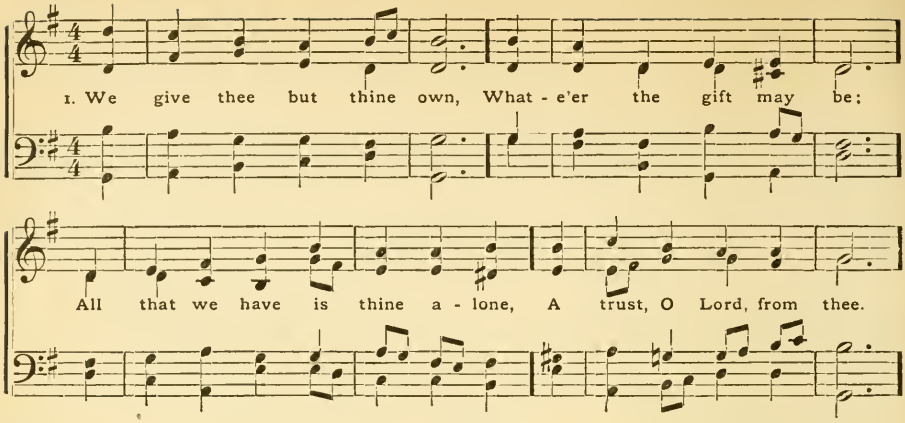
BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.

1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain,
Of honor, riches, friends.

3 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

MONK. S. M. W. H. MONK. 1823—.



451

WILLIAM WALSHAM. 1854.

1 We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

3 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

4 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

452

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

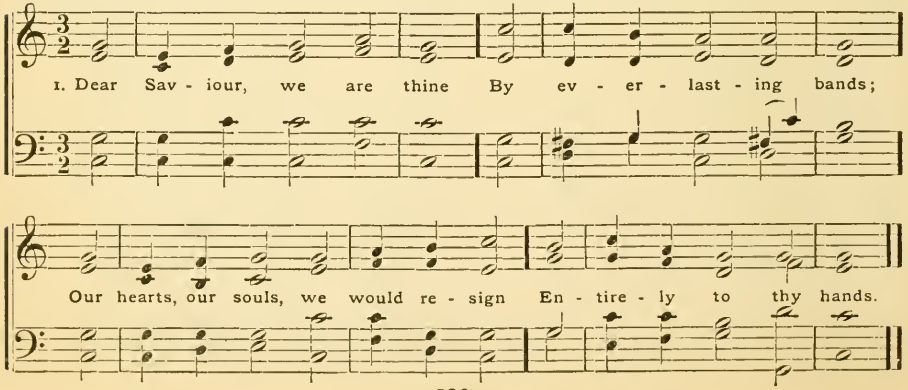
1 Dear Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

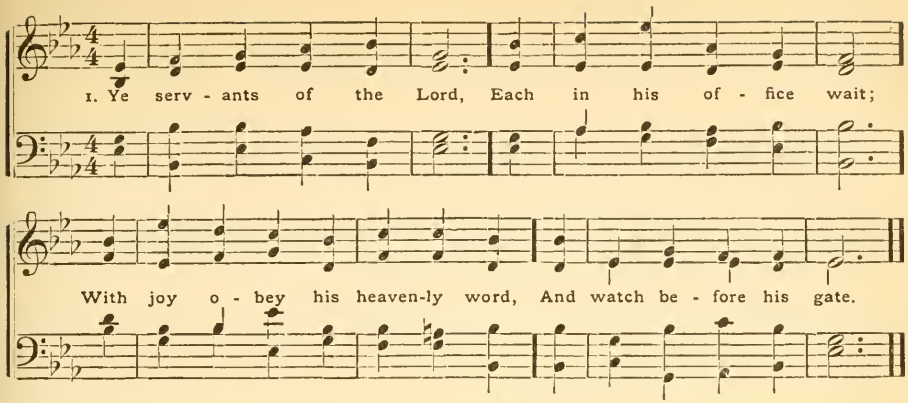
3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

BOYLSTON. S. M. ARR. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



FRANCONIA. S. M. GERMAN.



453 PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

454 CHARLES WESLEY. 1707.
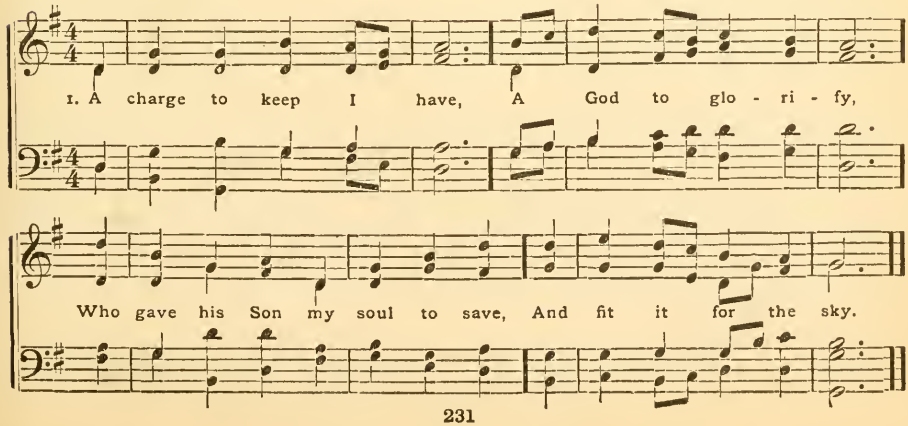
1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
Who gave his Son my soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

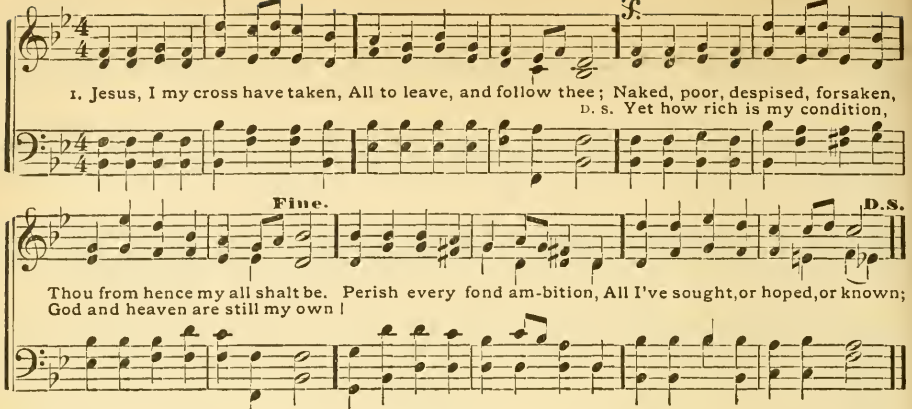
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. G. F. HANDEL. 1685–1759.



ZUNDEL. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL. 1815–1882.



455

HENRY F. LYTE. 1827.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken;
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

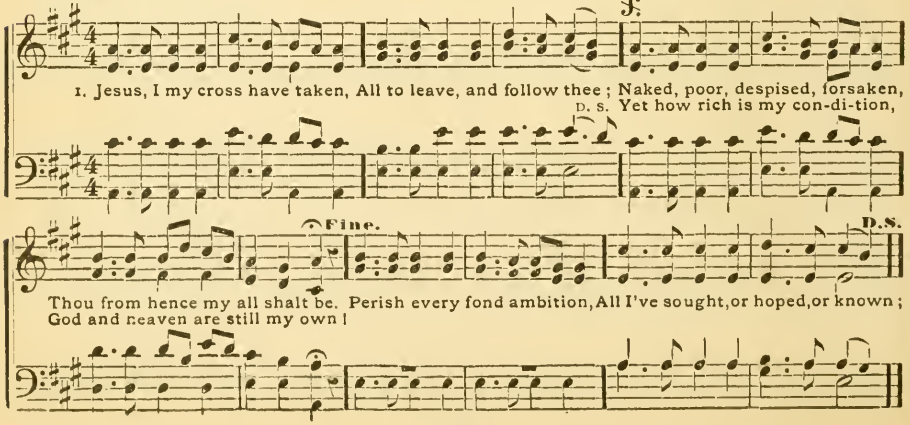
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me:
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.
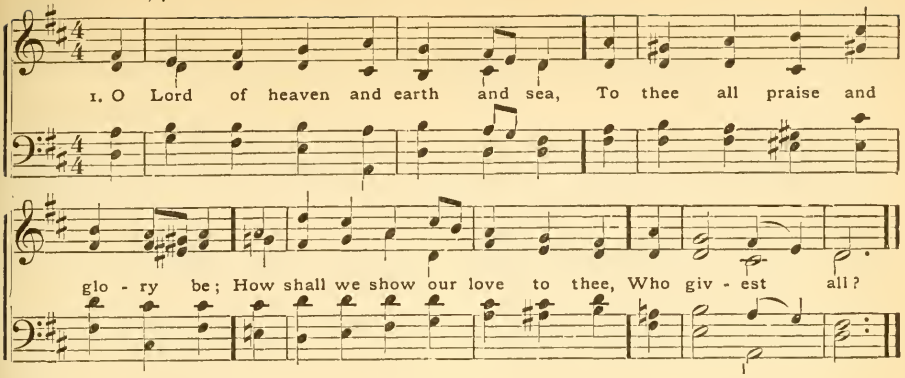
4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

ELLESTON. 8s, 7s. D.

J. C. W. A. MOZART. 1756–1791.



ROUEN. 8s, 4s. CHARLES GOUNOD. 1818.



456

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. 1863.

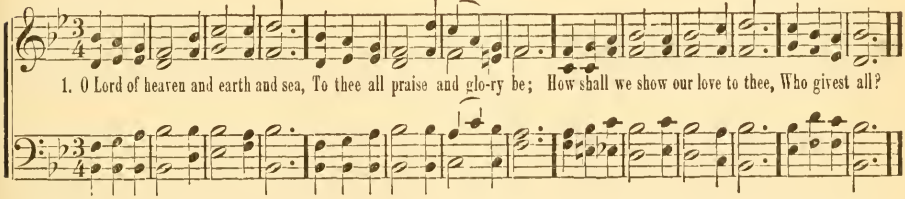
1 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

2 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessed One
Thou givest all.

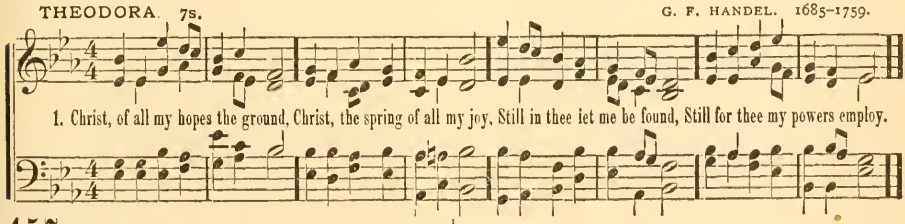
3 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Who givest all.

4 To thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with thee live,
Who givest all!

BLESSING. 8s, 4s. W. H. DOANE.



THEODORA. 7s. G. F. HANDEL. 1685–1759.



457

RALPH WARDLAW. 1817.

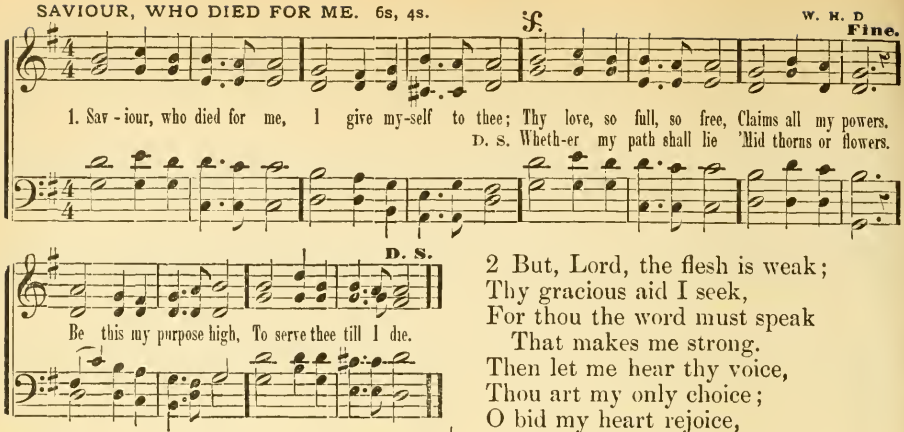
1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live."

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 Thus, O thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky!
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

SAVIOUR, WHO DIED FOR ME. 6s, 4s.



458

MISS MARY J. MASON. 1822—.

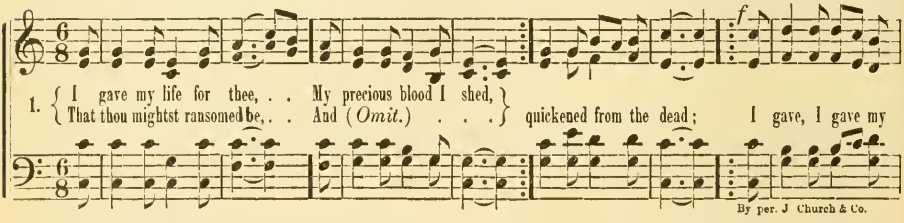
1 Saviour, who died for me,
I give myself to thee;
Thy love, so full, so free,
Claims all my powers.
Be this my purpose high,
To serve thee till I die,
Whether my path shall lie
'Mid thorns or flowers.

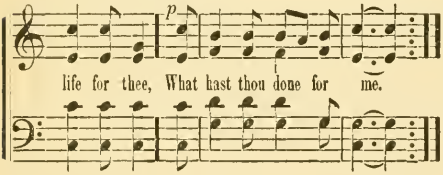
2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;
Thy gracious aid I seek,
For thou the word must speak
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear thy voice,
Thou art my only choice;
O bid my heart rejoice,
Be thou my song.

3 Saviour, with me abide;
Be ever near my side;
Support, defend, and guide;
I look to thee.
I lay my hand in thine,
And fleeting joys resign,
If I may call thee mine
Eternally.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME? 6s, 6l.

P. P. BLISS. 1838–1877.





459

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1836–1879.

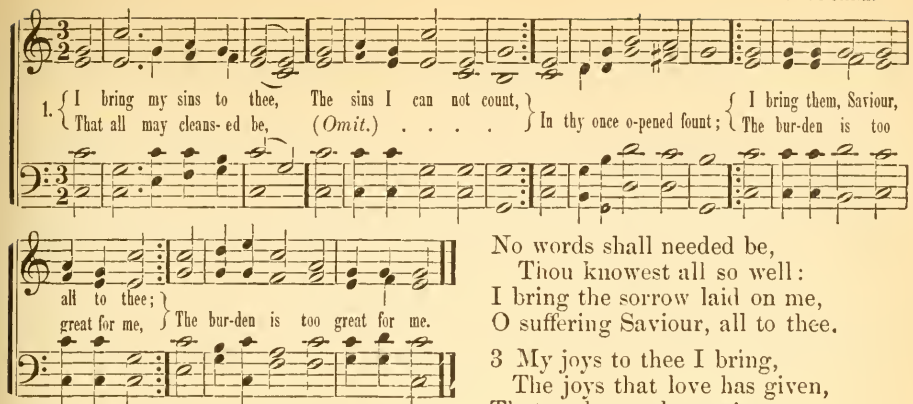
1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou mightst ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou done for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

I BRING MY SINS TO THEE. H. M. ARR. W. H. DOANE.



460

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1836-1879.
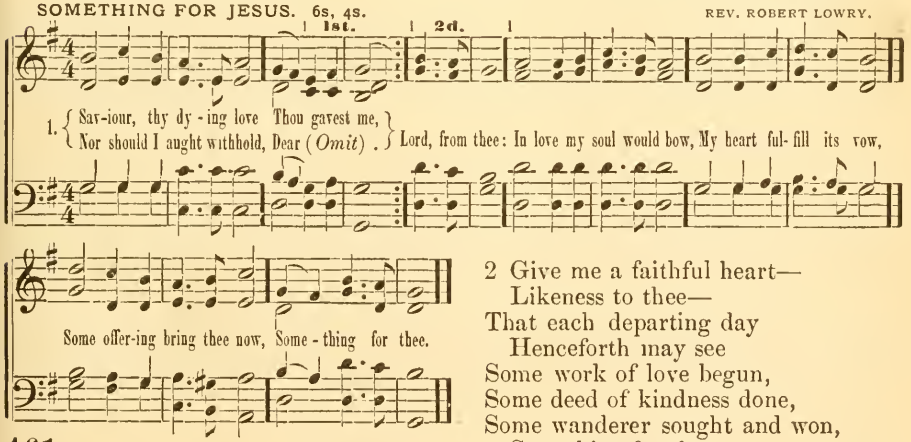
1 I bring my sins to thee,
The sins I can not count;
That all may cleansed be
In thy once-opened fount;
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee;
The burden is too great for me.

2 I bring my grief to thee,
The grief I can not tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well:
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, all to thee.

3 My joys to thee I bring,
The joys that love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven:
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My life I bring to thee;
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, thine alone:
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s, 4s. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



461

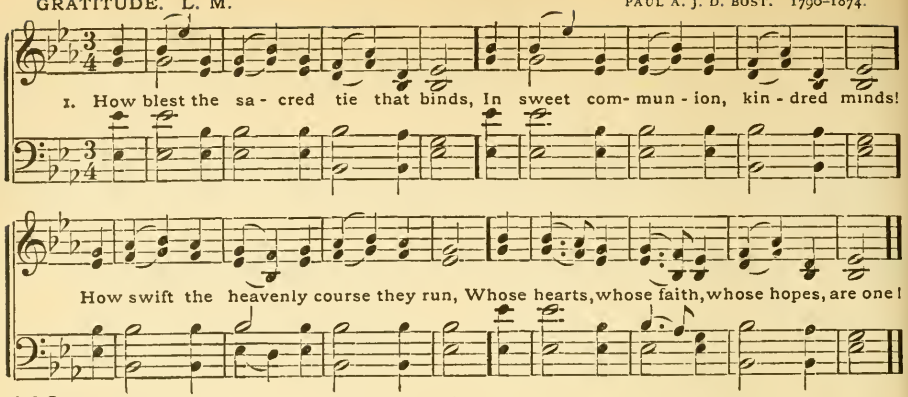
S. D. PHELPS. 1862.

1 Saviour, thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

3 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee!
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

GRATITUDE. L. M. PAUL A. J. D. BOST. 1790–1874.



462

ANNA LAETITIA BARBAULD. 1773.

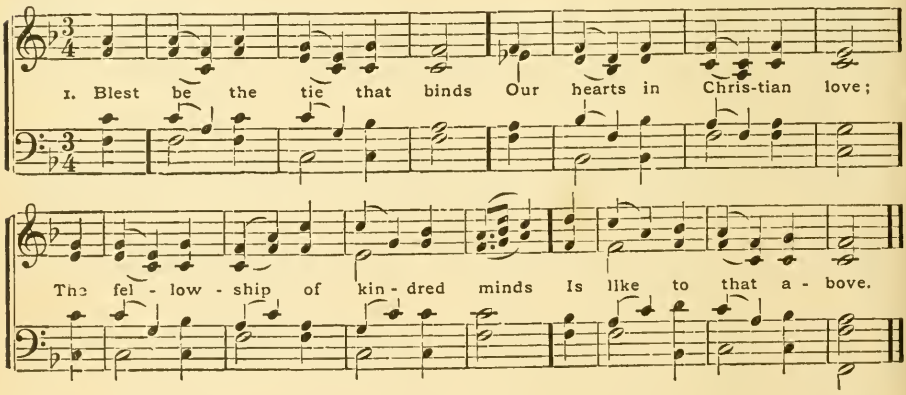
1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow,
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

DENNIS. S. M. H. G. NAGELI. 1768–1836.



463

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

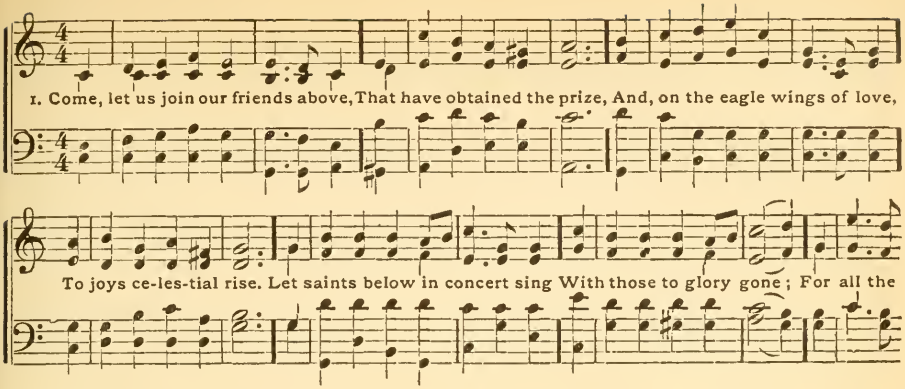
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

HEAVENLY FOLD. C. M. D.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



464

CHARLES WESLEY. 1759.
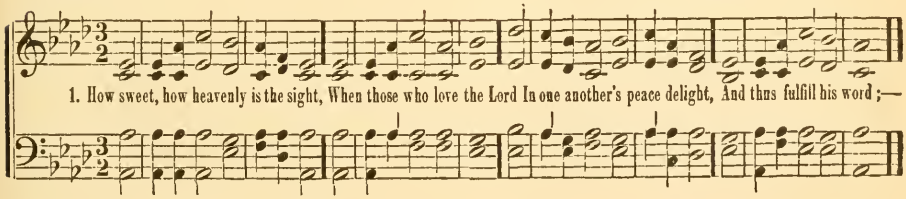
1 Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide;
And when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

EVAN C. M.

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL. 1793–1870.



465

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word;—
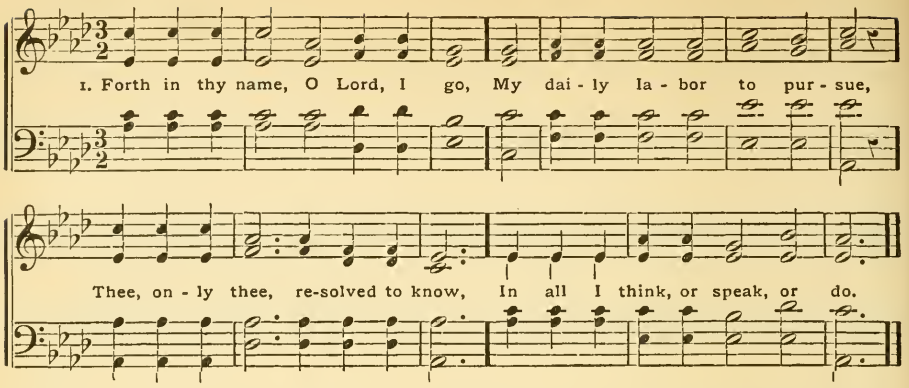
2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Love is the golden chain that binds,
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER. 1795–1857.



466

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

467

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent;
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

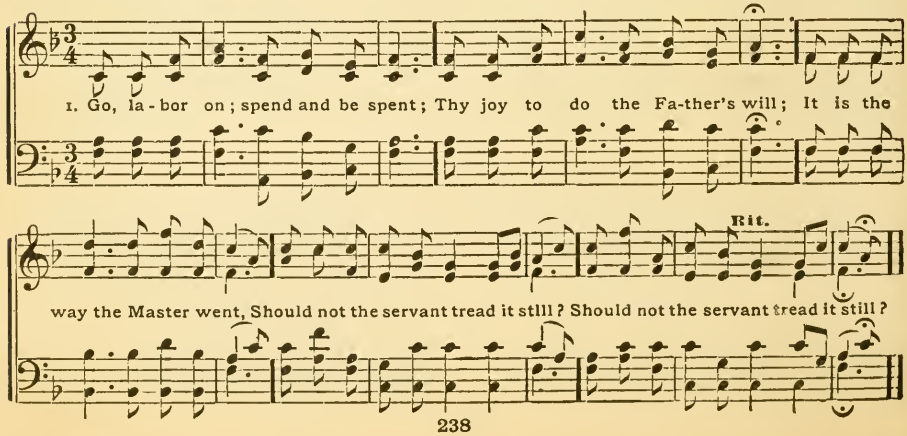
2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for nought;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough while here
If he shall praise thee; if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

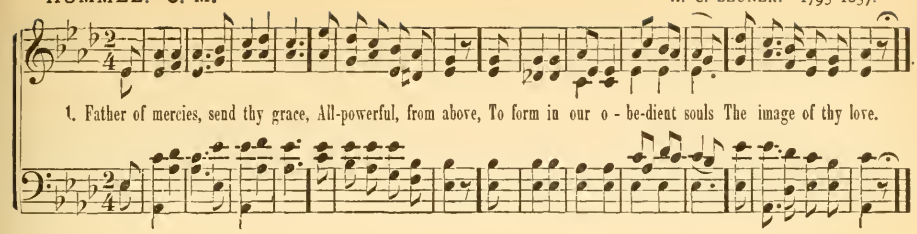
4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

ANVERN. L M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



HUMMEL. C. M. H. C. ZEUNER. 1795–1857.



468

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

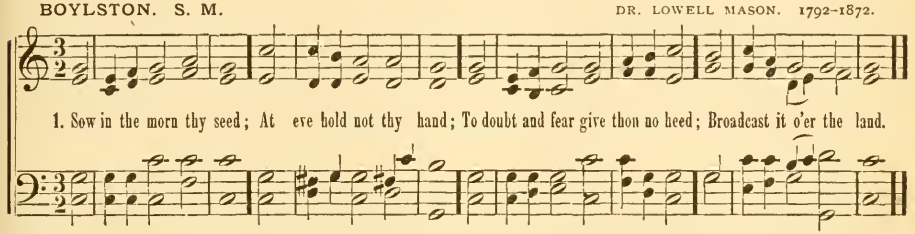
1 Father of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

BOYLSTON. S. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



469

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1836.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

3 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest Home!"

470
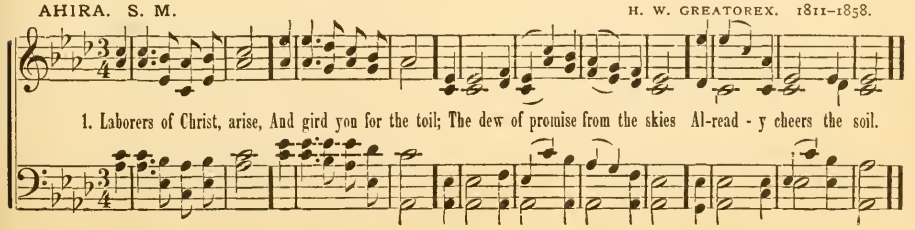
LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY. 1841.

1 Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.
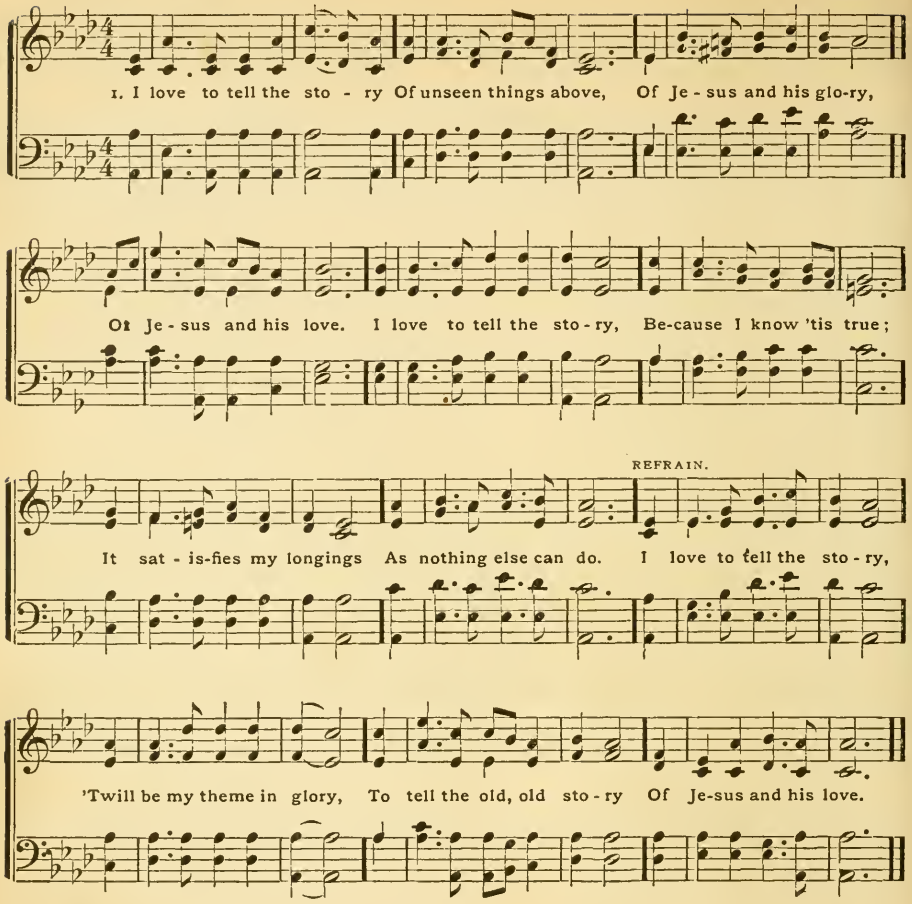
2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And, where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

AHIRA. S. M. H. W. GREATOREX. 1811–1858.



I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s, 6s. D. W. G. FISCHER.



471

CATHERINE HANKEY. 1865.
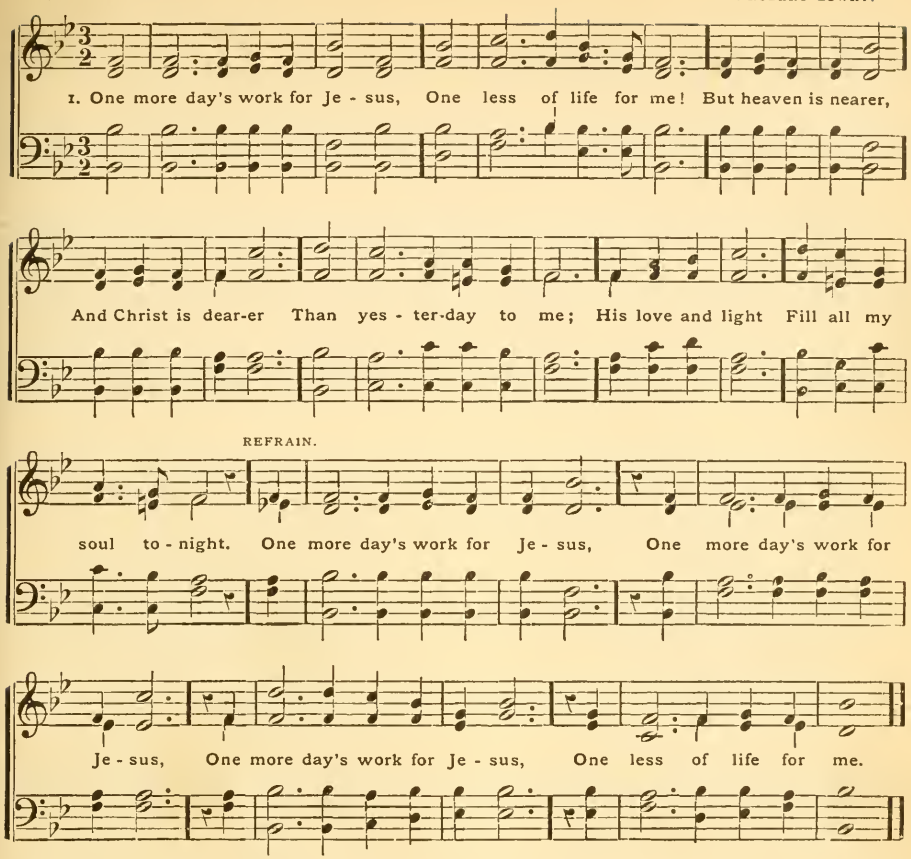
1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

REF.—I love to tell the story;
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat,
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

3 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long!

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK. P. M. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



472

ANNA WARNER. 1874.

1 One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

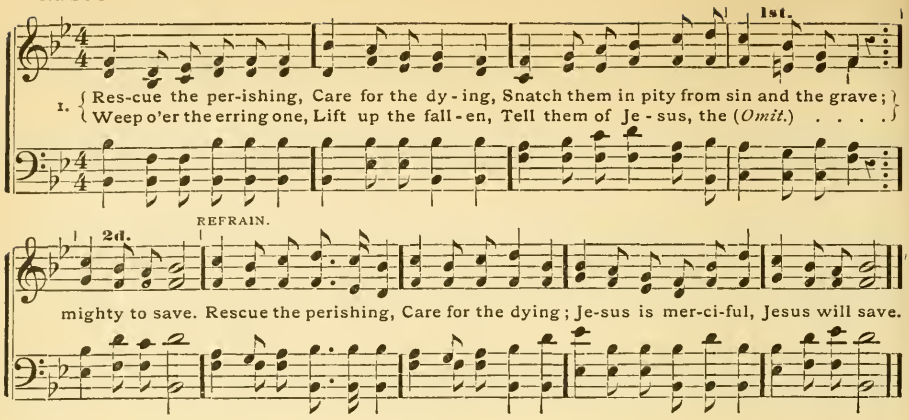
REF.—One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me.

2 One more day's work for Jesus!
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak his beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought,
How Christ my life has bought.

3 One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!

4 O blessed work for Jesus!
O rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet;
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!

RESCUE THE PERISHING. P. M. W. H. DOANE.



473

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.. 1875.

1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
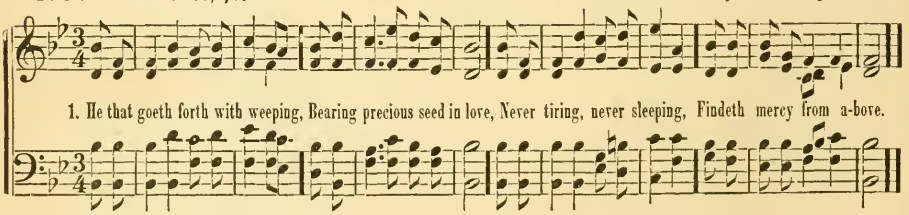
REF.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s. REV. D. E. JONES. 1815–1881.



474

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1836.
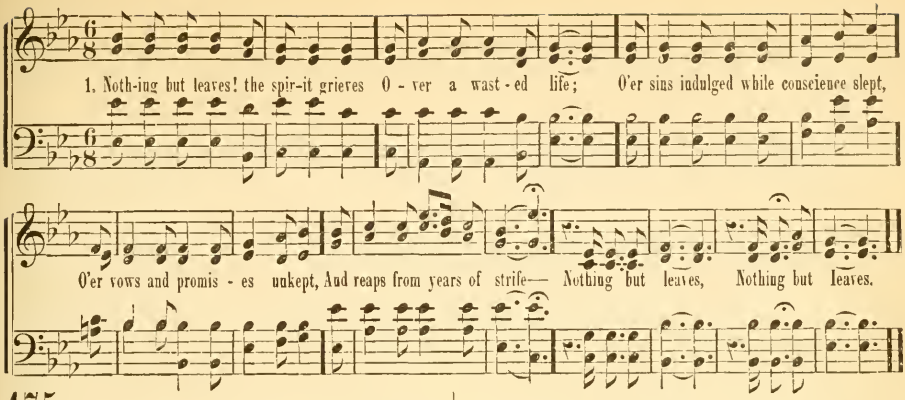
1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruit of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES. P. M. S. J. VAIL.



475

MRS. LUCY E. AKERMAN.

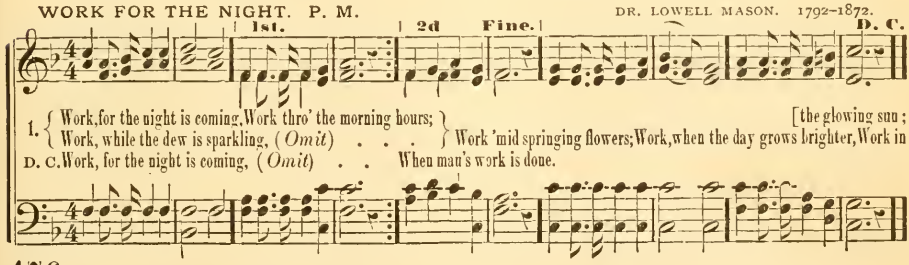
1 Nothing but leaves! the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reaps from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves.

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

3 Nothing but leaves! sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last—
Nothing but leaves.

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves?

WORK FOR THE NIGHT. P. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



476

ANNIE L. WALKER. 1865.
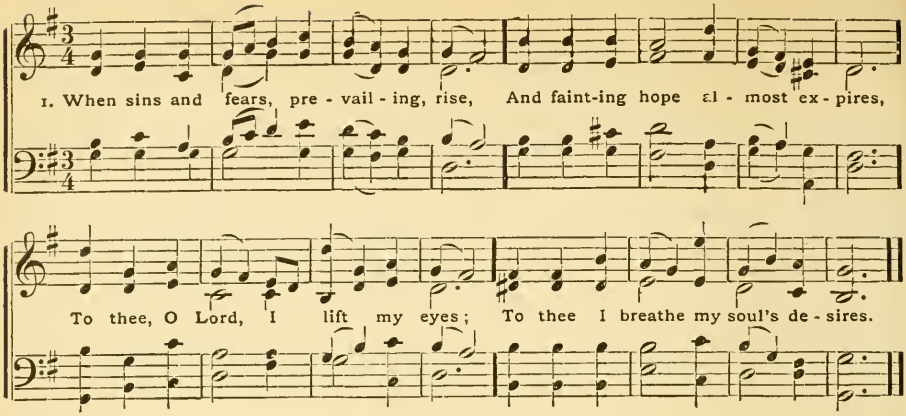
1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers:
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

ST. NEOT'S. L. M.

Arr. from H. W. GREATOREX. 1811–1858.



477

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 When sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort, die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word,
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

478

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

1 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
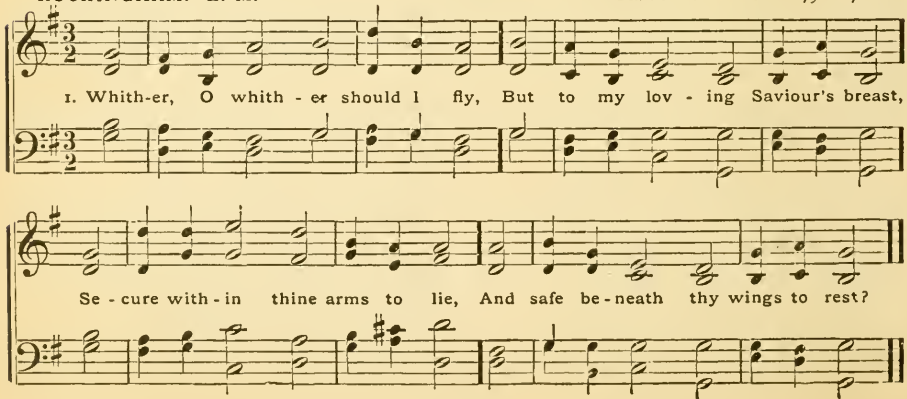
2 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

3 I have no might t'oppose the foe,
But everlasting strength is thine;
Show me the way that I should go,
Show me the path I should decline.

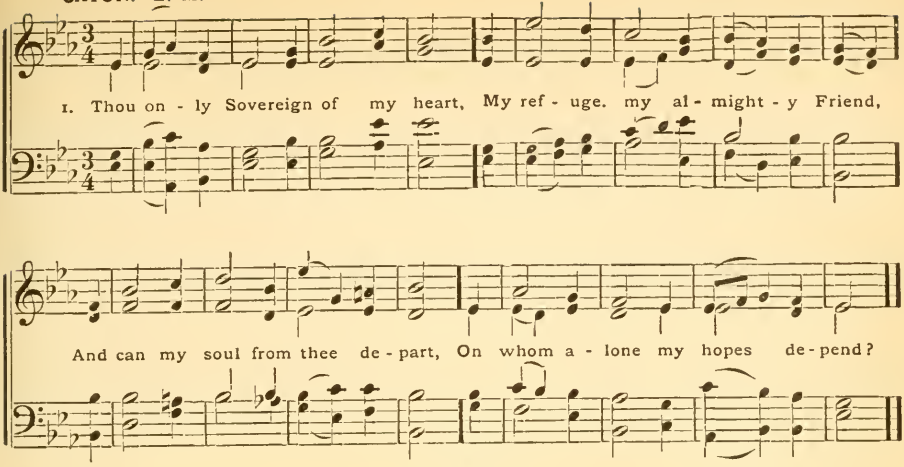
4 Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



CATON. L. M. EDWARD MILLER. 1731–1807



479

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile, of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

480

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 With joy we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

481

COUNT ZINZENDORF. 1739.
JOHN WESLEY. 1740.

1 Jesus, thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress:
'Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,—
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

482

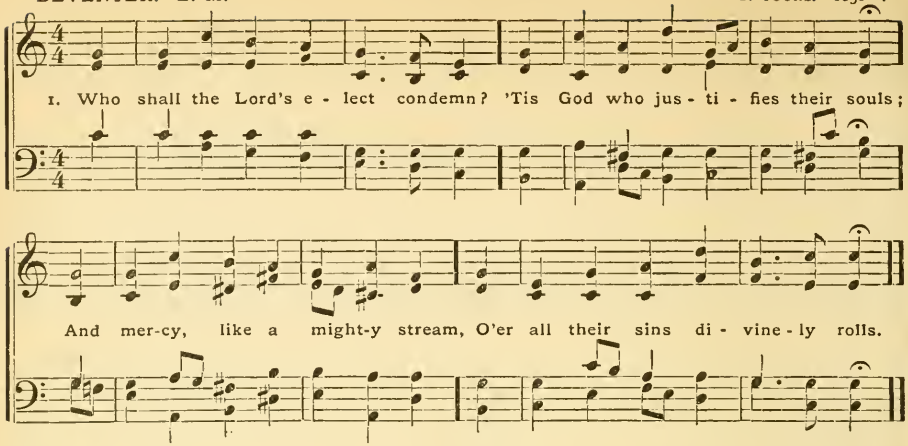
ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

DEVENTER. L. M. B. TOURS. 1838–.



483

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
And, their salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
Forever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

484

AARON ROBERT WOLFE. 1821.

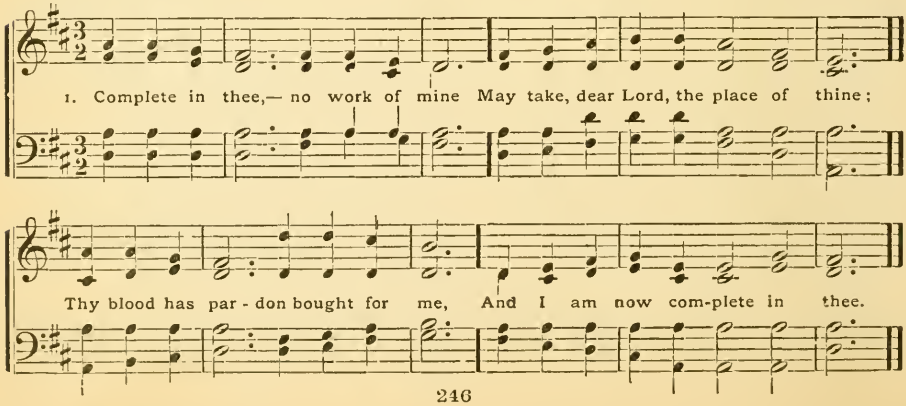
1 Complete in thee—no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine·
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee,—no more shall sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee,—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more,—complete in thee.
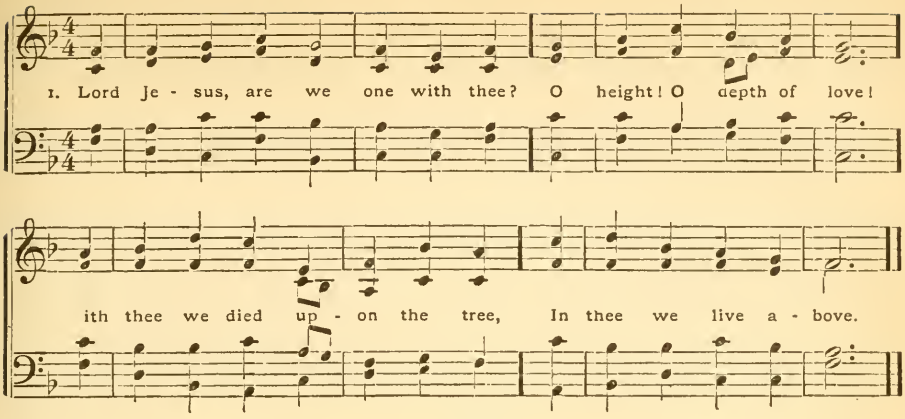
4 Dear Saviour, when, before thy bar,
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand,—complete in thee.

WILLIAMS. L. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



ETHELDREDA. C. M.

THOMAS TRENTON. 1862.



485

JAMES G. DECK. 1837.

1 Lord Jesus, are we one with thee?
O height! O depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.

2 Such was thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were thine,
To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

486

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

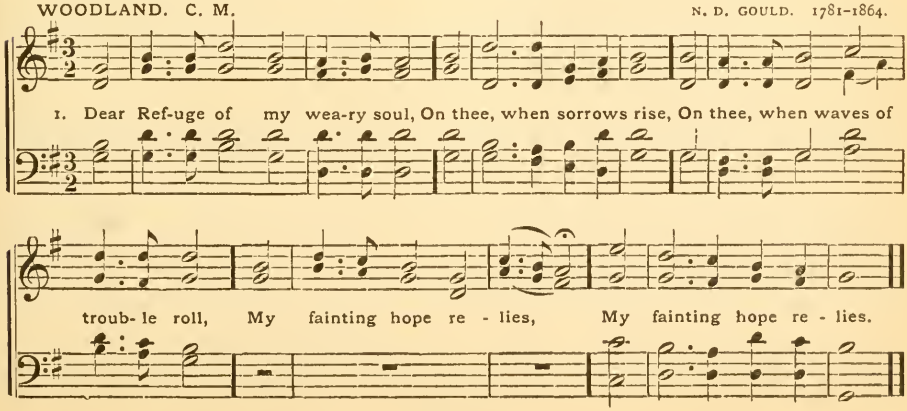
2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

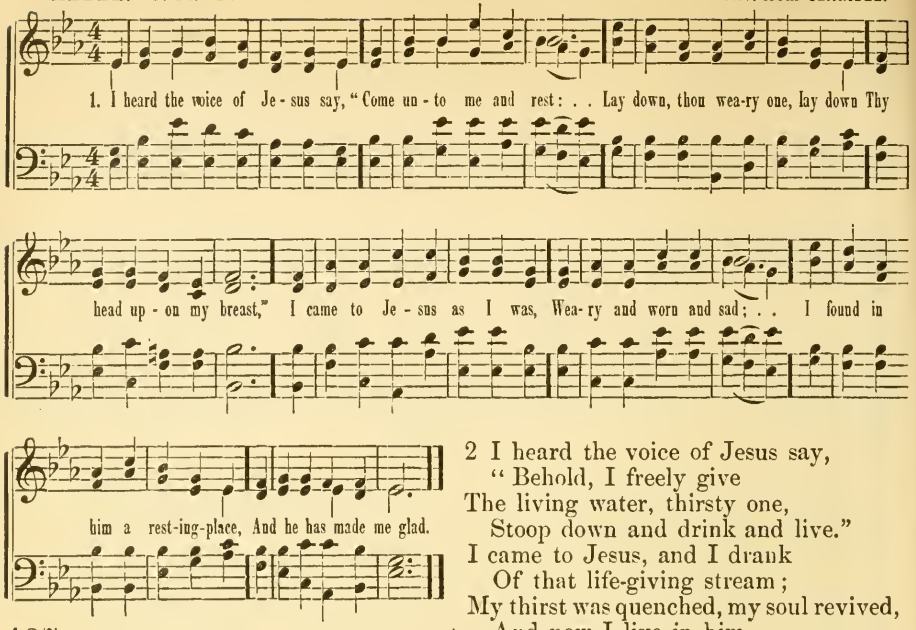
4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD. 1781–1864.



KEBLE. C. M. D. Arr. from CLARIBEL.



487

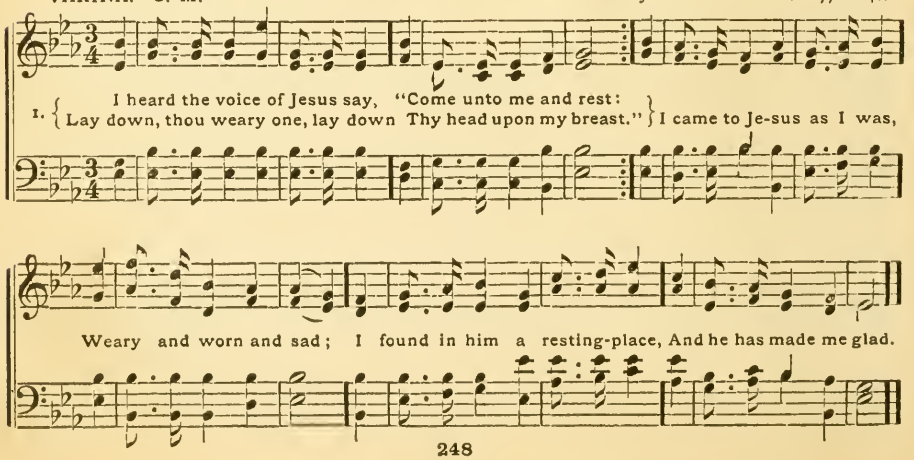
HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest:
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

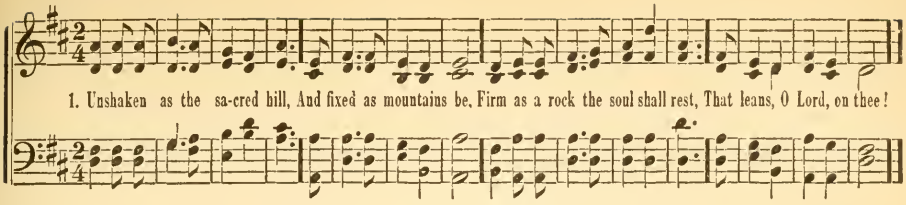
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
So in that Light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

VARINA. C. M. JOHANN C. H. RINK. 1770–1846.



PALESTRINA. C. M. G. P. A. PALESTRINA. 1524–1594



488

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Unshaken as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee!

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, the Lord, is gone.

489

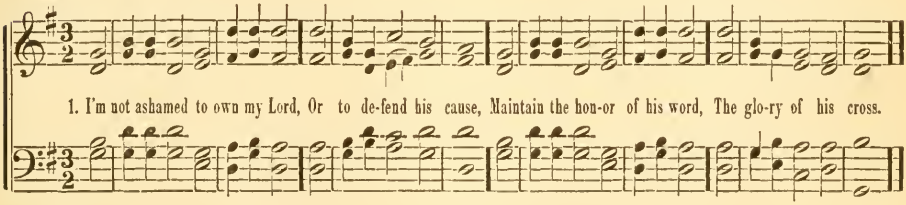
ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
Within the bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

MARLOW. C. M. REV. JOHN CHETHAM. 1700–1760.



490

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my soul be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

491

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

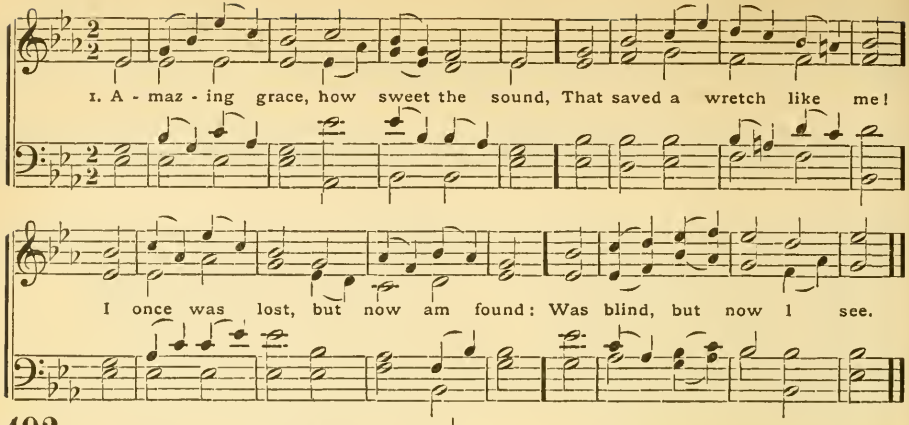
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY. 1767–1822.



492

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found:
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
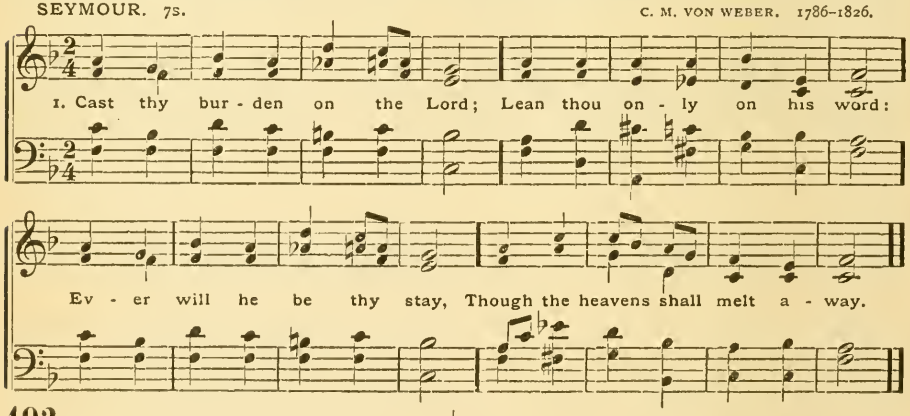
3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

DOXOLOGY.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER. 1786–1826.



493

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.
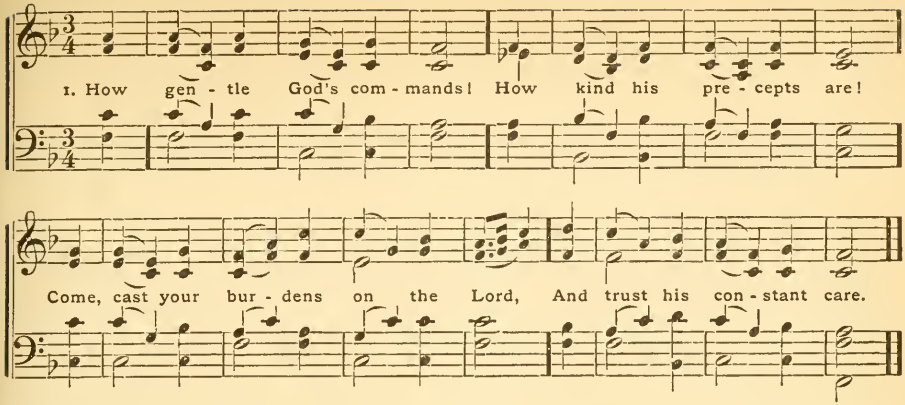
1 Cast thy burden on the Lord;
Lean thou only on his word:
Ever will he be thy stay,
Though the heavens shall melt away.

2 Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid:
"It is I; be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at his feet;
Linger near his mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power,
In thy weary, fainting hour;
Lean, then, loving on his word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

DENNIS. S. M. H. G. NAGELI. 1768–1836.



494

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

495

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.
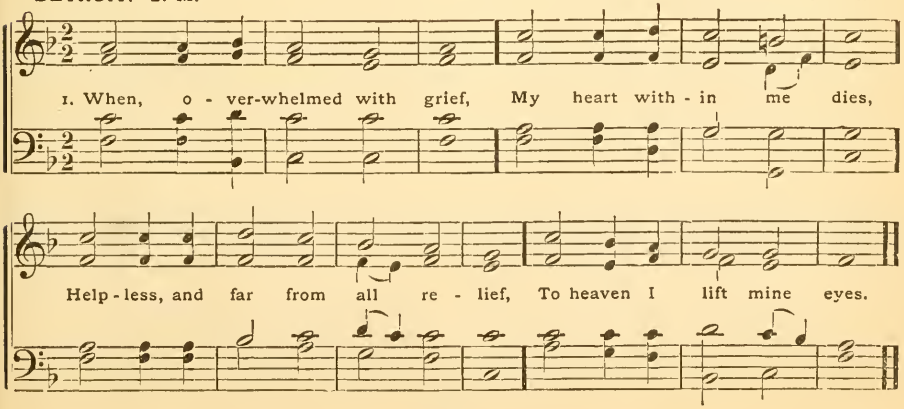
1 When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

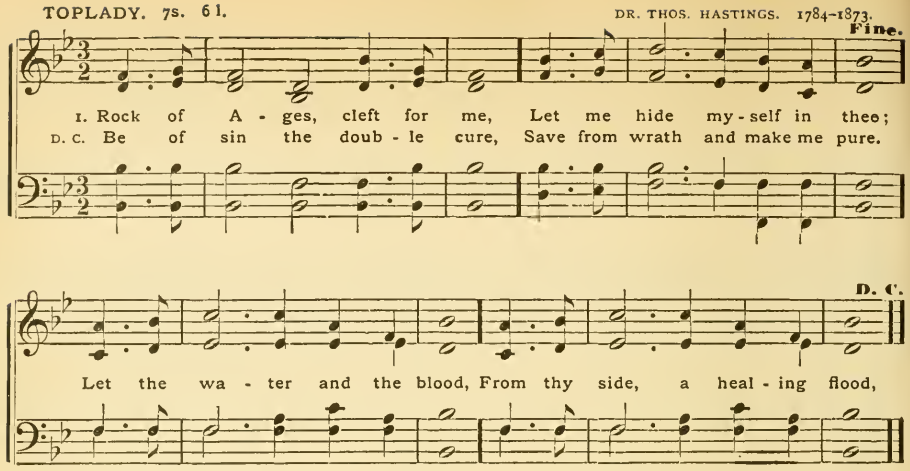
2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defense,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

DETROIT. S. M. E. T. HASTINGS.





496

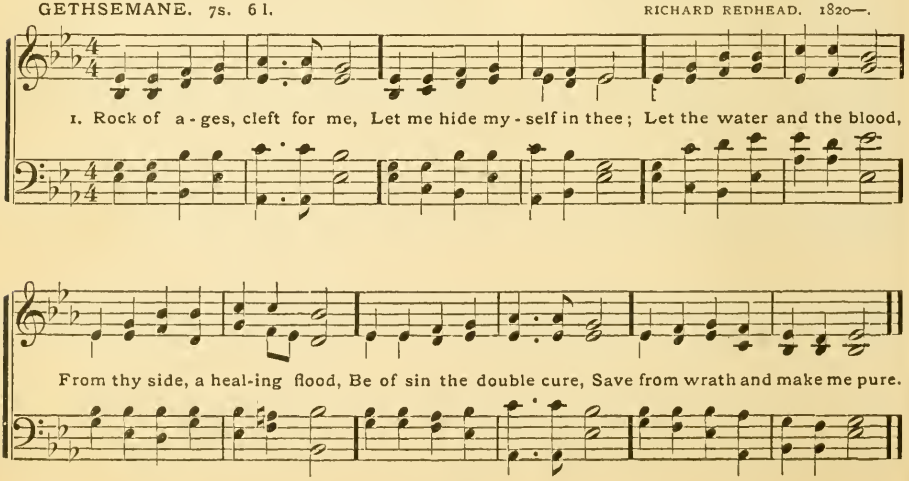
A. M. TOPLADY. 1776.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

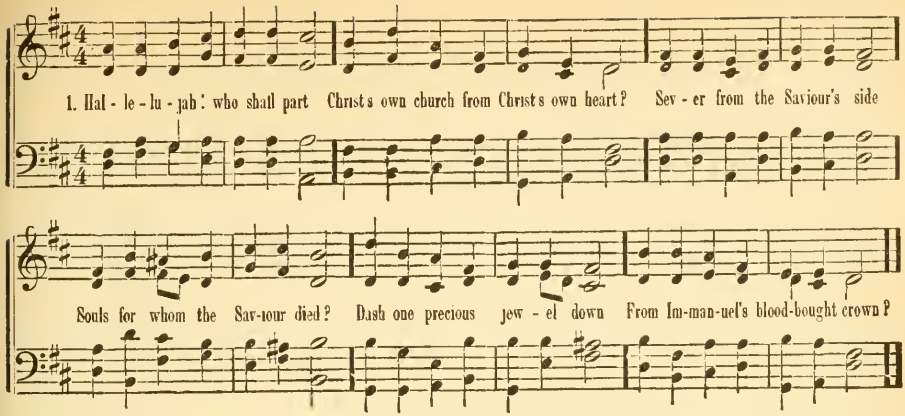
2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.



RATISBON. 7s. 6 l. WERNER.



497

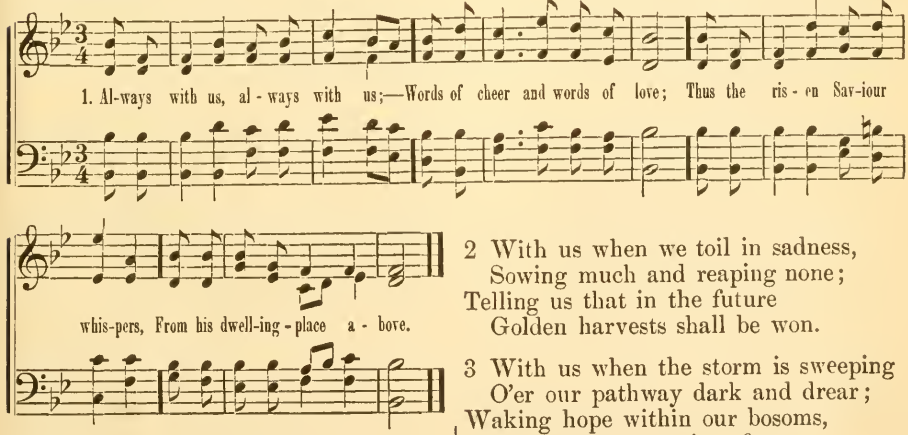
WILLIAM DICKINSON. 1846.

1 Hallelujah! who shall part
Christ's own church from Christ's own heart?
Sever from the Saviour's side
Souls for whom the Saviour died?
Dash one precious jewel down
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?

2 Hallelujah! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord?
Trouble dark or dire disgrace
E'er the Spirit's seal efface?
Famine, nakedness, or hate,
Bride and Bridegroom separate?

3 Hallelujah! life nor death,
Powers above, nor powers beneath,
Monarch's might, nor tyrant's doom,
Things that are nor things to come,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part
Christ's own church from Christ's own heart.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s. REV. D. E. JONES. 1815–1881.



498

EDWIN H. NEVIN. 1858.

1 Always with us, always with us;—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.

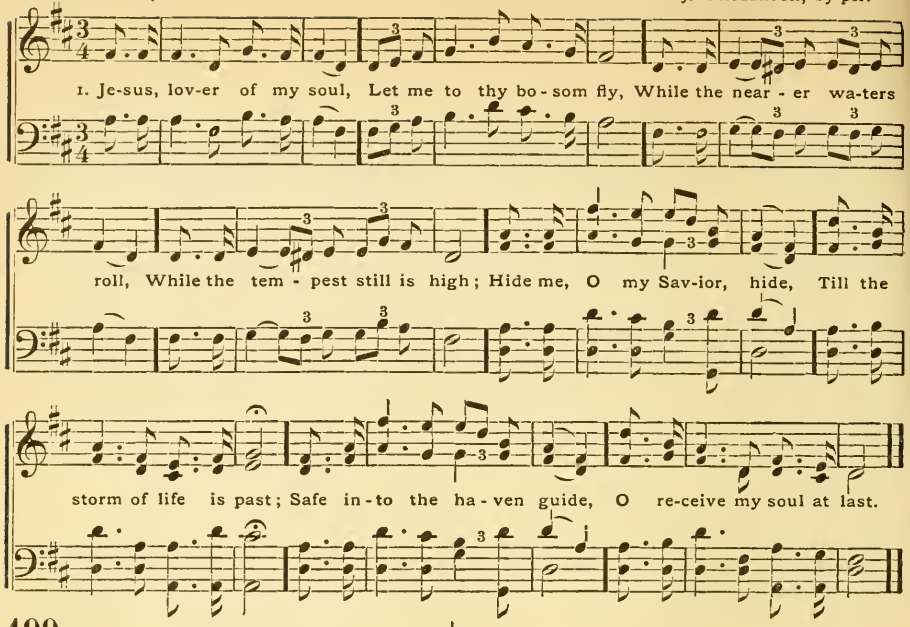
2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

REFUGE. 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



499

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
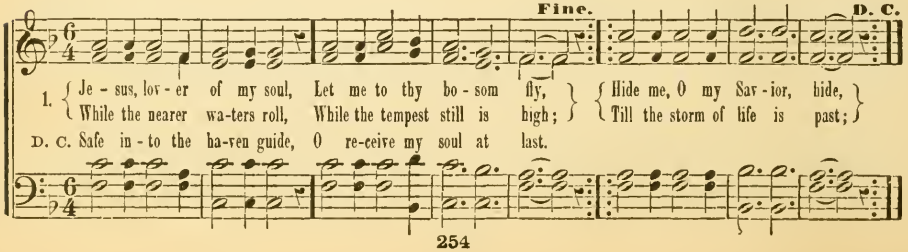
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

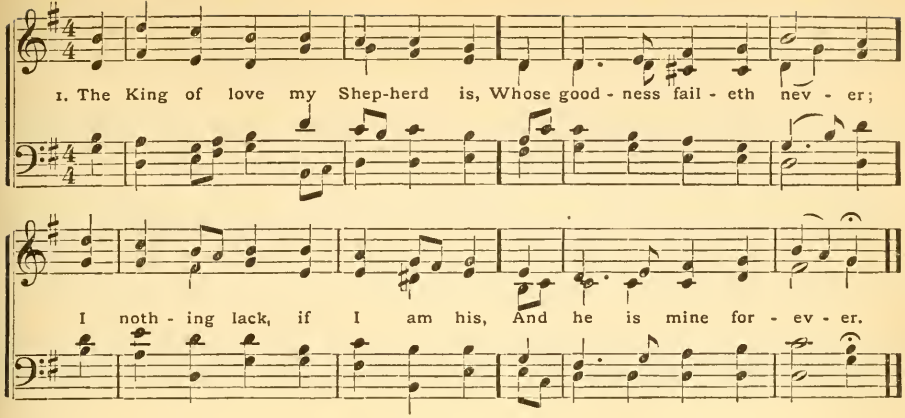
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH. 1798–1834.



CECILIA. 8s, 7s. Iambic. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.



500

H. W. BAKER. 1868.

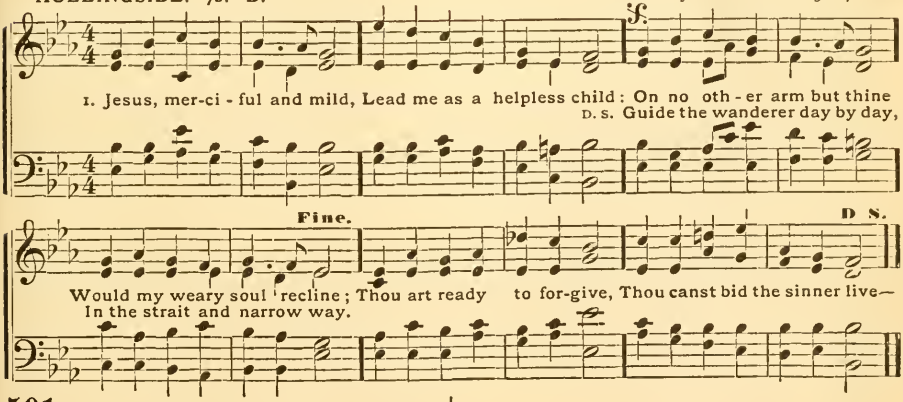
1 The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

4 And so, through all the coming days,
Thy love shall fail me never,
And be the theme of all my praise
Within thy house forever.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.
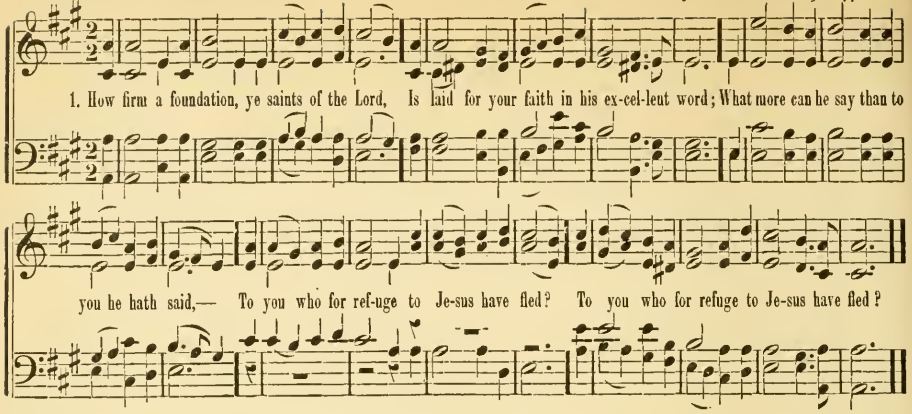


501

T. HASTINGS. 1858.

1 Jesus, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child;
On no other arm but thine
Would my weary soul recline;
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live—
Guide the wanderer day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.

2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All thy promises are sure,
Ever shall thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in thee I see,
Thou art all in all to me.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. J. READING. 1690-1776.



502

GEORGE KEITH. 1787.
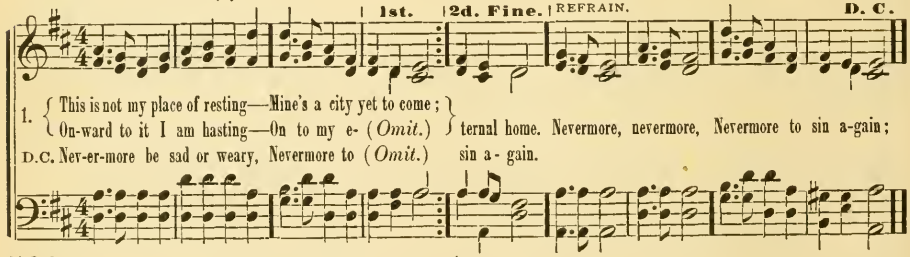
1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

NEVERMORE. 8s, 7s. W. H. DOANE.



503

HORATIUS BONAR. 1855.

1 This is not my place of resting—
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.
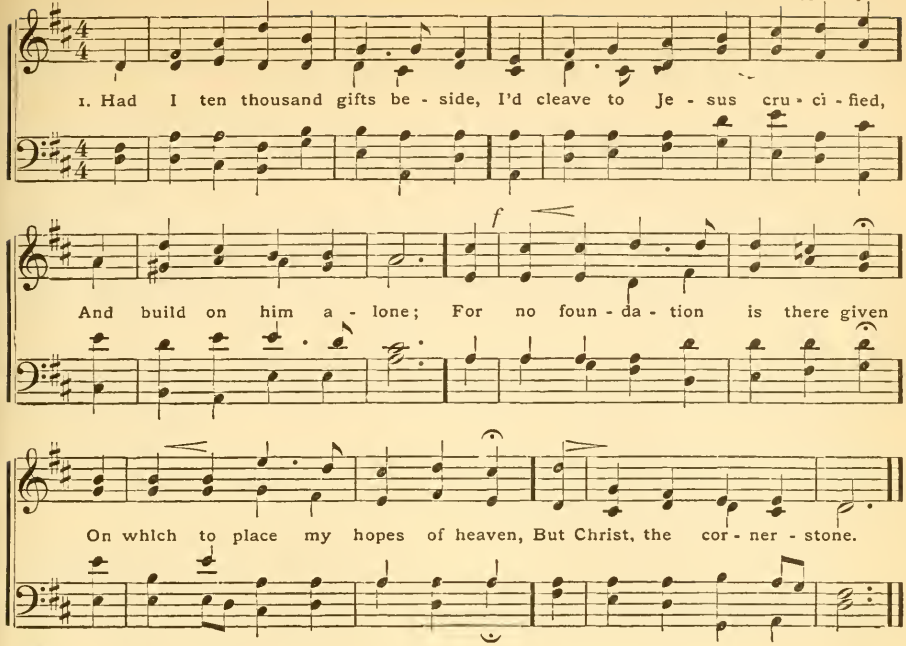
REF.—Nevermore, nevermore,
Nevermore to sin again;
Nevermore be sad or weary,
Nevermore to sin again.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Nevermore are sad and weary,
Never, never sin again.

FOUNDATION. C. P. M. DR. WILLIAM HAYES. 1732–1809.



504
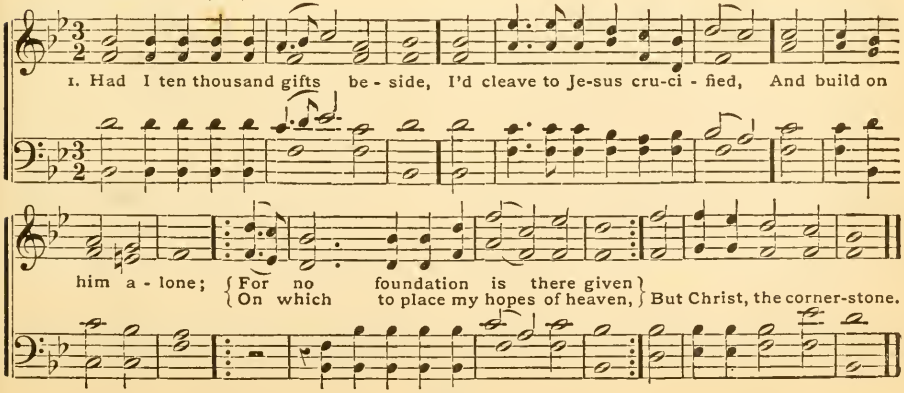
JOHN WINGROVE. 1785.

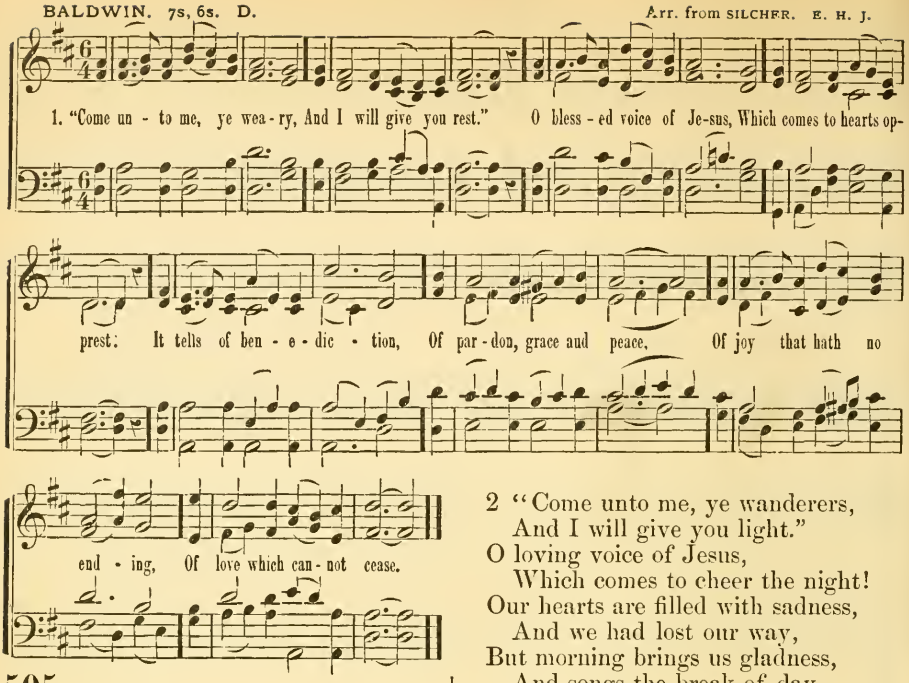
1 Had I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given
On which to place my hopes of heaven,
But Christ, the corner-stone.

2 Possessing Christ, I all possess,
Wisdom and strength and righteousness,
And holiness complete;
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

3 There is no path to heavenly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road:
O may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice and praise and pray,
Till we sit down with God.

WYOMING. C. P. M. T. E. PEPKINS.





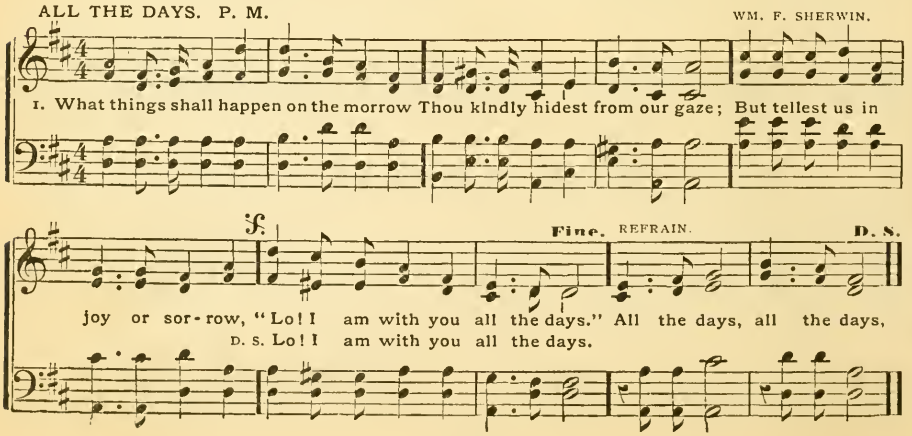
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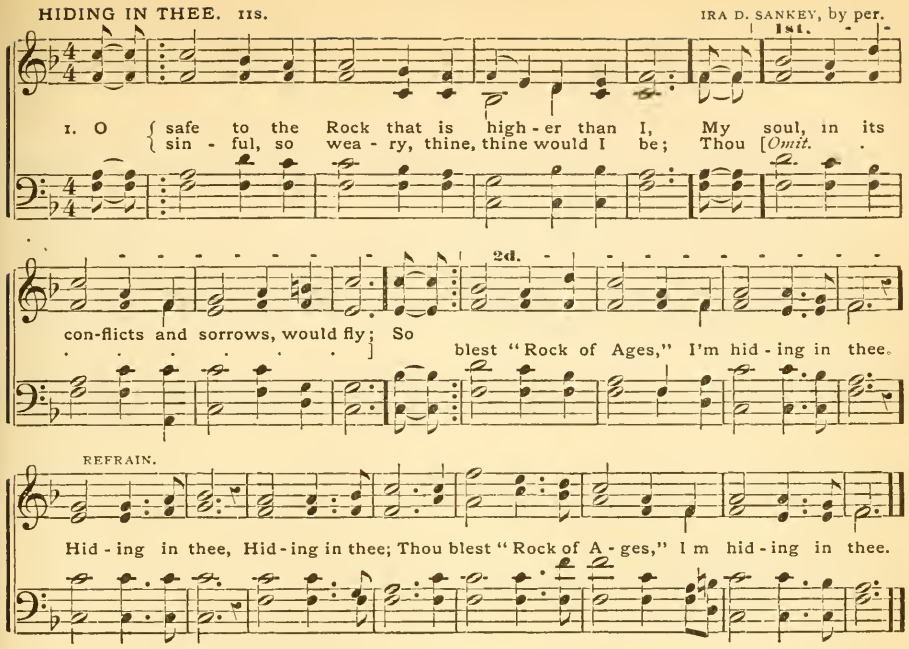
W. C. DIX. 1867.

1 "Come unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that can not cease.

2 "Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts are filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!—
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee!





506

W. O. CUSHING.

1 O safe to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul, in its conflicts and sorrows, would fly;
So sinful, so weary, thine, thine would I be,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

REF.—Hiding in thee, hiding in thee,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee;

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe!
How often when trials, like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in thee, O thou Rock of my soul!

507

P. M. ABRAHAM COLES. 1875.

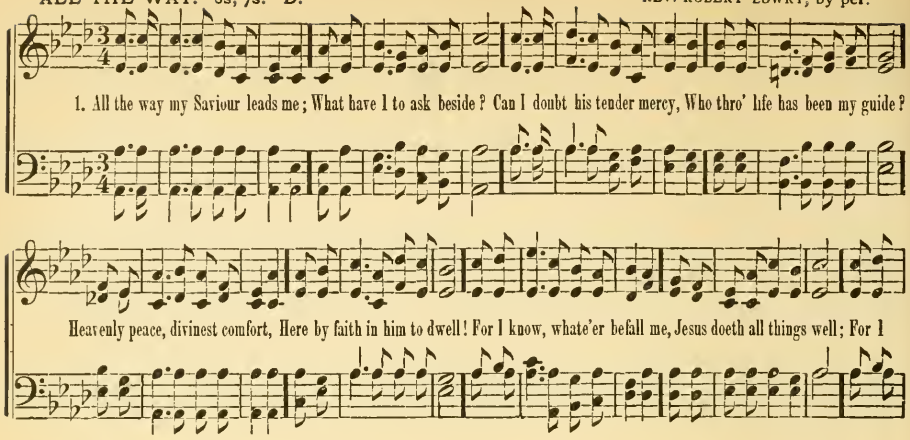
1 What things shall happen on the morrow
Thou kindly hidest from our gaze;
But tellest us, in joy or sorrow,
"Lo! I am with you all the days."

REF.—All the days, all the days,
Lo! I am with you all the days.

2 When round our head the tempest rages,
And sink our feet in miry ways,
Thy voice comes floating down the ages,
"Lo! I am with you all the days."

3 O thou who art our life and meetness!
Not death shall daunt us or amaze,
Hearing those words of power and sweetness,
"Lo! I am with you all the days."

ALL THE WAY. 8s, 7s. D. REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



508
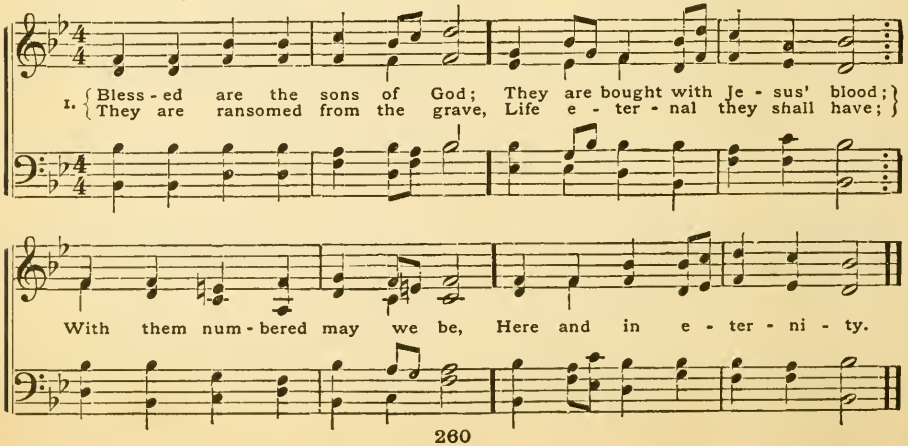
F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1882.

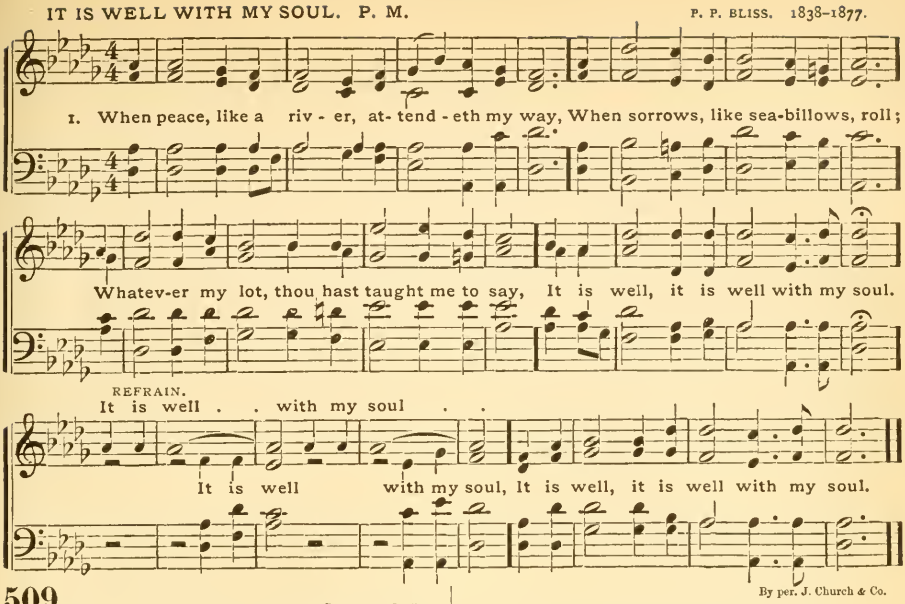
1 All the way my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt his tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in him to dwell!
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

2 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
O the fullness of his love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.
When my spirit, clothed, immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines. C. H. A. MALAN. 1787–1864.





By per. J. Church & Co.

509

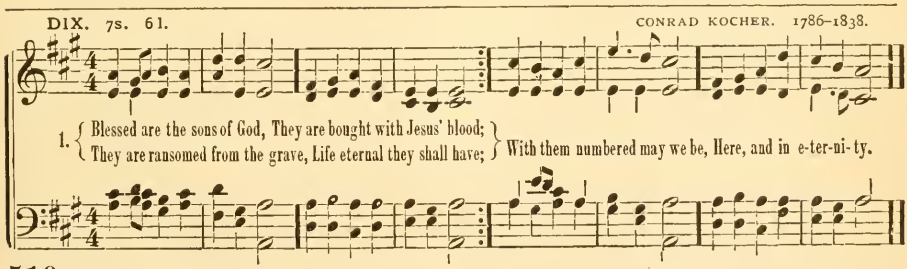
H. G. SPAFFORD.

1 When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

REF.—It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—O the bliss of this glorious thought!—
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to his cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!



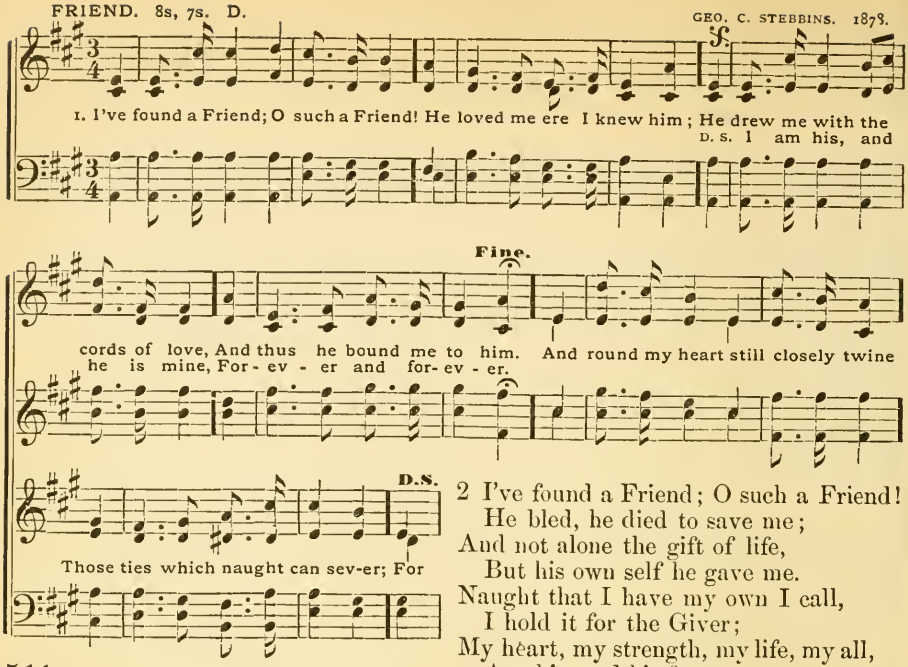
510

JOSEPH HUMPHREYS. 1743.

1 Blessed are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have;
With them numbered may we be
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.



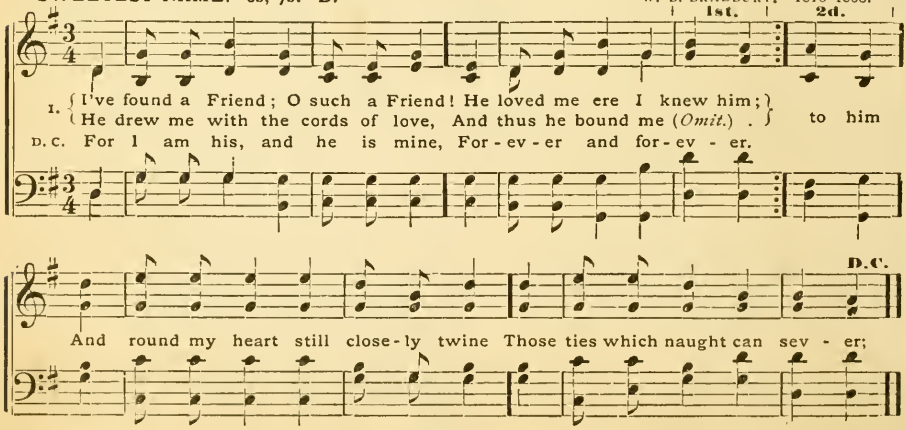
2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, he died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self he gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are his, and his forever.

511

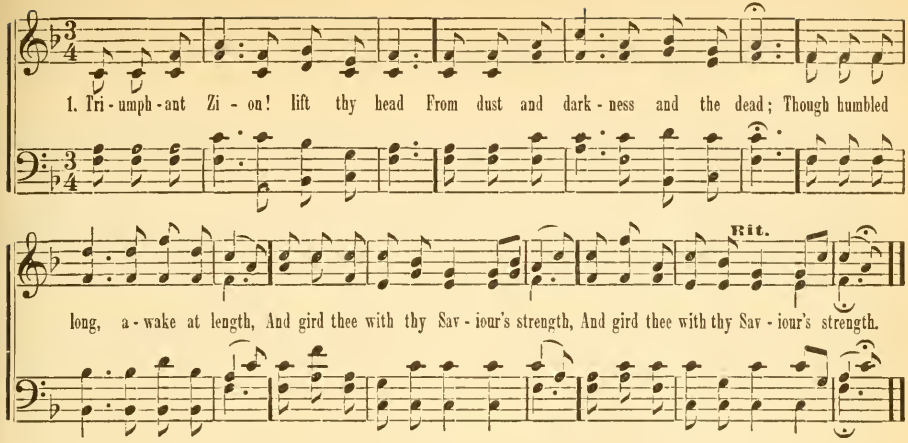
UNKNOWN.

1 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to him.
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever;
For I am his, and he is mine,
Forever and forever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender;
So wise a Counselor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No; I am his forever.



ANVERN. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



512

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1775.

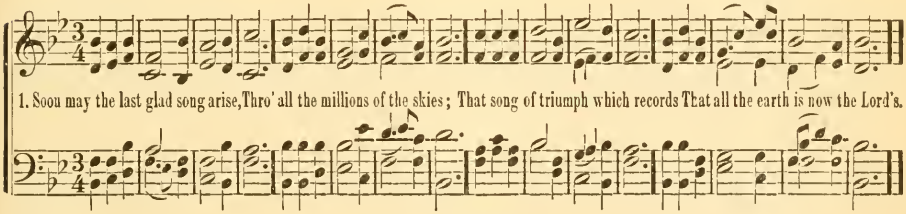
1 Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

MENDON. L. M. GERMAN. 1822.



513

MRS. VOKE. 1810.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land and stream and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

514
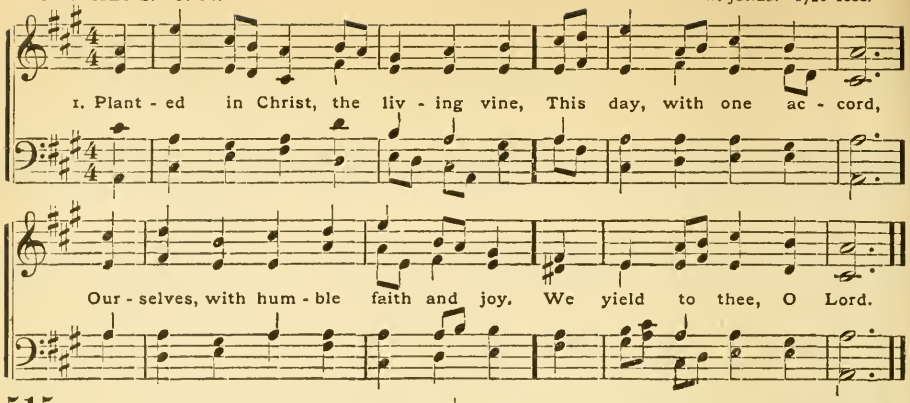
W. SHRUBSOLE, JR. 1795.

1 Zion, awake, thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let th' admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
And shall admire and love thee too;—
They come, like clouds across the sky,
As doves that to their windows fly.

STEPHENS. C. M. W. JONES. 1726–1800.



515

S. F. SMITH. 1843.
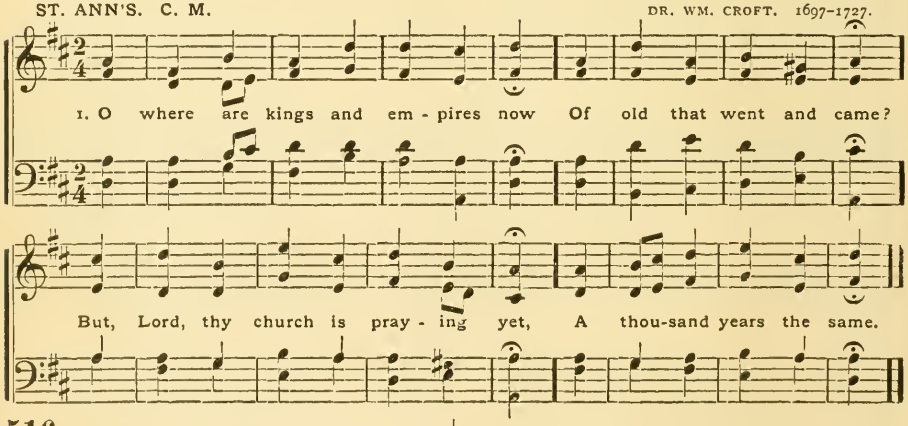
1 Planted in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. DR. WM. CROFT. 1697–1727.



516

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE. 1838.

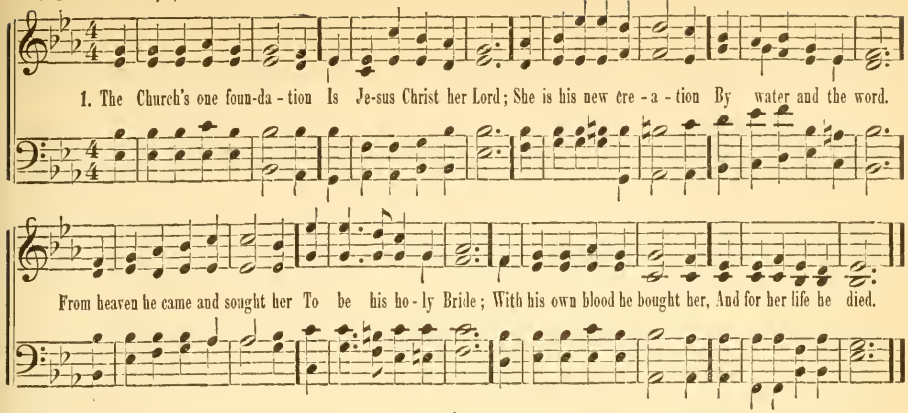
1 O where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad.

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D. DR. S. S. WESLEY. 1810–1876.



517

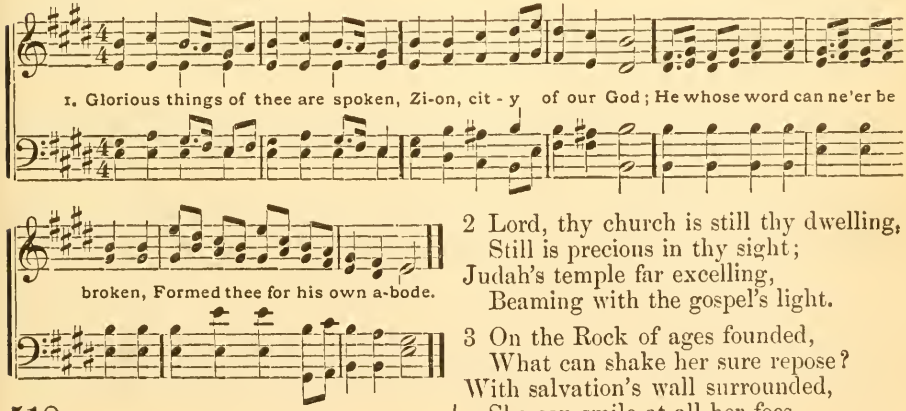
SAMUEL J. STONE. 1865.

1 The church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy Bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest:
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "how long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious,
Shall be the church at rest.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s. SICILIAN MELODY.



518

JOHN NEWTON 1779.

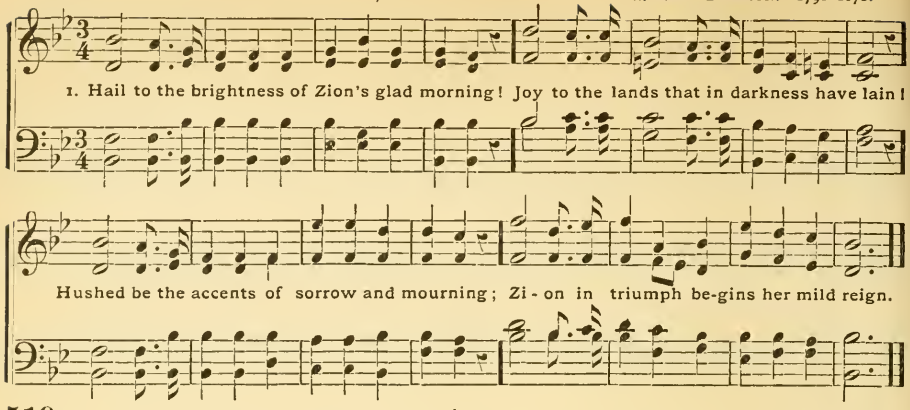
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

4 Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11s, 10s. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



519

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1830.

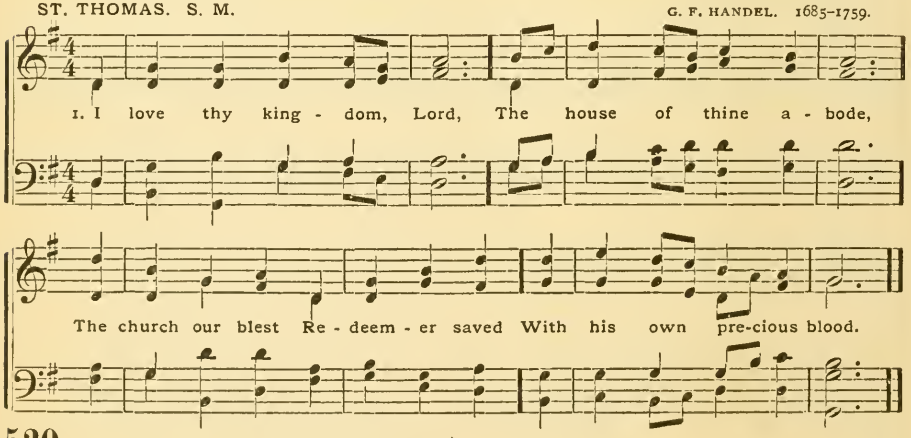
1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold!

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,—
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. G. F. HANDEL. 1685–1759.



520

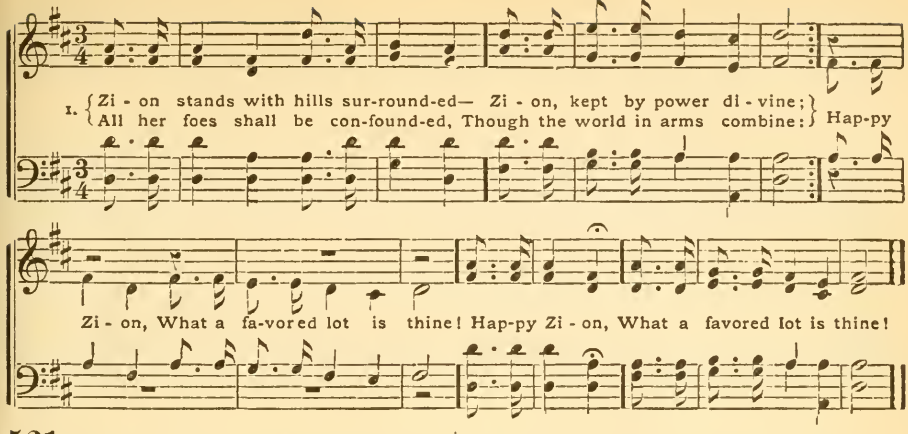
TIMOTHY DWIGHT. 1800.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

[See next page for remaining stanzas.

ZION. 8s, 7s, 4. DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1784–1873.



521

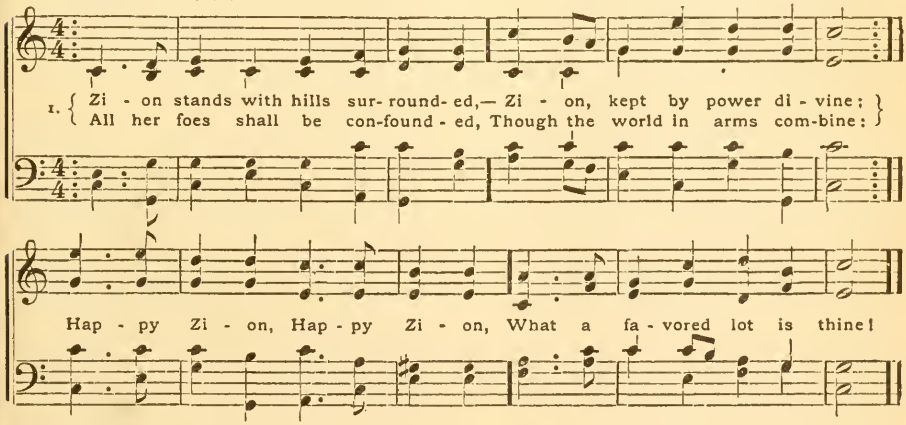
THOMAS KELLY. 1800.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

NEANDER. 8s, 7s, 4. REV. JOACHIM NEANDER. 1640–1681.

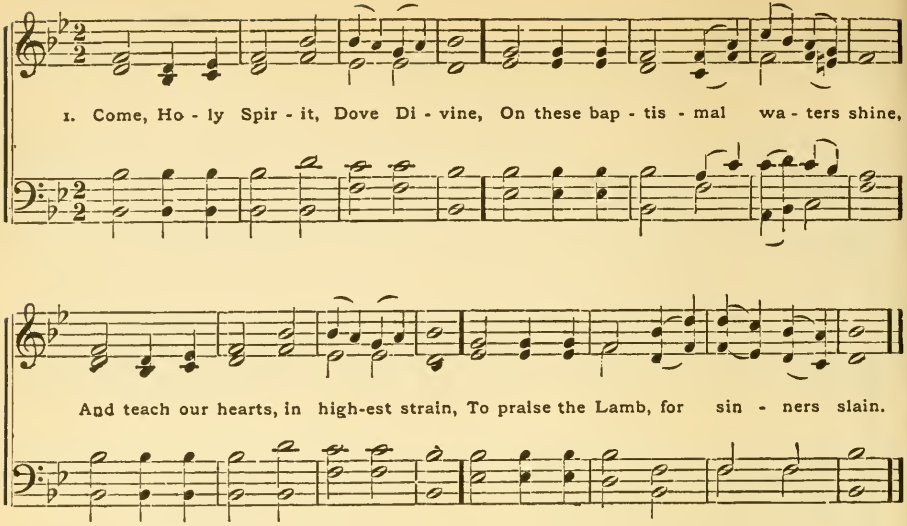


3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

ERNAN. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



522

ADONIRAM JUDSON. 1788–1850.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
O bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

523

S. F. SMITH. 1850.

1 How blest the hour when first we gave
Our guilty souls to thee, O God!
A cheerful sacrifice of love,
Bought with the Saviour's precious blood.

2 How blest the vow we here record!
How blest the grace we now receive!
Buried in baptism with our Lord,
New lives of holiness to live.

3 How blest the solemn rite that seals
Our death to sin, our guilt forgiven!
How blest the emblem that reveals
God reconciled, and peace with heaven!

4 Thus through the emblematic grave
The glorious, suffering Saviour trod;
Thou art our pattern, through the wave
We follow thee, blest Son of God.

524

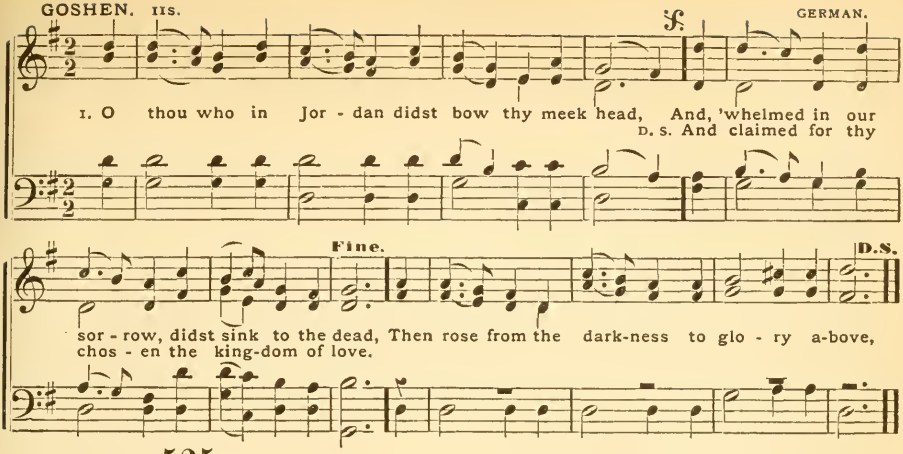
THOMAS BALDWIN. 1819.

1 Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in a humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Immersed by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name;
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him:
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.



525

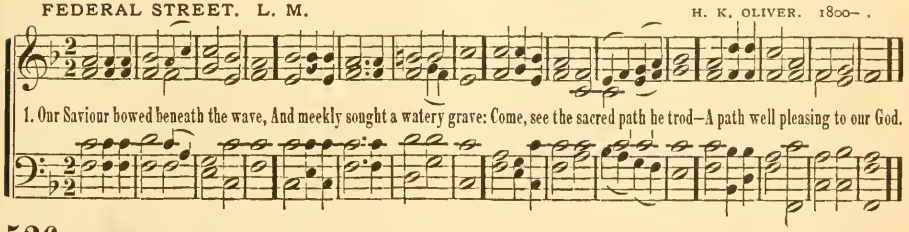
GEORGE W. BETHUNE. 1857

1 O thou who in Jordan didst bow thy meek head,
And, 'whelmed in our sorrow, didst sink to the dead,
Then rose from the darkness to glory above,
And claimed for thy chosen the kingdom of love;

2 Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the tide,
And are buried with thee in the death thou hast died;
Then wake in thy likeness to walk in the way
That brightens and brightens to shadowless day.

3 O Jesus, our Saviour, O Jesus, our Lord,
By the life of thy passion, the grace of thy word,
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep, by thy Spirit, our spirits from sin;

4 Till, crowned with thy glory, and waving the palm,
Our garments all white from the blood of the Lamb,
We join the bright millions of saints gone before,
And bless thee, and wonder, and praise evermore.



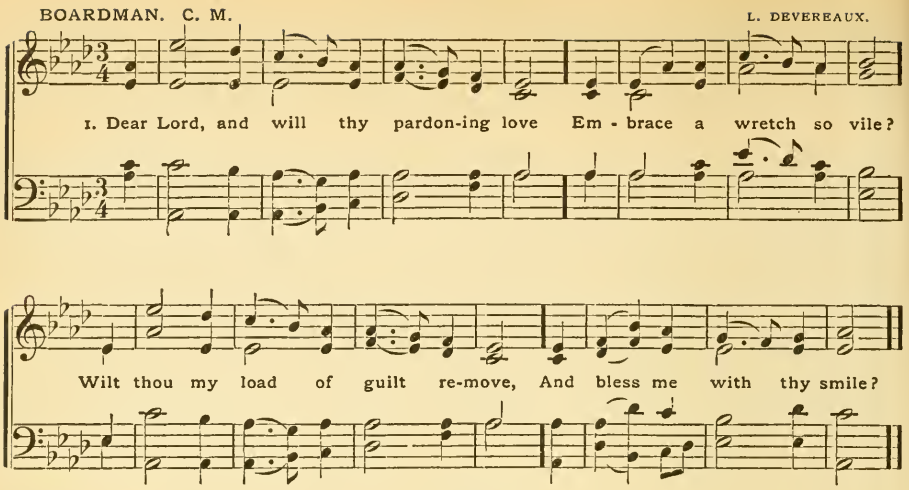
526

ADONIRAM JUDSON. 1788–1850.

1 Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave:
Come, see the sacred path he trod—
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.



527

JOHN FELLOWS. 1773.

1 Dear Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

528

ENGLISH BAPTIST COLLECTION.

1 O Lord, we in thy footsteps tread,
With joy thy cause maintain;
Like Jesus numbered with the dead,
Like him we rise and reign.

2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We're buried with the Lord.

3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in;
O may we rise to live anew,
And only die to sin!

529

MARIA GRACE SAFFERY. 1818.

1 'Tis God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.

2 The Father owned him; let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As, in the image of his death,
We own our heavenly Friend.

3 We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path he trod:
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God.

4 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

530

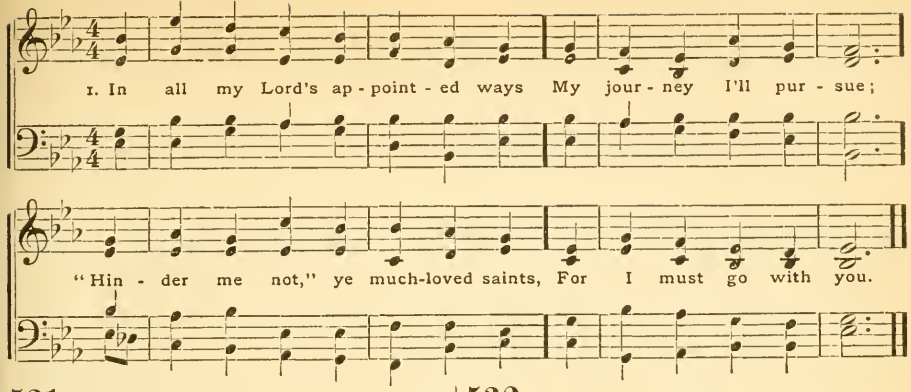
S. F. SMITH. 1832.

1 While in this sacred rite of thine,
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

2 All glory be to him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the Spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

ST. PETER'S. C. M. A. R. REINAGLE. 1799–1877.



531

JOHN RYLAND. 1773.

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not;" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

532

S. F. SMITH. 1832.
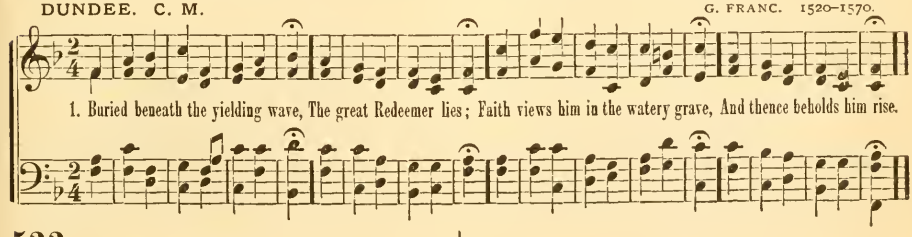
1 Meekly in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs;
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

DUNDEE. C. M. G. FRANC. 1520–1570.



533

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.

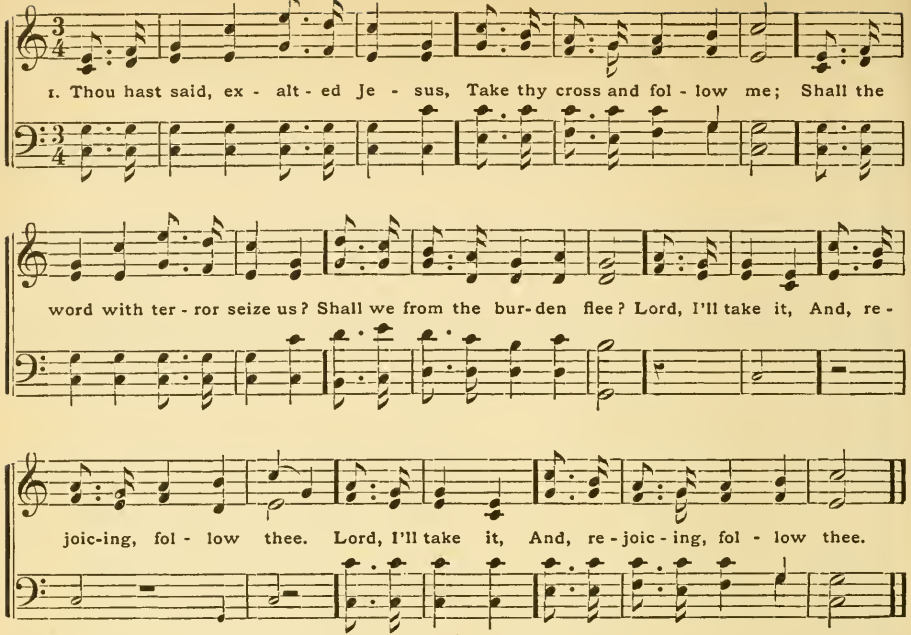
1 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day,
Their ardent zeal t'express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall be thy praise.

DISCIPLE. 8s, 7s, 4.



534

JOHN E. GILES. 1837.

1 Thou hast said, exalted Jesus,
Take thy cross and follow me;
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No; I'll enter:
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

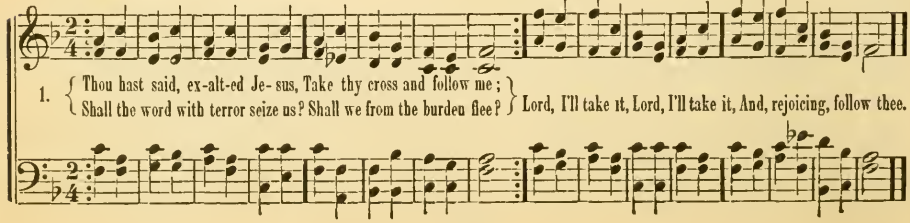
3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee:
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

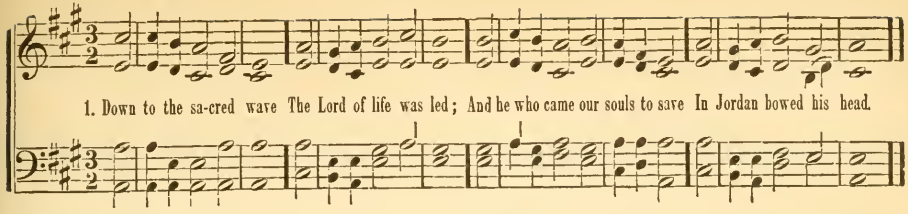
5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s.

D. BORTNIANSKY. 1751–1825.



STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.



535

S. F. SMITH. 1843.

1 Down to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

536

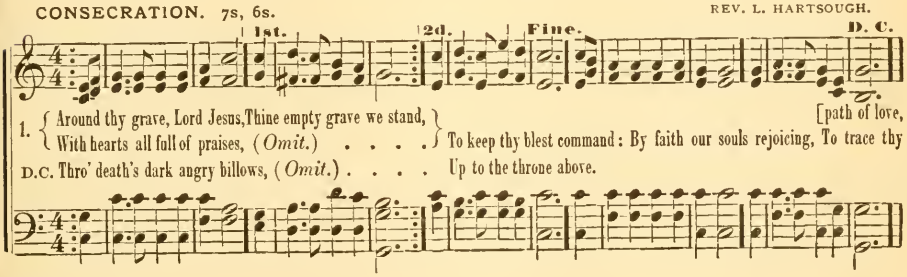
S. F. SMITH. 1843.

1 With willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
O may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

CONSECRATION. 7s, 6s. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



537

JAMES G. DECK. 1845.

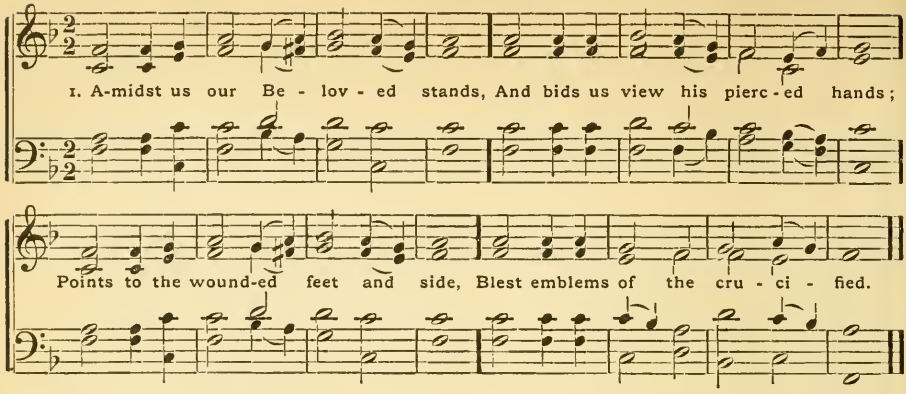
1 Around thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep thy blest command:
By faith our souls rejoicing,
To trace thy path of love,
Through death's dark angry billows,
Up to the throne above.

2 Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of thy soul,
When, in thy love's deep pity,
The waves did o'er thee roll:
Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us thy blood was shed;
For us the Lord of glory
Was numbered with the dead.

3 Lord, now thou art arisen,
Thy travail is all o'er,
For sin thou once hast suffered,
Thou livest to die no more;
Sin, death, and hell are vanquished,
By thee, thy church's Head;
And lo! we share thy triumphs,
Thou first-born from the dead.

4 Into thy death baptizéd,
We own with thee we died;
With thee, our life, are risen,
And in thee glorified;
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransomed by thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers
Alive with thee to God.

HAMBURG. L. M. Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON, from Gregorian. 1824.



538

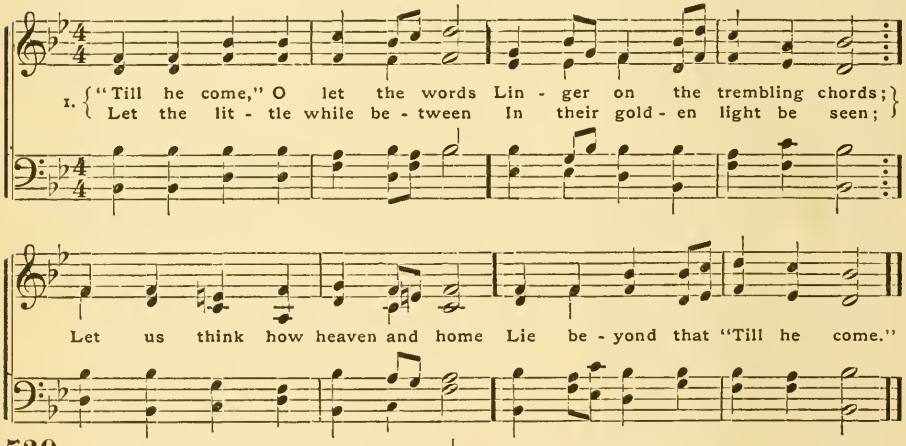
CHARLES H. SPURGEON. 1866.

1 Amidst us our Beloved stands,
And bids us view his pierced hands;
Points to the wounded feet and side,
Blest emblems of the crucified.

2 What food luxurious loads the board,
When at his table sits the Lord!
The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet!

3 If now, with eyes defiled and dim,
We see the signs, but see not him,
O may his love the scales displace,
And bid us see him face to face!

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines. DR. C. H. A. MALAN. 1787–1864.



539
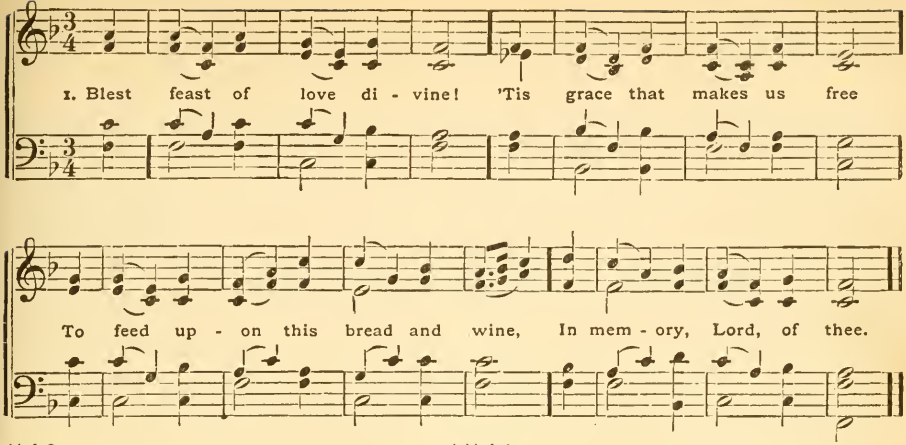
EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. 1866.

1 "Till he come," O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till he come."

2 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss;
Death and darkness and the tomb
Only whisper, "Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread:
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some:
Severed only "Till he come."

DENNIS. S. M. H. G. NAGELI. 1768–1836.



540

SIR EDWARD DENNY. 1839.

1 Blest feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.

2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within
That we are loved by thee.

3 O, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet?

541
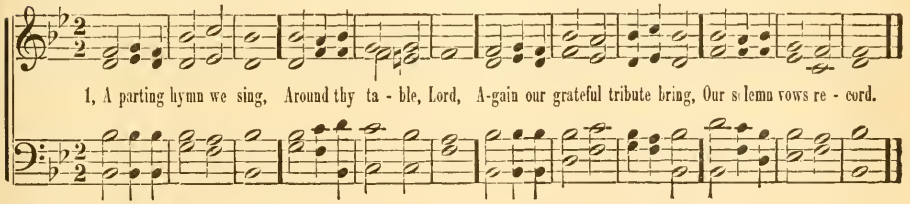
ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr. from Gregorian, by DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



542

AARON ROBERT WOLFE. 1821.

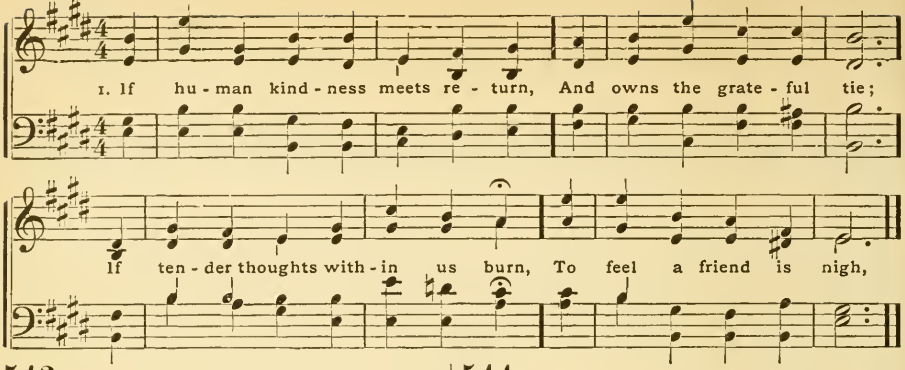
1 A parting hymn we sing,
Around thy table, Lord,
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here,
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood,—
By sin no longer led,—
The path our dear Redeemer trod,
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetful love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above
And know as we are known.

ADVENT. C. M. J. B. CALKIN. 1827.



543 GERARD T. NOEL. 1813.

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

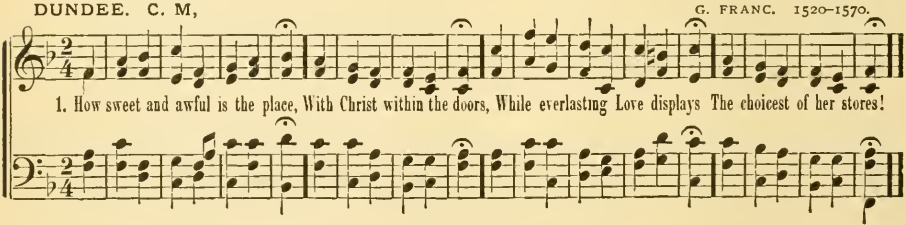
544 SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

1 Here at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
O what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Sure, there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour,—so divine;
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

DUNDEE. C. M, G. FRANC. 1520–1570.



545 ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

2 While all our hearts and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

4 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

546 ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

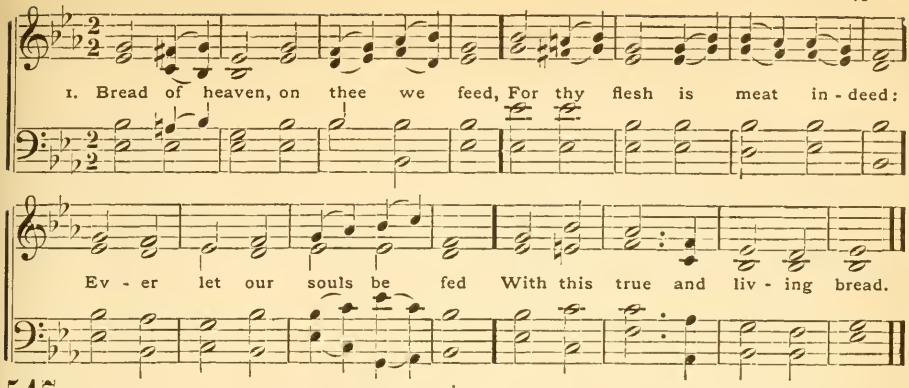
1 To him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God,—

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HOLLEY, 7s. G. HEWS. 1806–1873.



547

JOSIAH CONDER. 1824.

1 Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

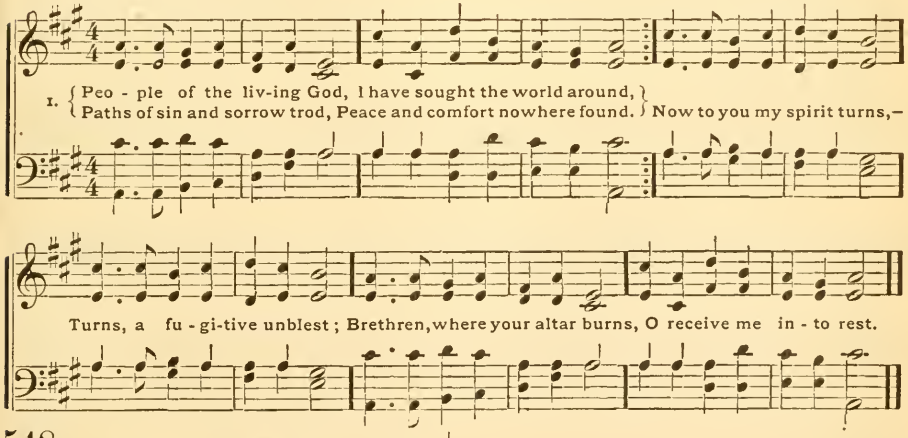
2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day, with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built in thee!

DOXOLOGY.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D. SPANISH MELODY.
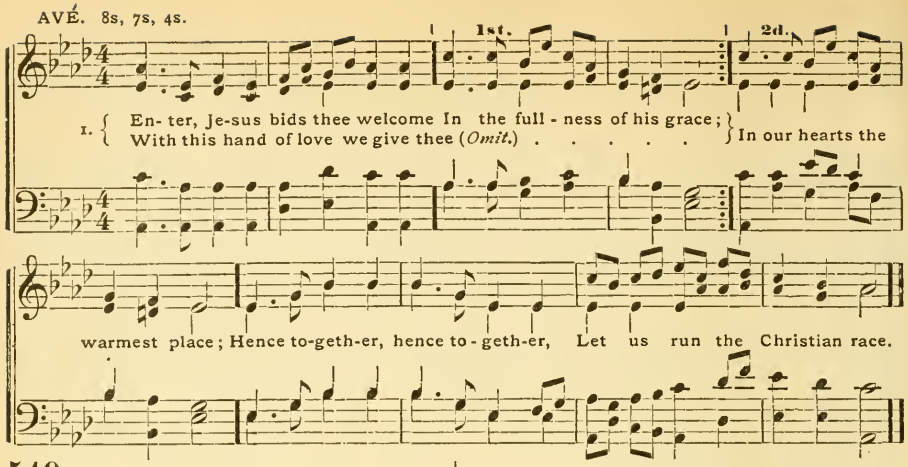


548

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825

1 People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.



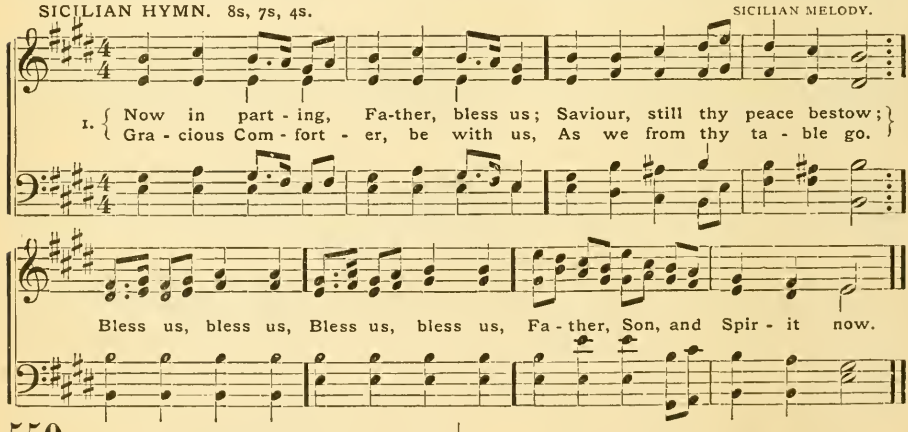
549

SIDNEY DYER. 1883.

1 Enter, Jesus bids thee welcome
In the fullness of his grace;
With this hand of love we give thee
In our hearts the warmest place:
Hence together
Let us run the Christian race.

2 Trials hard may oft beset thee,
Crosses fill the path you trace,
But a victor's palm awaits thee;
Slacken not thy heavenward pace:
Firm together
Let us run the Christian race.

3 Welcome then to joys and sorrows,
Every foe and danger face;
God is with us, we shall triumph,—
Hallelujah to his grace!
O what glory
Crowns the blessed Christian race!



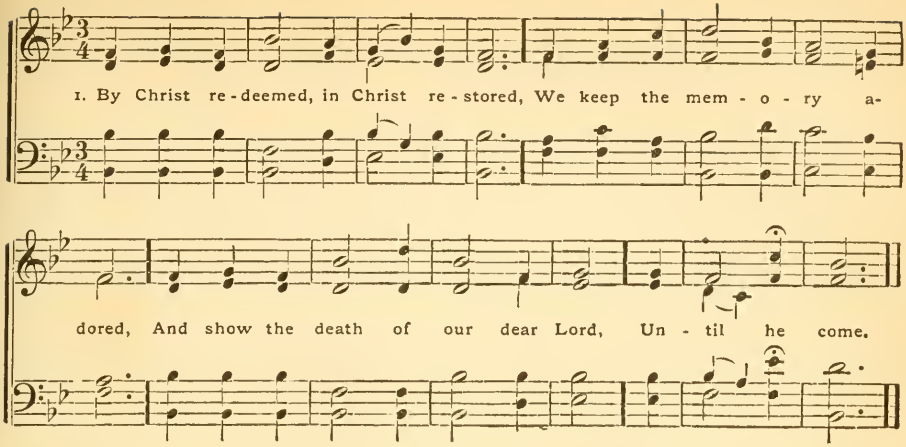
550

HORATIUS BONAR. 1808—.

1 Now in parting, Father, bless us;
Saviour, still thy peace bestow;
Gracious Comforter, be with us,
As we from thy table go:
Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son, and Spirit now.

2 Bless us here, while still as strangers,
Onward to our home we move;
Bless us with eternal blessings,
In our Father's house above:
Ever, ever,
Dwelling in the light of love.

TOKEN. 8s, 4s. W. H. DOANE.



551

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

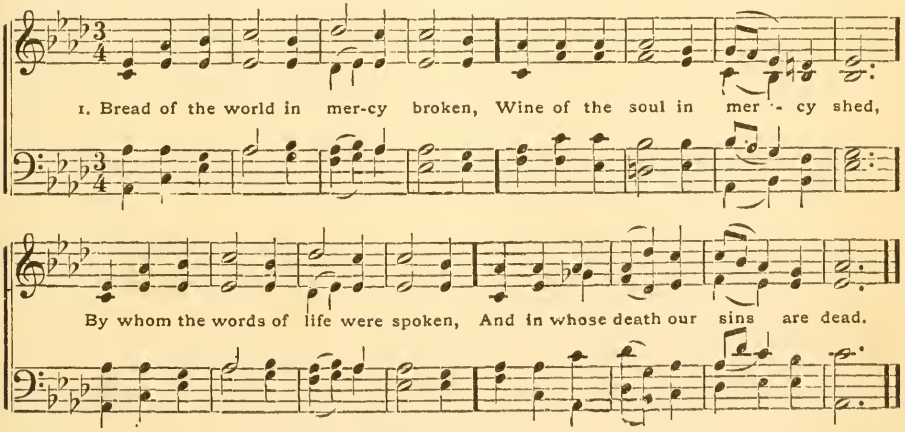
1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored.
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until he come.

2 His body broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

4 O blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until he come.

ZWINGLI. 9s, 8s. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.



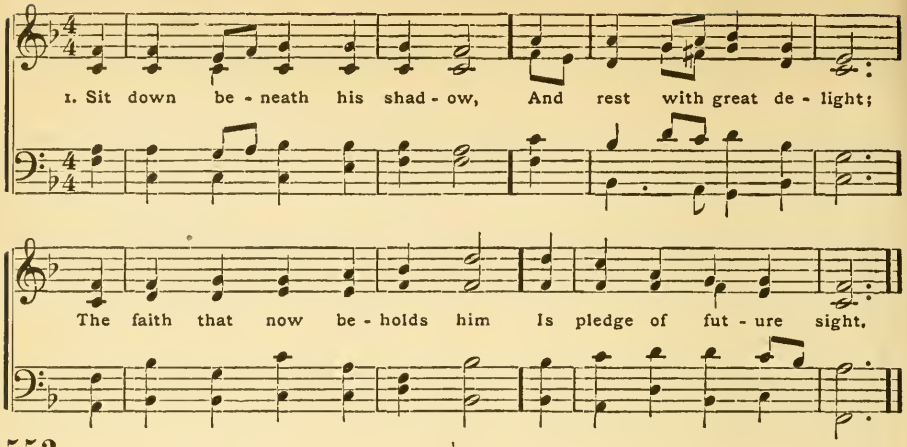
552

REGINALD HEBER. 1820.

1 Bread of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

CHICHESTER. 7s, 6s. Parish Hymnal.



553

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1836-1879.

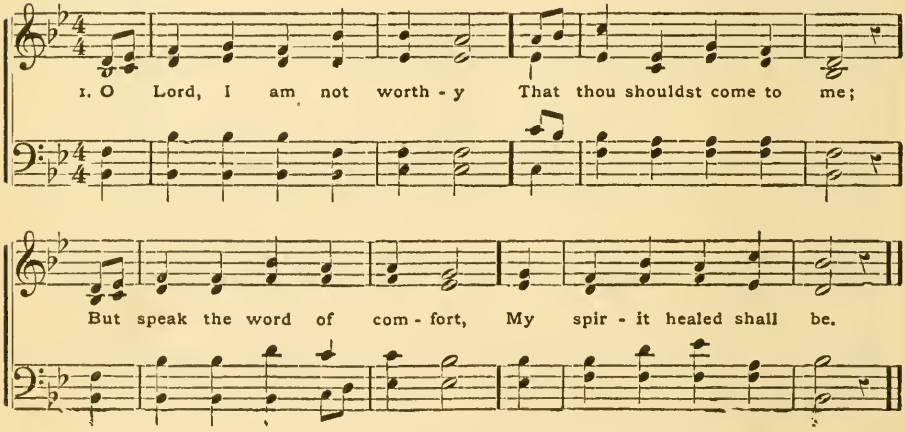
1 Sit down beneath his shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds him
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For he remembers thee.

3 A little while though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until he comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

4 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold his beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed.

AULÉ. 7s, 6s. Arr. from Old Melody by E. H. J.



554

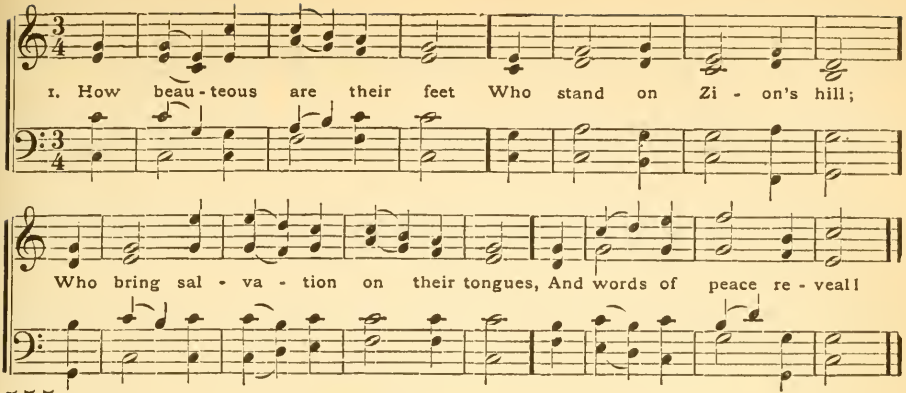
ANON.

1 O Lord, I am not worthy
That thou shouldst come to me;
But speak the word of comfort,
My spirit healed shall be.

2 And humbly I'll receive thee,
The Bridegroom of my soul,
No more by sin to grieve thee,
Or fly thy sweet control.

FERGUSON. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY. 1811.



555

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

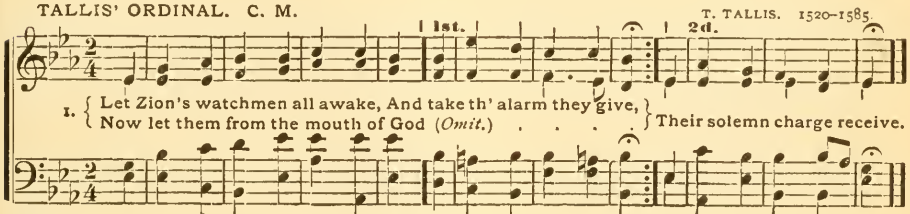
2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

4 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

TALLIS' ORDINAL. C. M.

T. TALLIS. 1520–1585.



556

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1736

1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

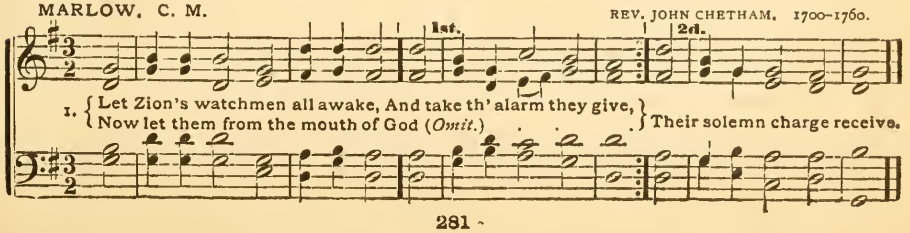
2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,—
For souls, which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

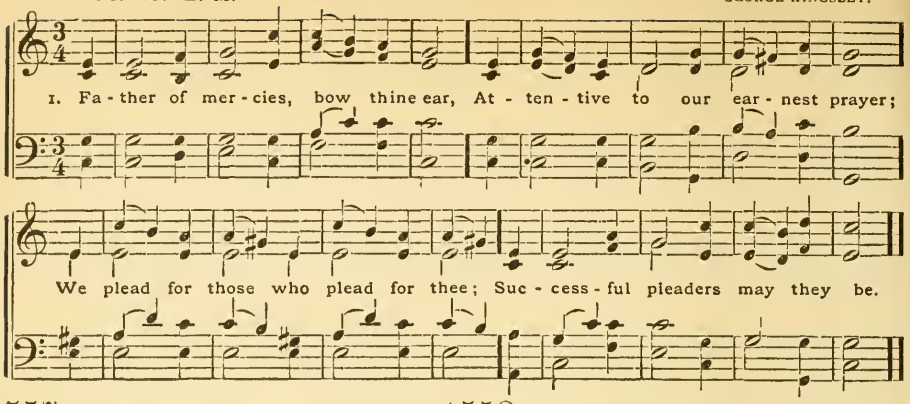
MARLOW. C. M.

REV. JOHN CHETHAM. 1700–1760.



KINGSLEY. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



557

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.

1 Father of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 O clothe with energy divine
Their words; and let those words be thine.
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,—
And thus reward their toil and pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

558

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

1 We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head:
Come as a servant: so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.
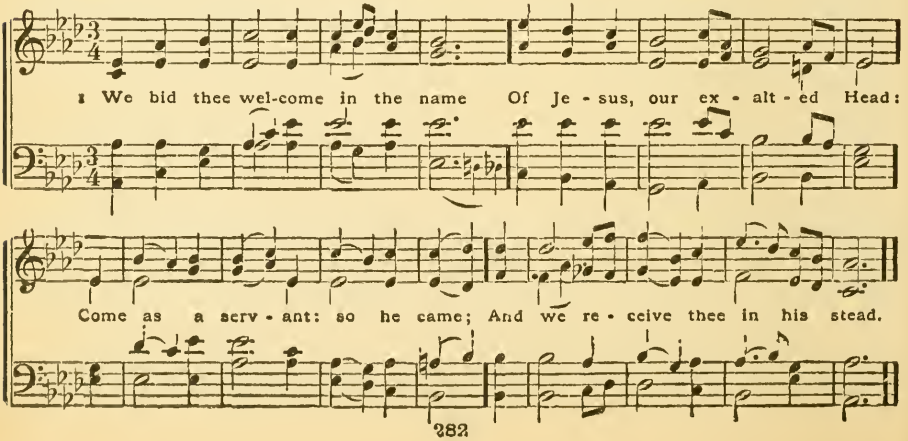
2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

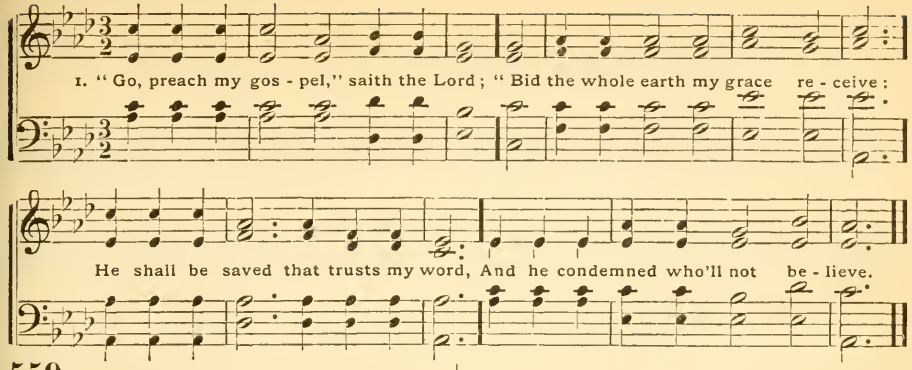
4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

ETHELBERG. L. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN. 1770–1827.



MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. H. C. ZEUNER. 1795–1857.



559

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

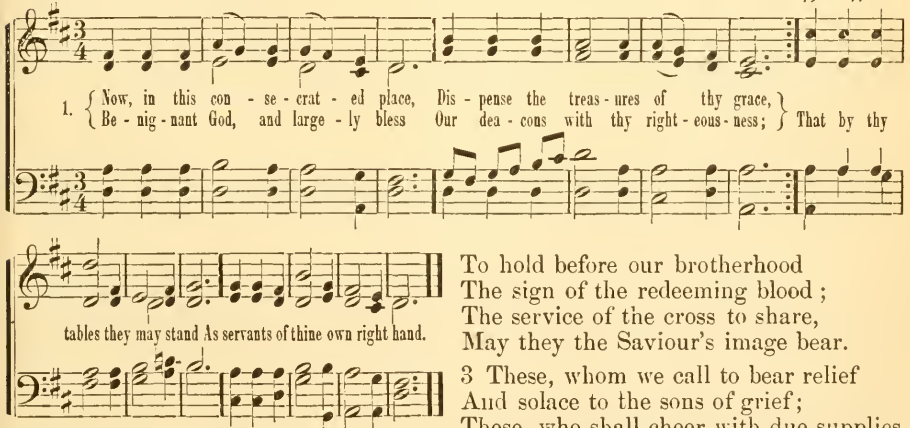
1 "Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned who'll not believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands:
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

WAVERTREE. L. M. 6 l. W. SHORE. 1791–1877.



560

REV. EDWIN T. WINKLER. 1823—.

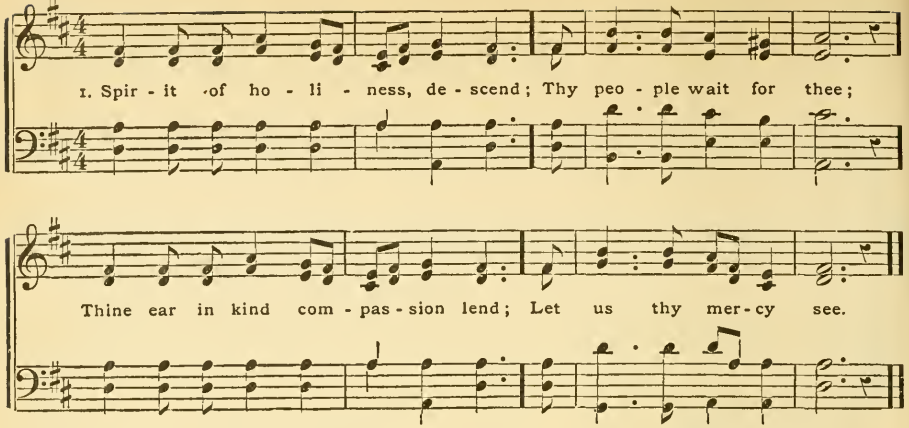
1 Now, in this consecrated place,
Dispense the treasures of thy grace,
Benignant God, and largely bless
Our deacons with thy righteousness;
That by thy tables they may stand
As servants of thine own right hand.

2 These, by their office, called to see
The body broken on the tree,—
To hold before our brotherhood
The sign of the redeeming blood;
The service of the cross to share,
May they the Saviour's image bear.

3 These, whom we call to bear relief
And solace to the sons of grief;
These, who shall cheer with due supplies
And free and friendly ministries
Our pastor, O thyself uphold,
Thou greater Shepherd of the fold.

4 With heavenly zeal and wisdom fed
Be they who bear the sacred bread;
With generous pleasure may they glow,
Who meet the wants and share the woe;
And thee, at last, O Saviour, see,
And spread the marriage-feast for thee.

NAOMI. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



561

S. F. SMITH. 1832.

1 Spirit of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for thee;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend;
Let us thy mercy see.
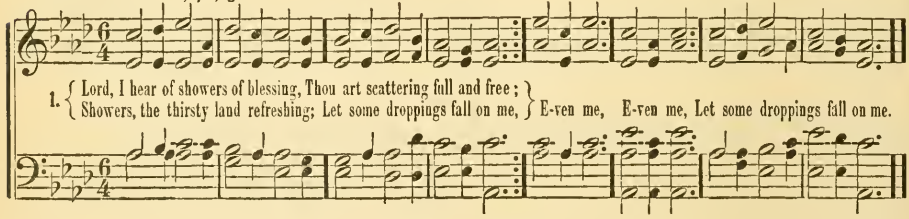
2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
O bid thy light arise!

3 Thy light that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone,—
Alone thy people be.

4 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for thine abode,
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,—for we wait thy power divine,—
Let us thy mercy share.

EVEN ME. 8s, 7s, 3s. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



562

ELIZABETH CODNER. 1860.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.—REF.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.—REF.

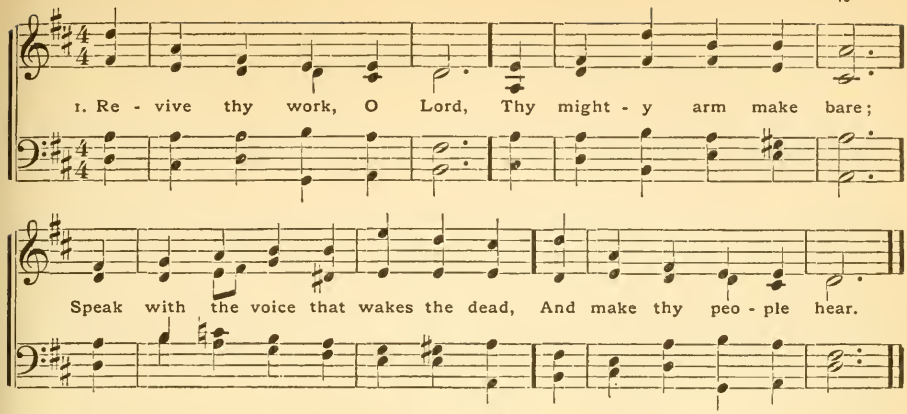
3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me!—REF.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me.—REF.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify it all in me.—REF.

PENTECOST. S. M.

H. G. TREMBATH. 1845—.



563

ALBERT MIDLANE. 1860.

1 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for thee,
And hungering for the bread of life,
O may our spirits be!

3 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers,
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

564

PHŒBE HINSDALE BROWN. 1824.

1 O Lord, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.
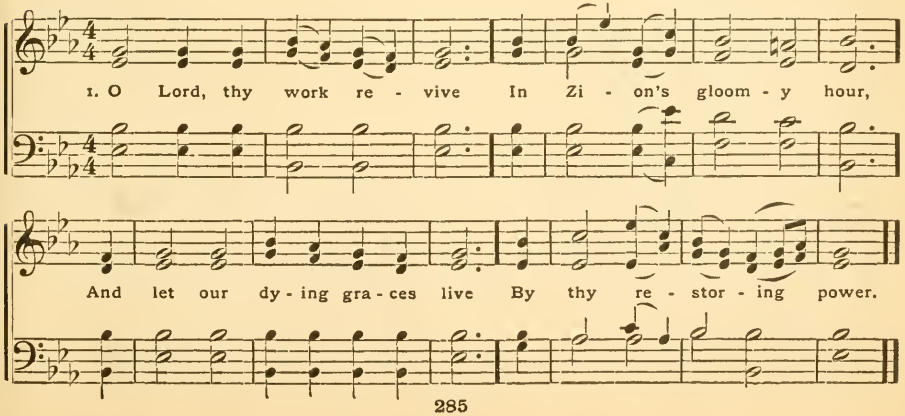
2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their sacred vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

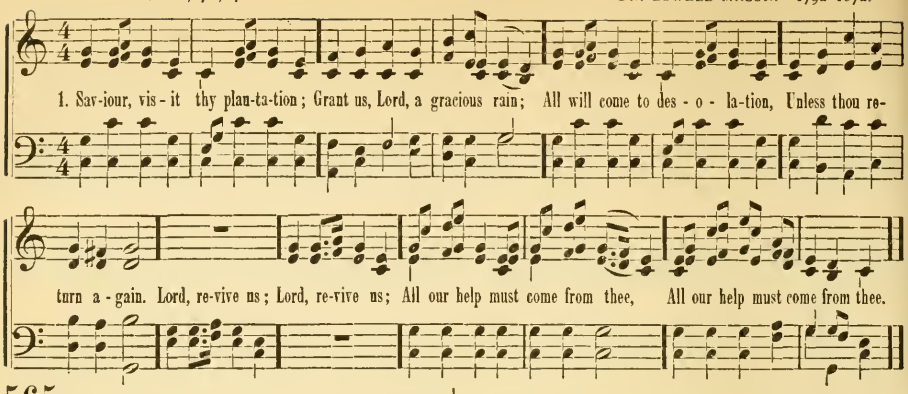
4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
O come and bring salvation near,
Our souls on thee rely.

OZREM. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY. 1819–1858.



OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



565

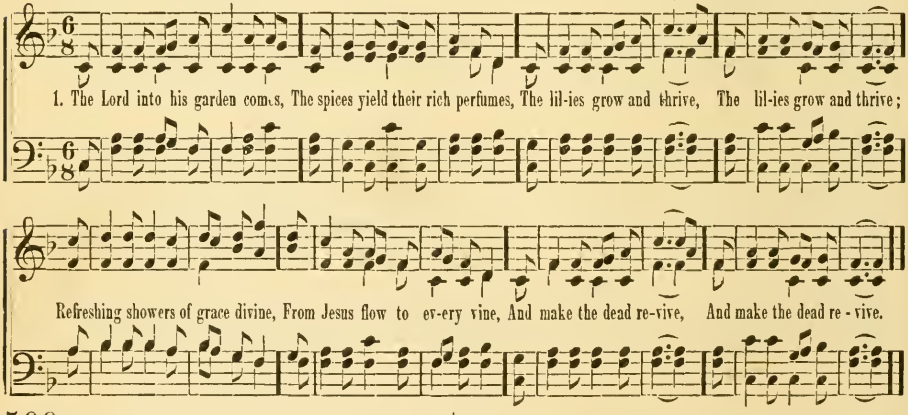
JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 Saviour, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us; etc.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us; etc.

GARDEN. C. P. M. J. INGALLS. 1764–1828.



566

ANON.

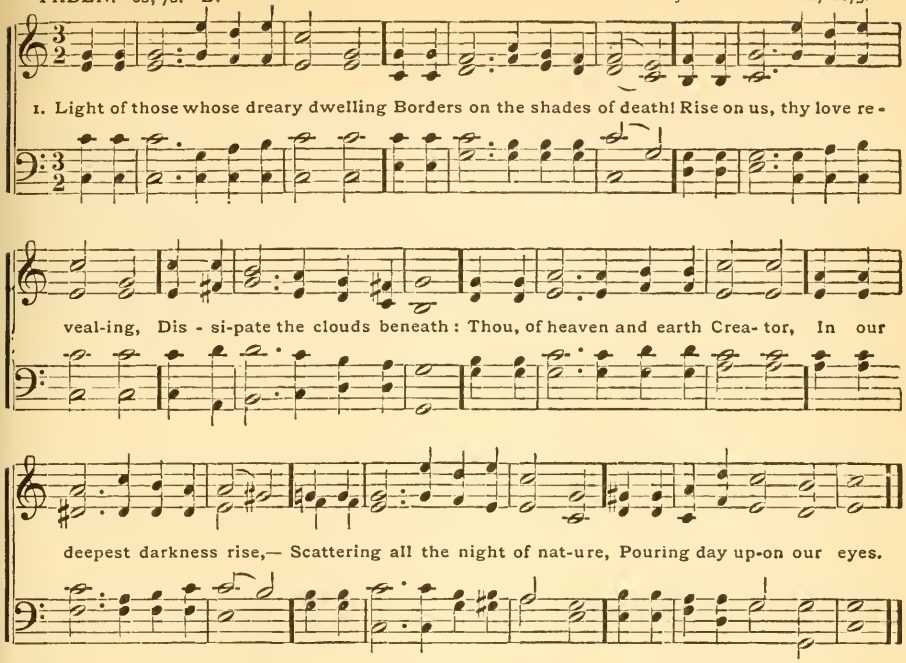
1 The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,—
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,—
My soul a witness is:
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me:
Who come to Christ may live.

FABEN. 8s, 7s. D.

J. H. WILCOX. 1827–1875.



567

CHARLES WESLEY. 1744.

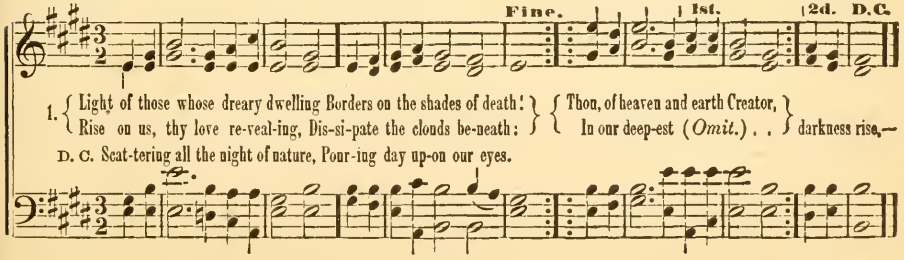
1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart:
Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

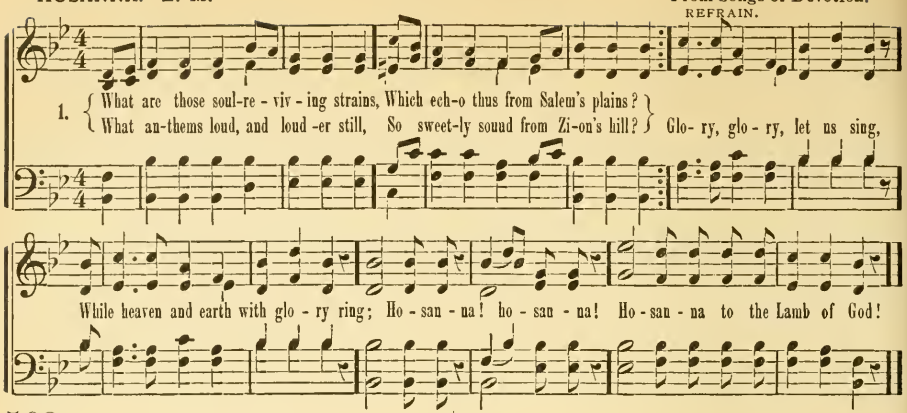
LOVE DIVINE. 8s, 7s. D.

Arr. from Gregorian.



HOSANNA. L. M.

From Songs of Devotion.



568

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771-1854.

1 What are those soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?—REF.

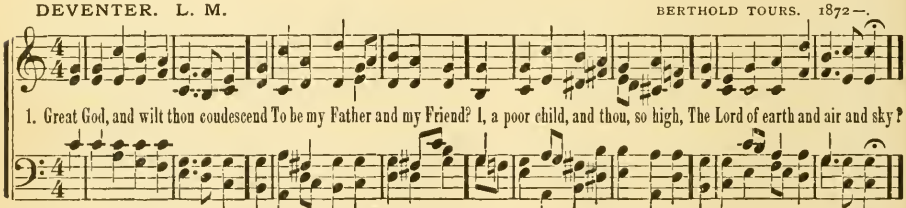
2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.—REF.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still, Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.—REF.

4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.—REF.

DEVENTER. L. M.

BERTHOLD TOURS. 1872—.



569

ANN TAYLOR GILBERT. 1809.

1 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and thou, so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky?

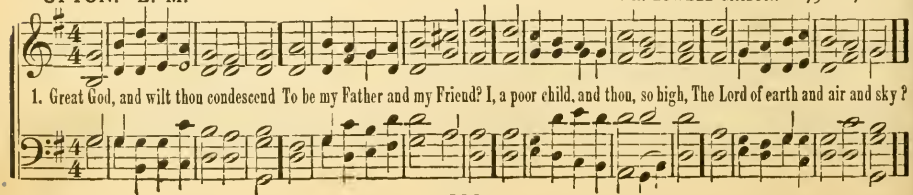
2 Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

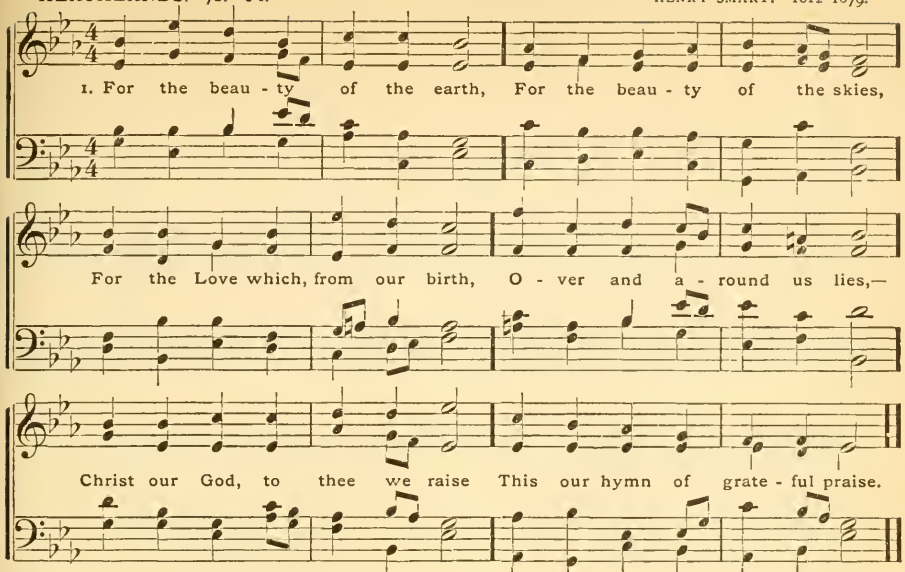
4 Art thou my Father? Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above. Amen.

UPTON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



HEATHLANDS. 7s. 6 l. HENRY SMART. 1812–1879.



570

F. S. PIERPONT. 1864.

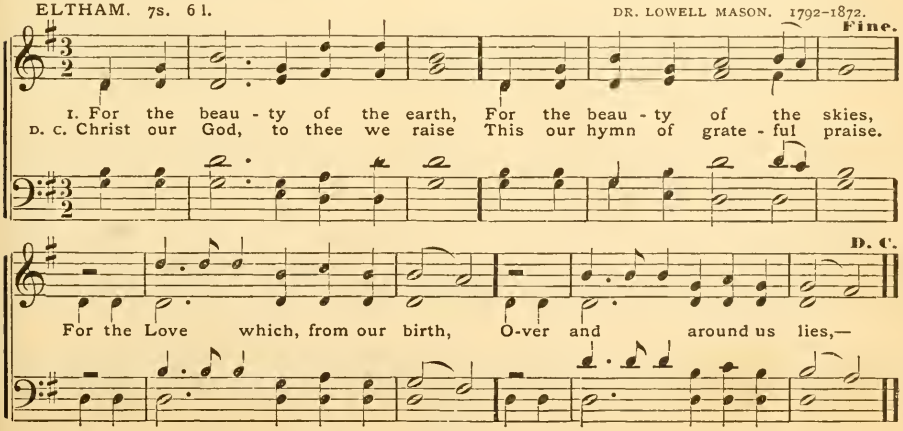
1 For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the Love, which from our birth,
Over and around us lies,—
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,—
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

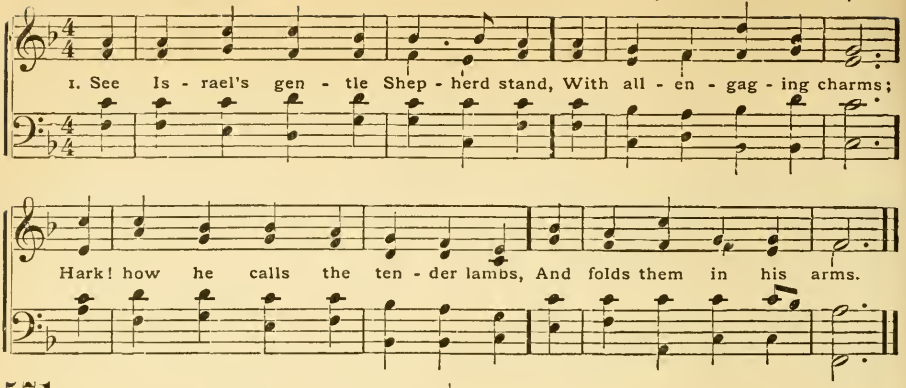
3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,—
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of thine,
Peace on earth and joy in heaven,—
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

ELTHAM. 7s. 6 l. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



SOUTHWOLD. C. M. DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT. 1806–1876.



571

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1725.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
With humble trust that we are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

572

REGINALD HEBER. 1827.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

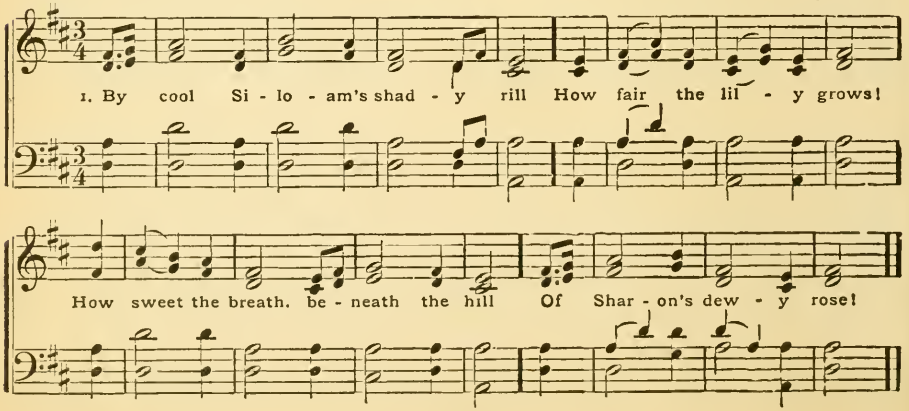
2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
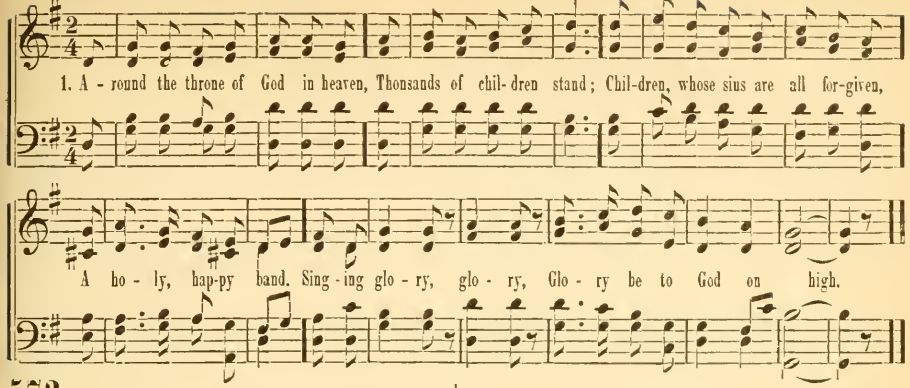
4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.

5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY. 1819–1858.



PATMOS. C. M. ENGLISH.



573

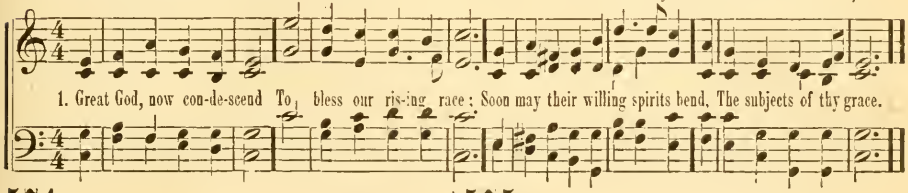
ANNE SHEPHERD. 1841.

1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,—
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

IGNATIUS. S. M. DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT. 1806–1876.



574

JOHN FELLOWS. 1773.

1 Great God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 O what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
The word of truth divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

575

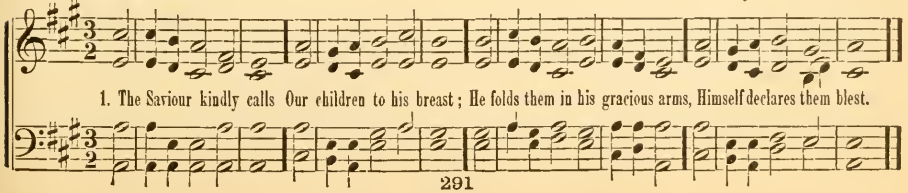
HENRY U. ONDERDONK. 1826.

1 The Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

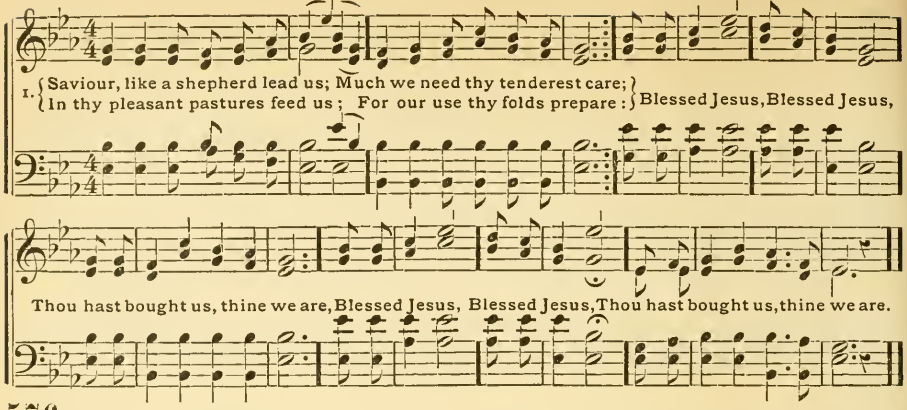
2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.



SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s, 4s. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



576

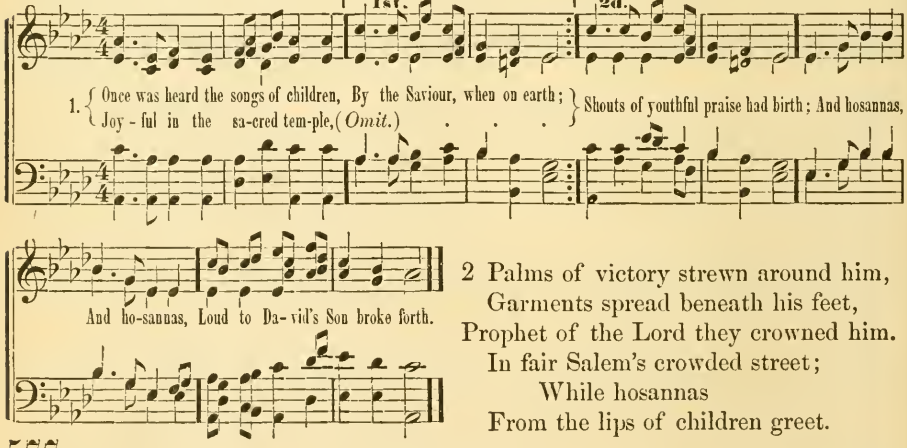
DOROTHY ANN THRUPP. 1838.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor;
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosom fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

AVÉ. 8s, 7s, 4s.



577

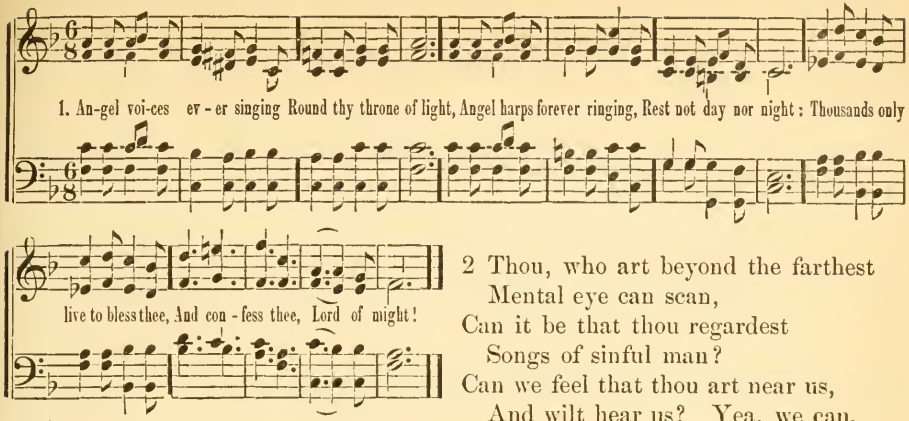
ANON. 1850.

1 Once was heard the song of children,
By the Saviour, when on earth;
Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth;
And hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him.
In fair Salem's crowded street;
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 God, o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring:
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

ANGEL VOICES. P. M. A. S. SULLIVAN.



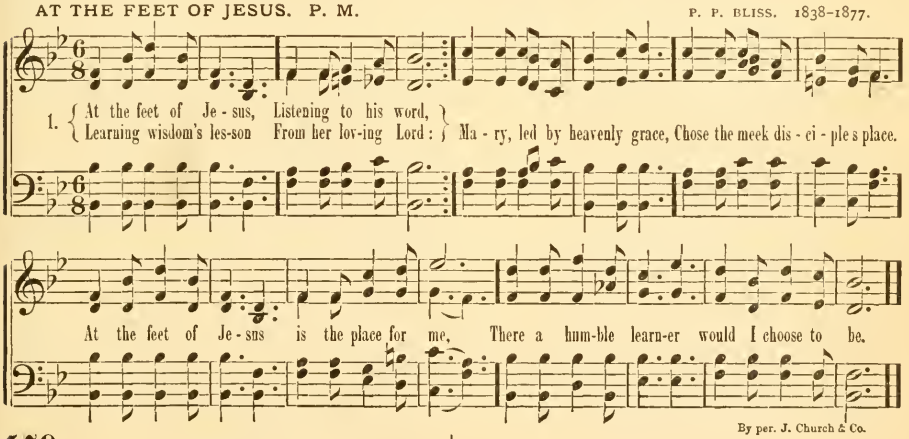
578 FRANCIS POTT. 1861.

1 Angel voices ever singing
Round thy throne of light,
Angel harps forever ringing,
Rest not day nor night:
Thousands only live to bless thee,
And confess thee, Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mental eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

AT THE FEET OF JESUS. P. M. P. P. BLISS. 1838–1877.



By per. J. Church & Co.

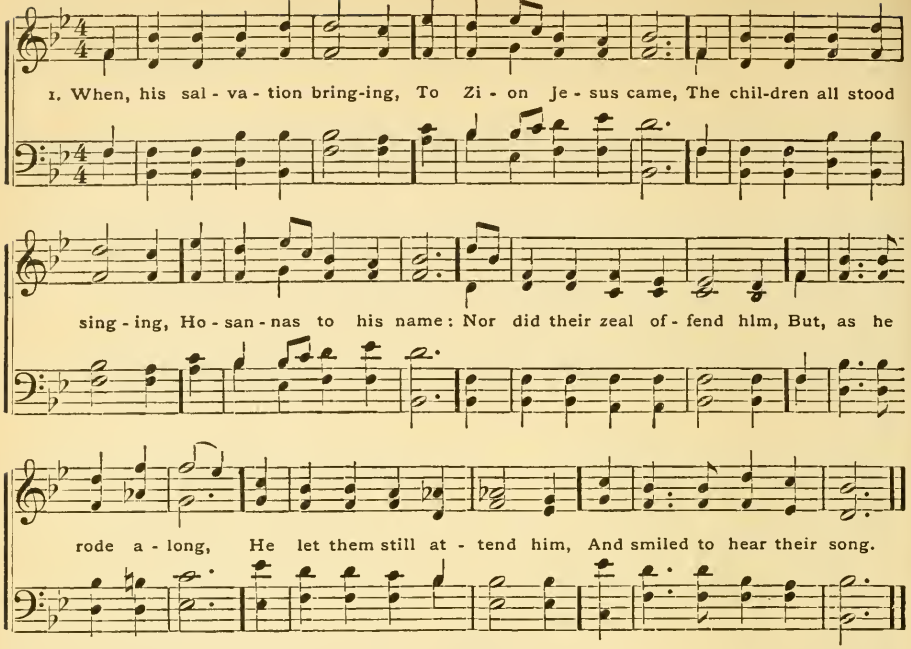
579 PHILIP P. BLISS. 1838–1877.

1 At the feet of Jesus, Listening to his word,
Learning wisdom's lesson From her loving Lord,
Mary, led by heavenly grace,
Chose the meek disciple's place.
At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,
There a humble learner would I choose to be.

2 At the feet of Jesus, Pouring perfume rare,
Mary did her Saviour For the grave prepare;
And from love the good work done,
She her Lord's approval won.
At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,
There in sweetest service would I ever be.

3 At the feet of Jesus In that morning hour,
Loving hearts receiving Resurrection power,
Haste with joy to preach the word,
"Christ is risen, praise the Lord!"
At the feet of Jesus, risen now for me,
I shall sing his praises through eternity.

SWITZERLAND. 7s, 6s. D. Arr. from Hymnes des Croyants. W. H. D



580

JOHN KING. 1830.

1 When, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosannas to his name:
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But, as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

581

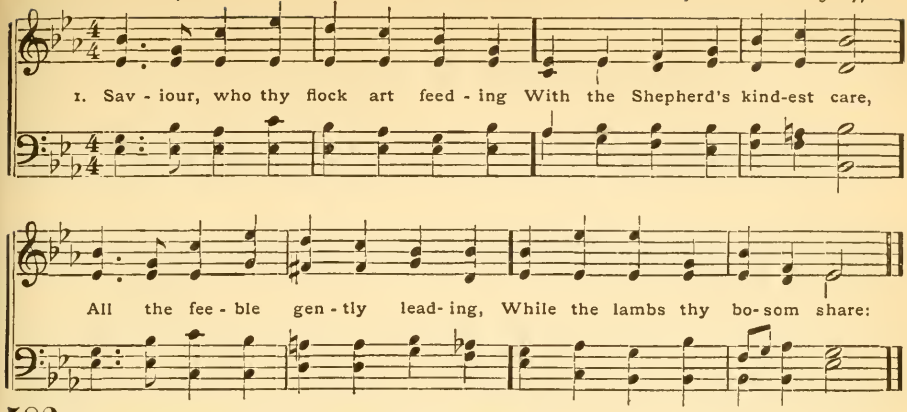
HARRIET PHILLIPS.

1 We bring no glittering treaures,
No gems from earth's deep mine:
We come with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing!
O teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then, where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again,
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

SYCHAR. 8s. 7s. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823-1877.



582

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG. 1826.
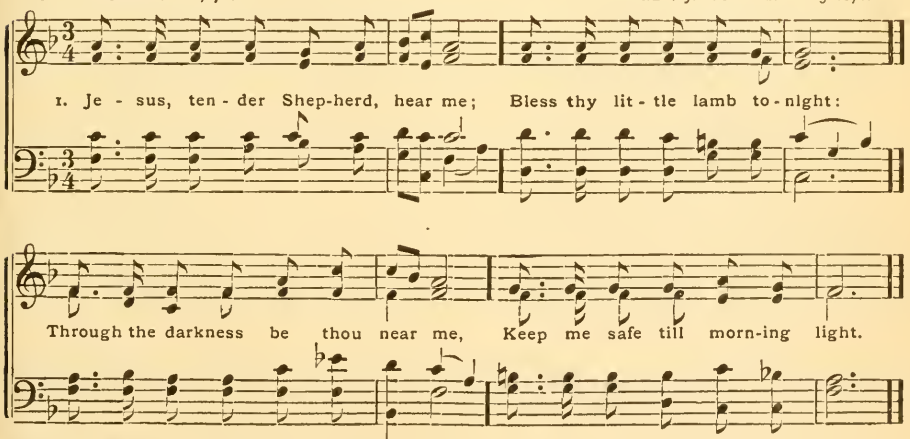
1 Saviour, who thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share:

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823-1876.



583

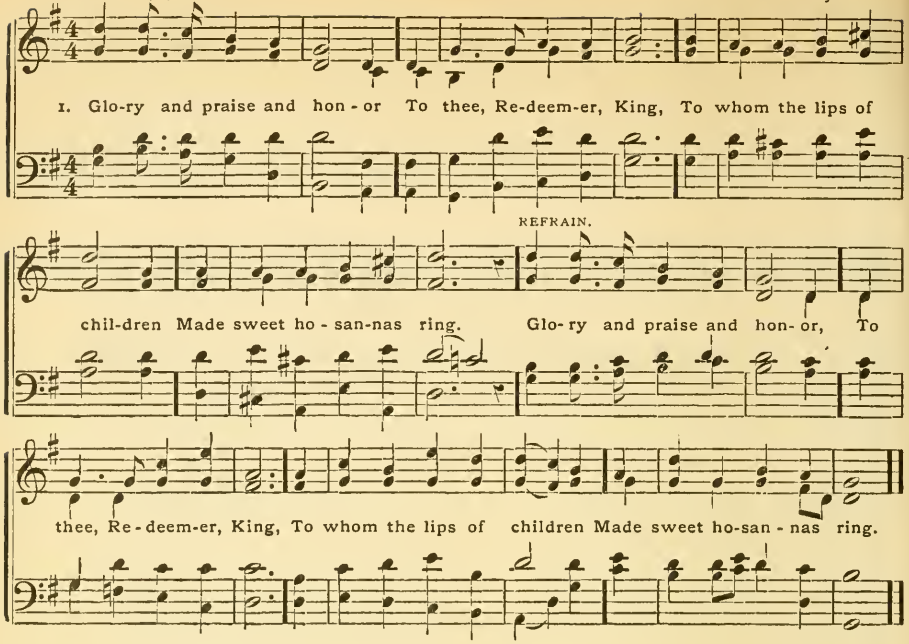
MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN. 1839.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer:

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

VALENS. 7s, 6s. D. Arr. from Catholic Hymns.



584

THEODULPH, BP. OF ORLEANS. 821.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE. 1856.
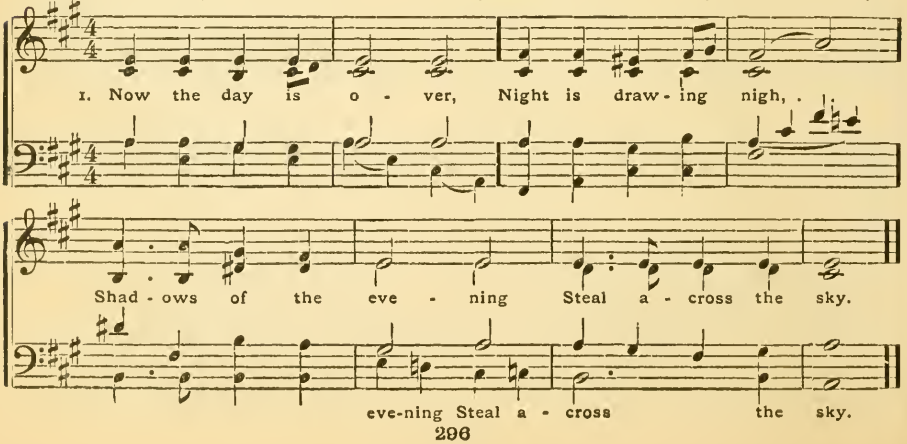
1 Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.—REF.

2 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.—REF.

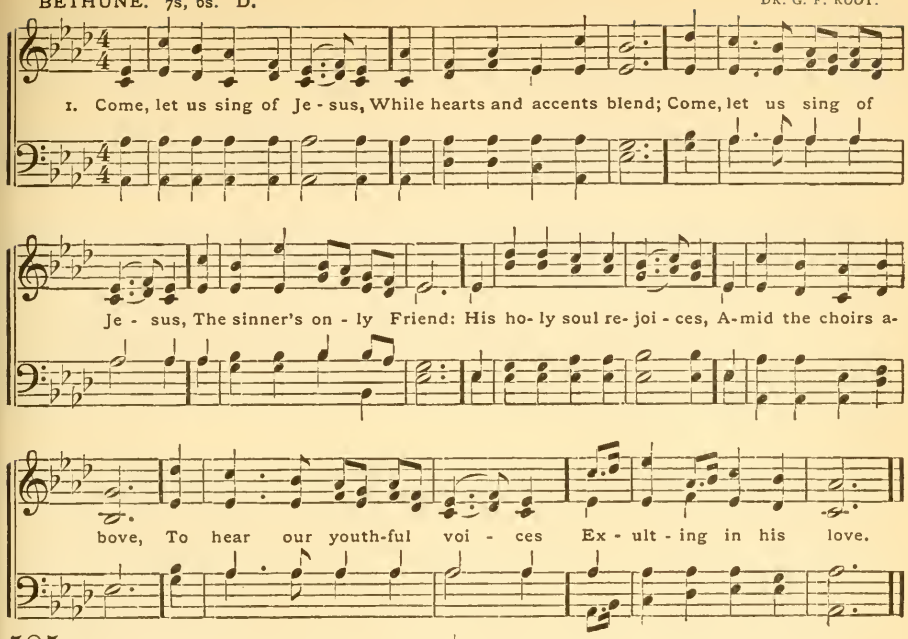
3 Thou wentest to thy passion
Amid their shouts of praise;
Thou reignest now in glory,
While we our anthems raise.—REF.

4 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!—REF.

EMMELAR. 6s, 5s. JOSEPH BARNBY. 1876.



BETHUNE. 7s, 6s. D. DR. G. F. ROOT.



585

GEO. W. BETHUNE. 1850.

1 Come, let us sing of Jesus,
 While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
 The sinner's only Friend:
His holy soul rejoices,
 Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
 Exulting in his love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
 Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
 Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
 We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
 And now sits on the throne.

3 Then let us sing of Jesus,
 While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
 Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess him,
 He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
 He will forever bless.

586

6s, 5s. SABINE BARING-GOULD. 1865.
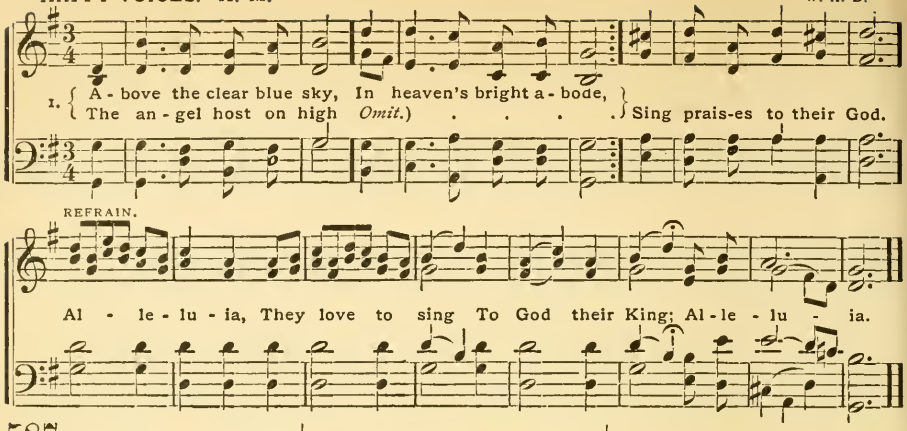
1 Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tenderest blessing
 May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
 Visions bright of thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches
 May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
 In thy holy eyes.

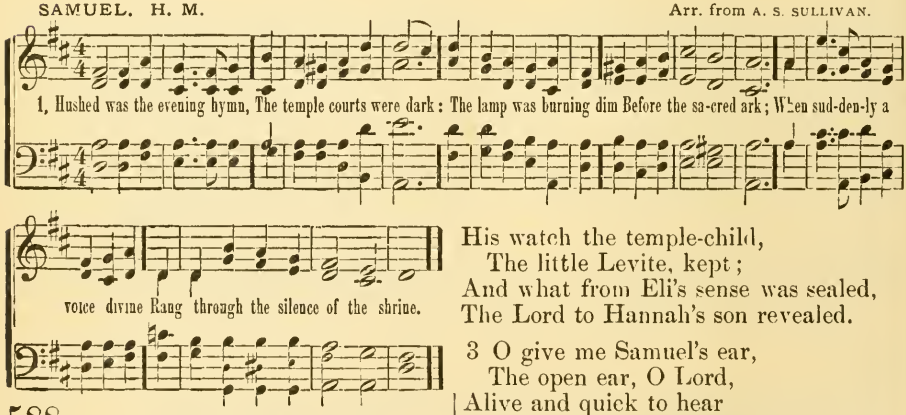


587 JOHN CHANDLER. 1841.

1 Above the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God.
Alleluia,
They love to sing
To God their King;
Alleluia.

2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise,
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise.
Alleluia,
We too will sing
To God our King;
Alleluia.

3 O may thy holy word
Spread all the world around:
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound.
Alleluia,
All then shall sing,
To God their King;
Alleluia.



588 JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS. 1856.

1 Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark:
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

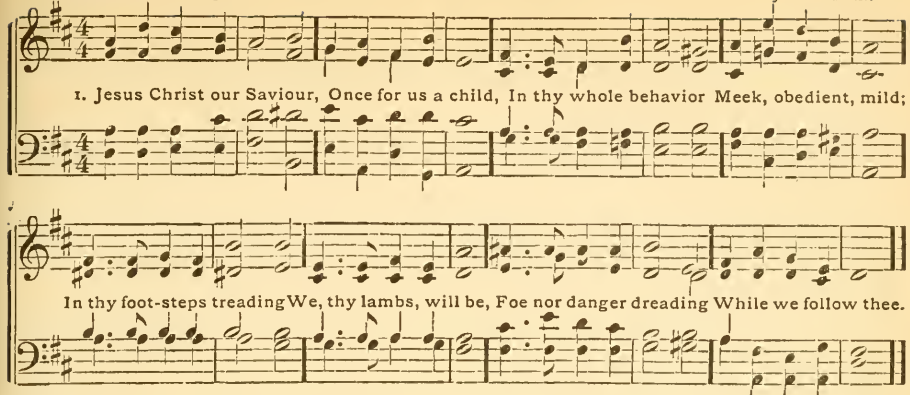
2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word;
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

SHEPHERD. 6s, 5s. D.

J. B. CALKIN.



589

WILLIAM WHITING. 1860.

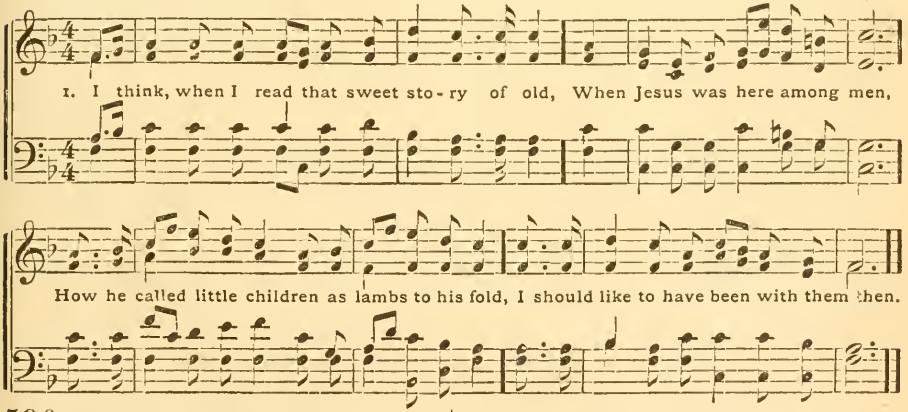
1 Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Once for us a child,
In thy whole behavior
Meek, obedient, mild;
In thy footsteps treading
We, thy lambs, will be,
Foe nor danger dreading
While we follow thee.

2 We, thy children, raising
Unto thee our hearts,
In thy constant praising
Bear our duteous parts:
As thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still thy hands put on us;
Bless us day by day.

3 Let thine angels guide us;
Let thine arms enfold;
In thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
To thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host,
Praising thee, the Father
And the Holy Ghost.

SWEET STORY. P. M.

ENGLISH.



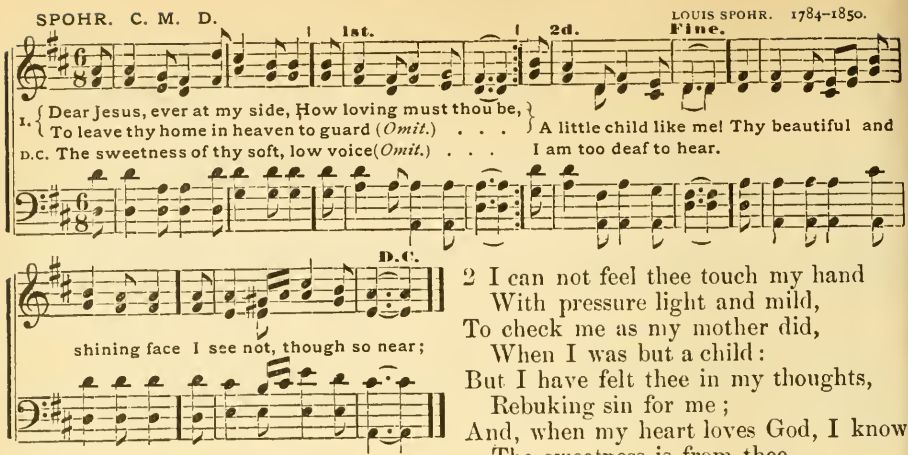
590

JEMIMA LUKE. 1841.

1 I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.



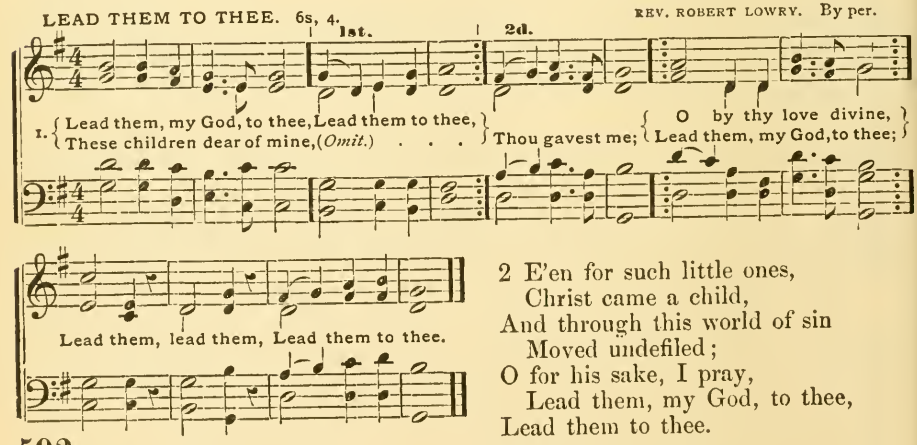
591

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. 1849.

1 Dear Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice,
I am too deaf to hear.

2 I can not feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:
But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.
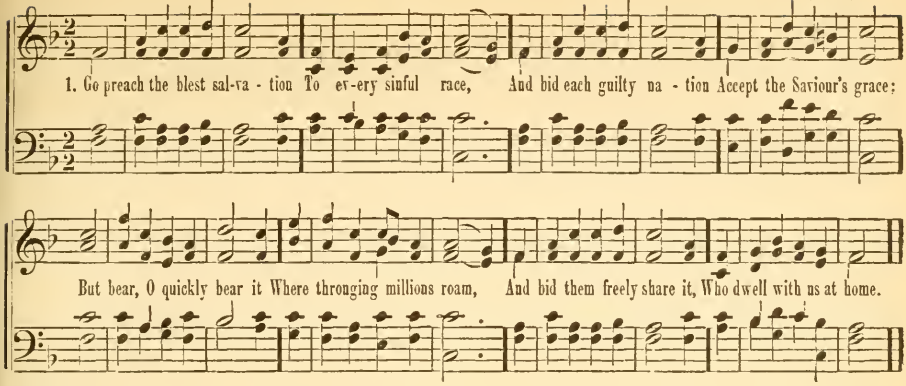


592

1 Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee,
These children dear of mine,
Thou gavest me;
O by thy love divine,
Lead them, my God, to thee;
Lead them to thee.

2 E'en for such little ones,
Christ came a child,
And through this world of sin
Moved undefiled;
O for his sake, I pray,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee.

3 Yea, though my faith be dim,
I would believe
That thou this precious gift
Wilt now receive;
O take their young hearts now,
Lead them, my God, to thee;
Lead them to thee.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



593

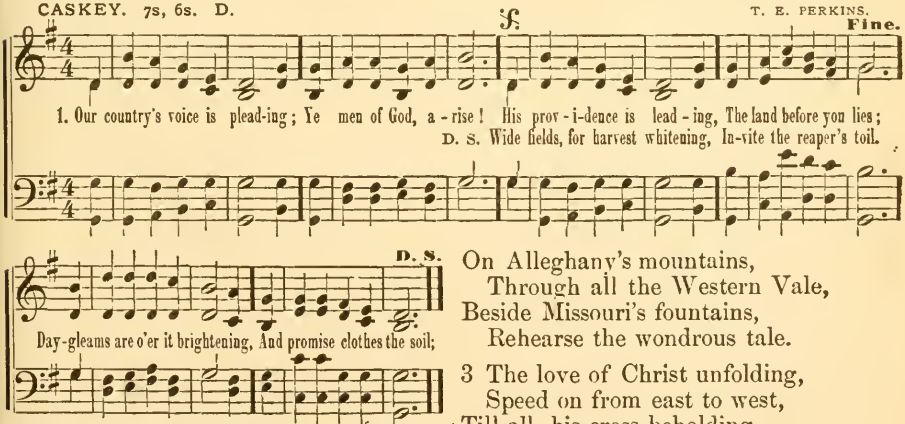
SIDNEY DYER. 1859.

1 Go preach the blest salvation
To every sinful race,
And bid each guilty nation
Accept the Saviour's grace;
But bear, O quickly bear it,
Where thronging millions roam,
And bid them freely share it,
Who dwell with us at home.

2 Where blooms the broad savanna,
Where mighty waters roll,
There let the gospel banner
Beam hope on every soul;
Go where the west is teeming,
And yet behold they come!
The richest fields are gleaming
For those who reap at home!

3 Our children there are dwelling,
Neglected and astray,
Whose hearts are often swelling
To learn of Zion's way.
Bear, bear to them the treasure,
And bid the exiles come;
There is no sweeter pleasure
Than preaching Christ at home.

CASKEY. 7s, 6s. D. T. E. PERKINS.



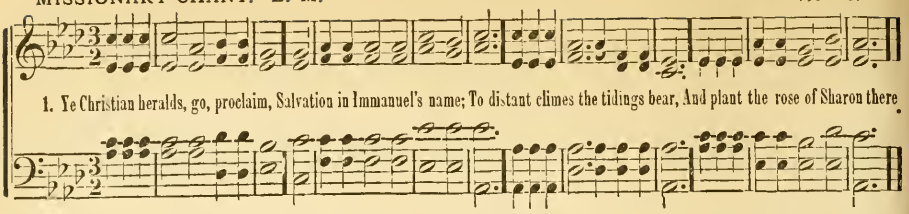
594

MRS. G. W. ANDERSON. 1849.

2 Go where the waves are breaking,
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the Western Vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. H. C. ZEUNER. 1795–1857.



595

MRS. VOKE. 1816.

1 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

596
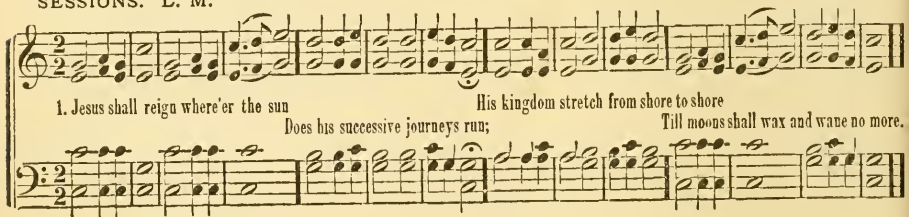
SARAH SLINN. 1779.

1 Arise in all thy splendor, Lord;
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' almighty God;
Make bare thy arm, thy power display,
While truth and grace thy scepter sway.

3 Send forth thy messengers of peace;
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.

SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



597

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

598

W. C. BRYANT.

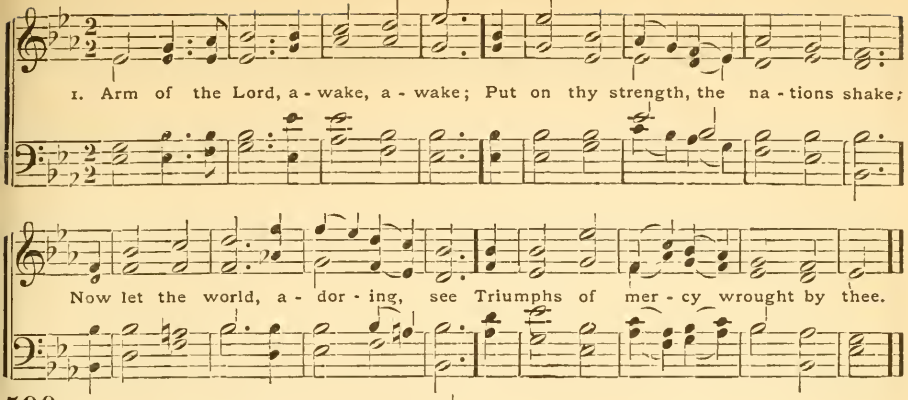
1 Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

TRURO. L. M. DR. CHAS. BURNEY. 1726–1814.



599

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, JR. 1795.

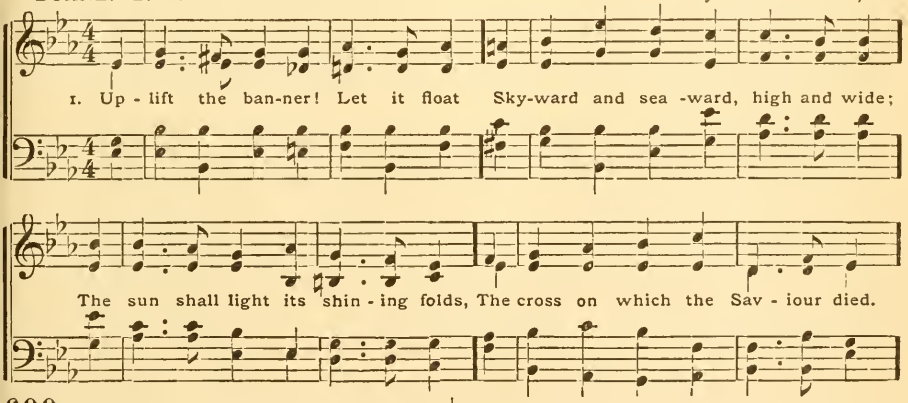
1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home!
Soon may our wandering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

DOANE. L. M. J. B. CALKINS. 1827.



600

GEORGE W. DOANE. 1824.

1 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shining flolds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.

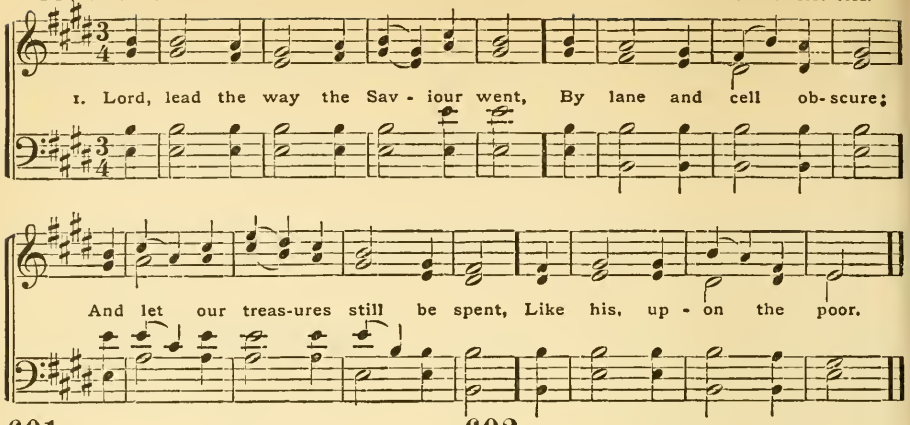
2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

SURINA. C. M.

H. TUCKER. 1826–1882.



601

WILLIAM CROSWELL. 1843.

1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure;
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

602

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

1 Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.
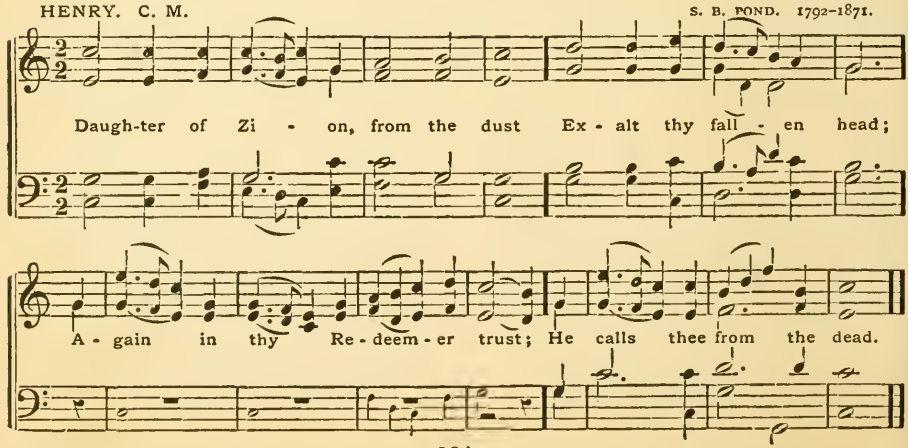
2 Awake, awake; put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
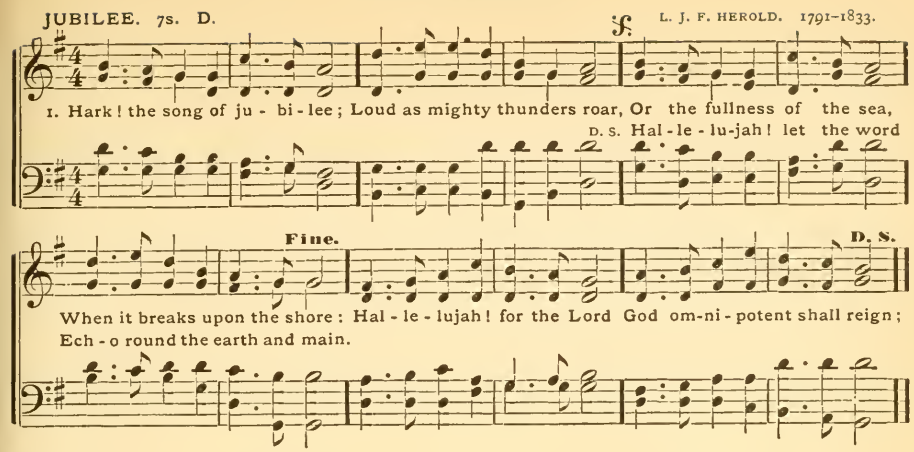
3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge!"
And "Keep not back, O north!"

4 They come! they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND. 1792–1871.





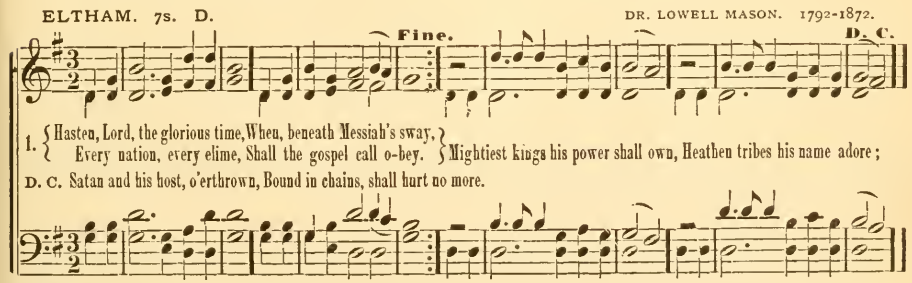
603

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled:
Sheathed his sword; he speaks,—'tis done.
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end; beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.



604

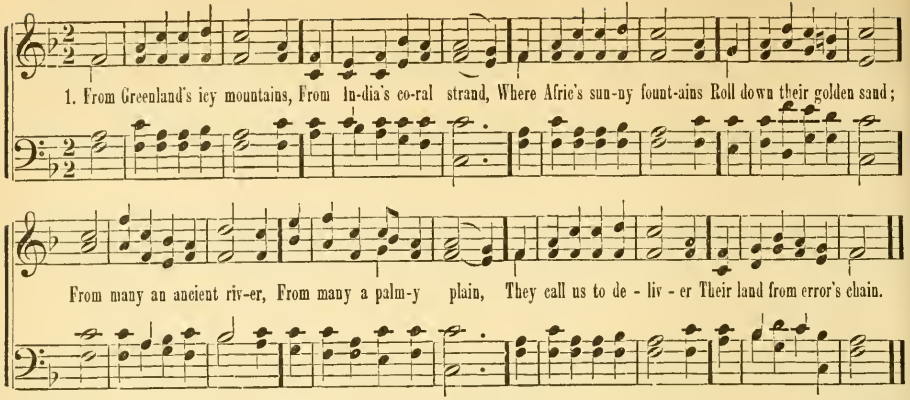
HARRIET AUBER. 1829.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Bless we then our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



605

REGINALD HEBER. 1819.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

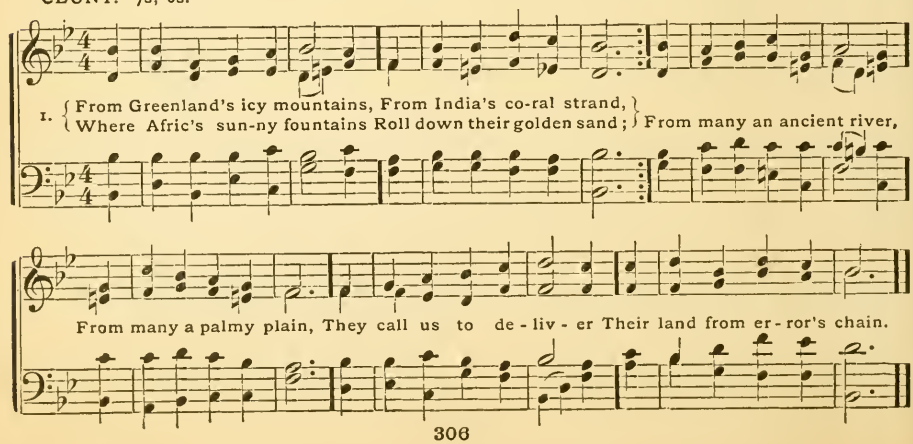
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

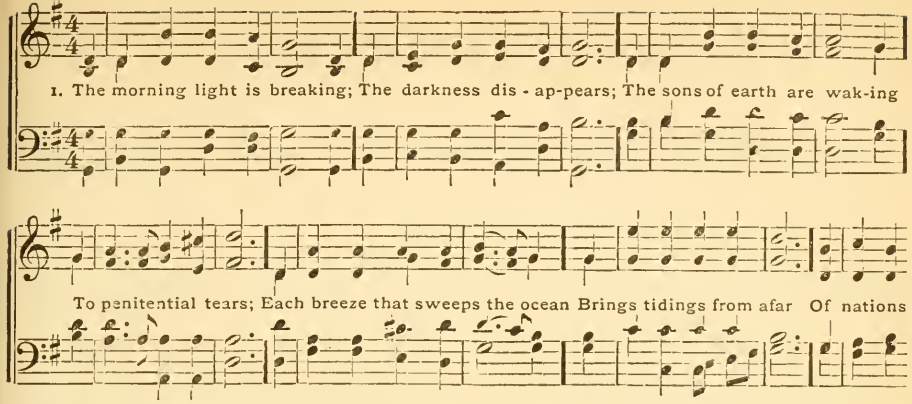
CLUNY. 7s, 6s.

From a Swedish Choral.



CHENIES. 7s, 6s. D.

T. R. MATTHEWS. 1826—.



606

S. F. SMITH. 1843.

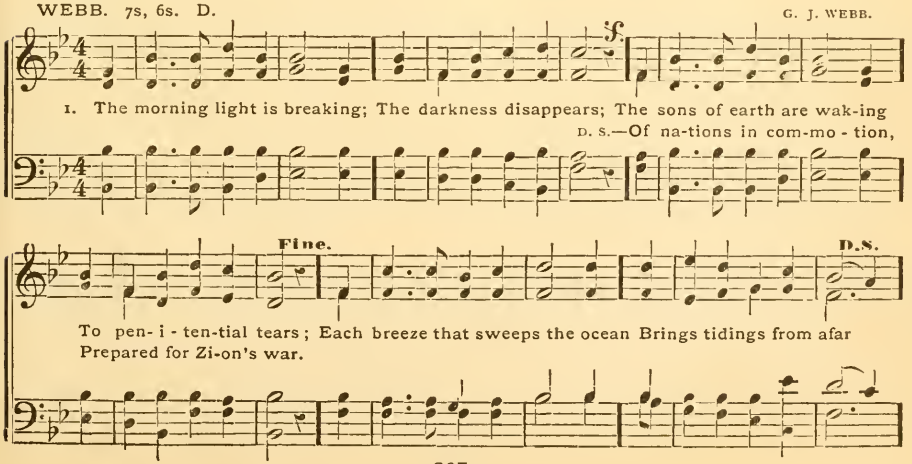
1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
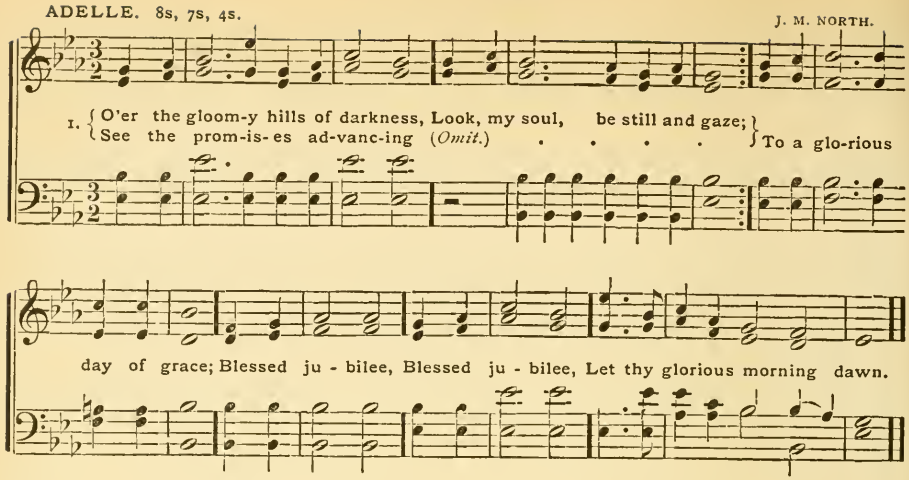
2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.





607

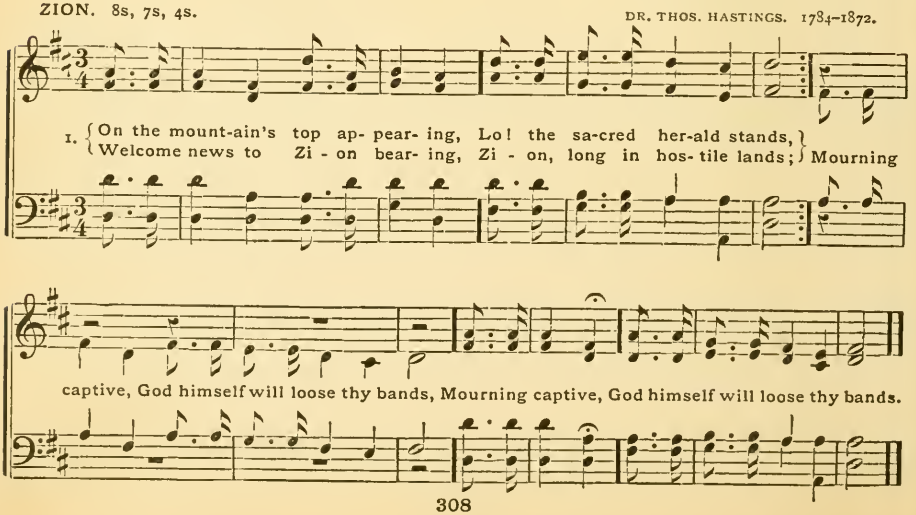
WILLIAM WILLIAMS. 1772.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
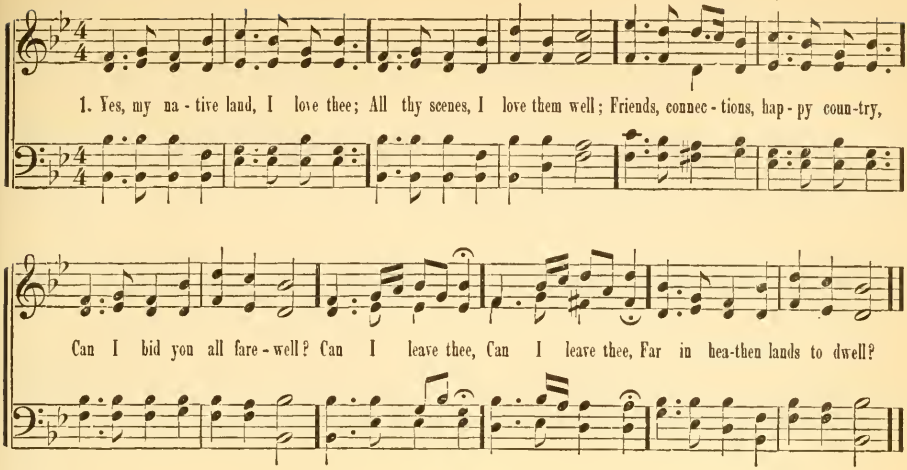
2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel,
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer,—never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.



ASHMORE. 8s, 7s. Arr. from an Old Melody. W. H. D.



608

S. F. SMITH. 1833.

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,—
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home, indeed I love thee;
Can I, can I say "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

609

8s, 7s, 4s. THOMAS KELLY. 1804.

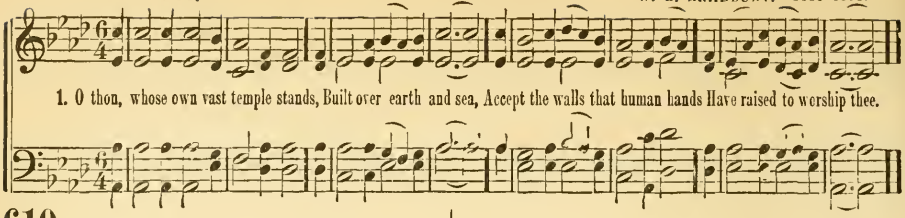
1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double;
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

HELENA. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



610

W. C. BRYANT. 1835.

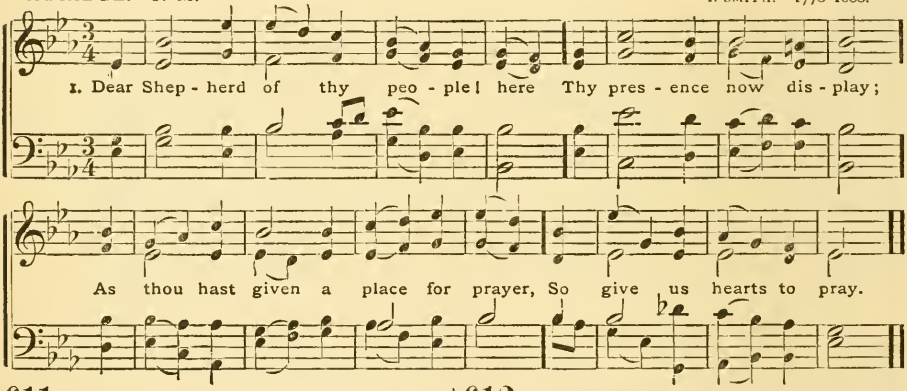
1 O thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

ABRIDGE. C. M. I. SMITH. 1770–1800.



611

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 Dear Shepherd of thy people! here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

4 May we in faith receive the word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

612

ANDREW REED. 1841.

1 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O come, great Spirit, come!
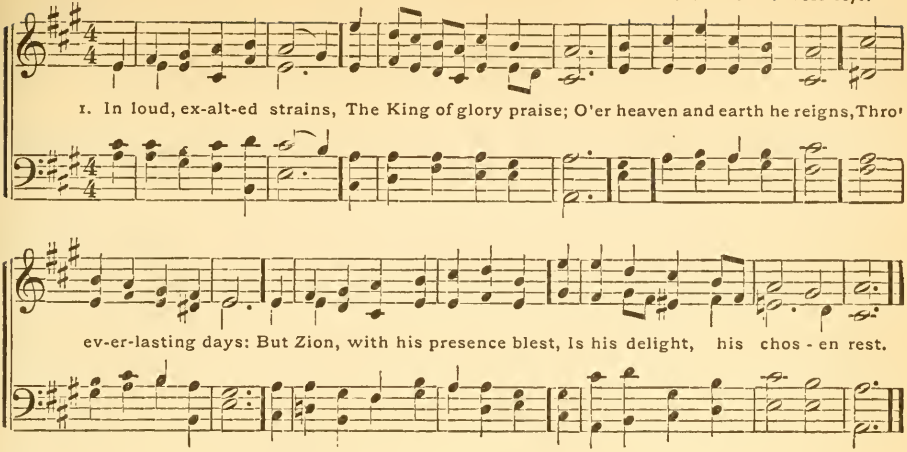
2 Come as the light,—to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

HARLEY. H. M.

S. S. WFSLEY. 1810–1876.



613

BENJAMIN FRANCIS. 1787.

1 In loud, exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
But Zion, with his presence blest,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

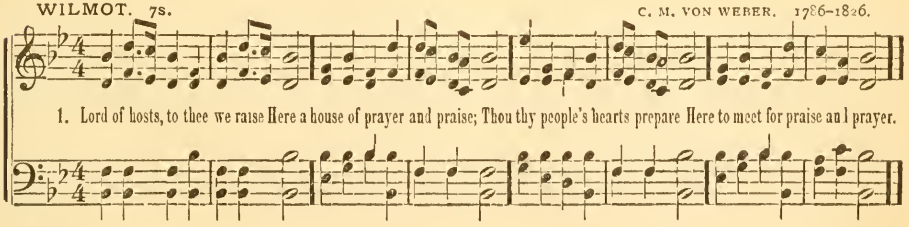
2 Great King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below!

3 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may the word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around!

4 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

WILMOT. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER. 1786–1826.



614

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1821.

1 Lord of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

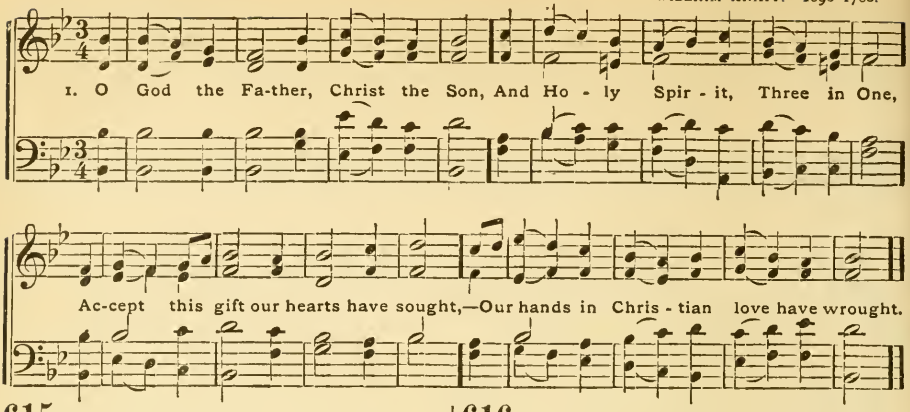
2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP. 1698–1768.



615

ANON.

1 O God the Father, Christ the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Accept this gift our hearts have sought,—
Our hands in Christian love have wrought.

2 Here may the light of gospel truth
Illumine age, enlighten youth:
In many hearts that grace begin,
Which saves from sorrow and from sin.

3 May Jesus here that power display
Which changes darkness into day,
And open wide those gates of love
That lead to blessedness above.

4 O Jesus Christ, our sovereign Lord,
By angels and by saints adored,
Accept this tribute of our praise,
And with thy glory fill this place.

616

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

1 And wilt thou, O eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.
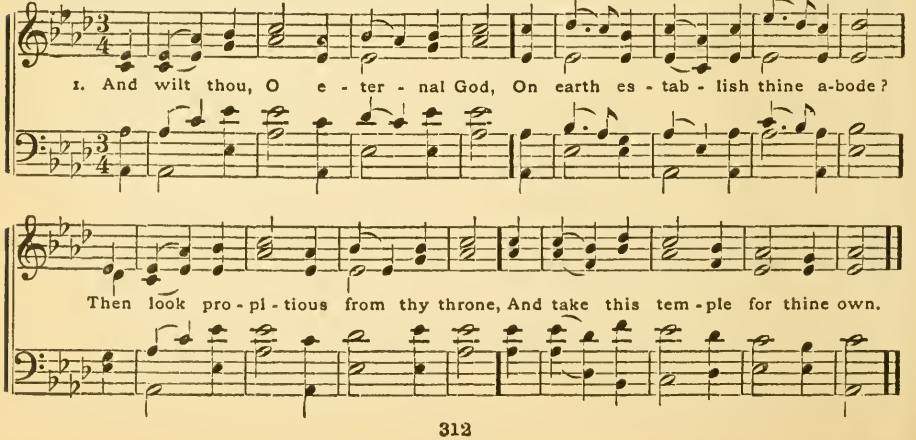
2 These walls we to thine honor raise;
Long may they echo in thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

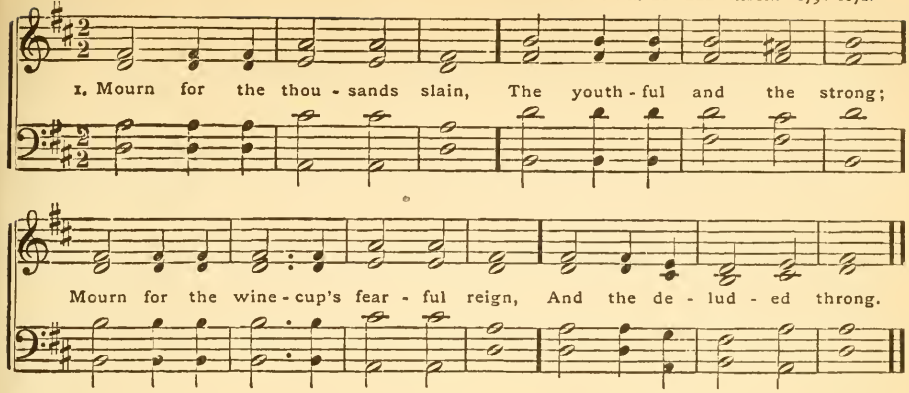
4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR. 1817.



SHAWMUT. S. M. ARR. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



617

ANON.

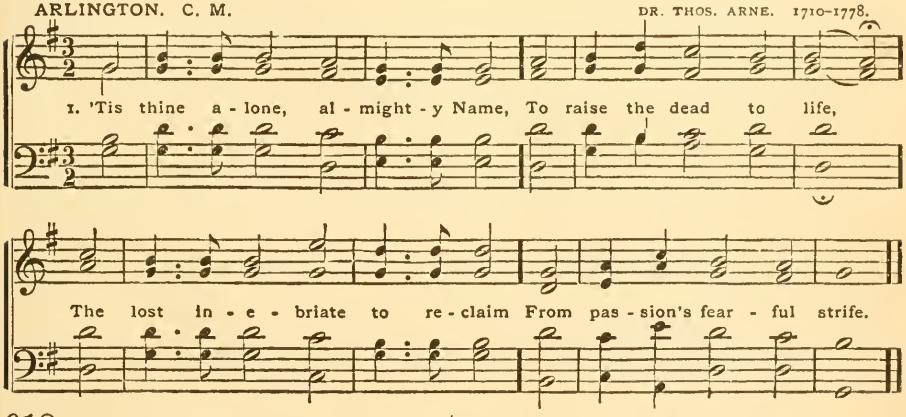
1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

ARLINGTON. C. M. DR. THOS. ARNE. 1710–1778.



618

EDWIN F. HATFIELD. 1872.

1 'Tis thine alone, almighty Name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

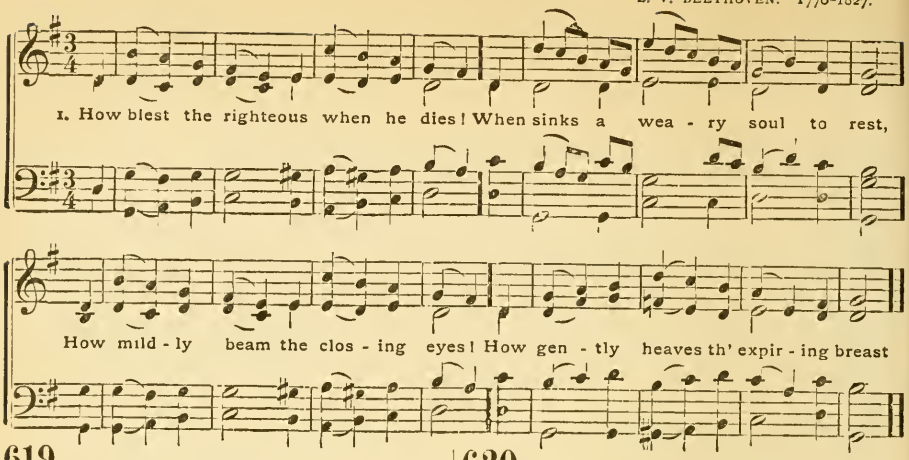
2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurper's reign.

BEETHOVEN. L. M.

L. V. BEETHOVEN. 1770-1827.



619

ANNA LAETITIA BARBAULD. 1825.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

620

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

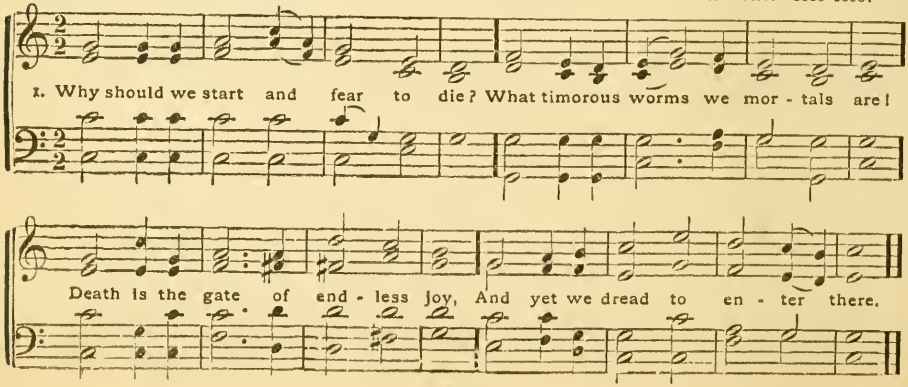
2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

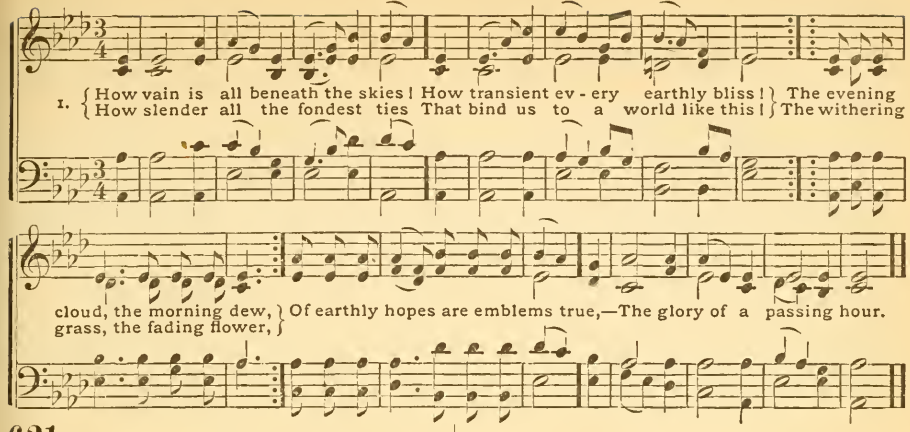
ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.



NUNDA. L. M. D.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



621

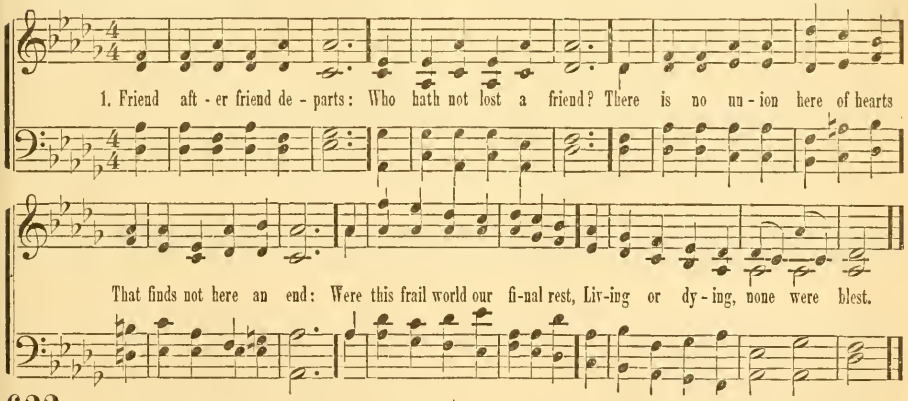
DAVID EVERARD FORD. 1828.

1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!
The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—
The glory of a passing hour.

2 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

STERNDALE. S. H. M.

Arr. from A. S. SULLIVAN.



622

JAMES MONTGOMERY 1824.

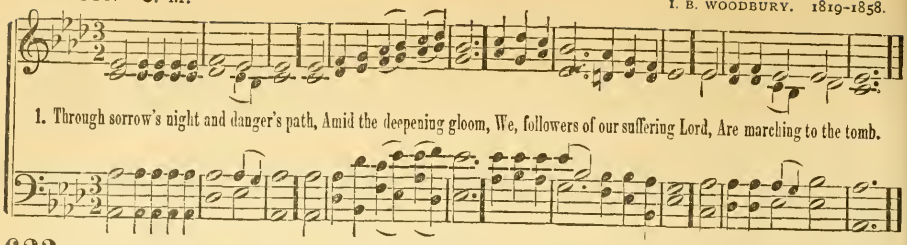
1 Friend after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

2 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

3 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

DITSON C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY. 1819-1858.



623

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. 1807.

1 Through sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

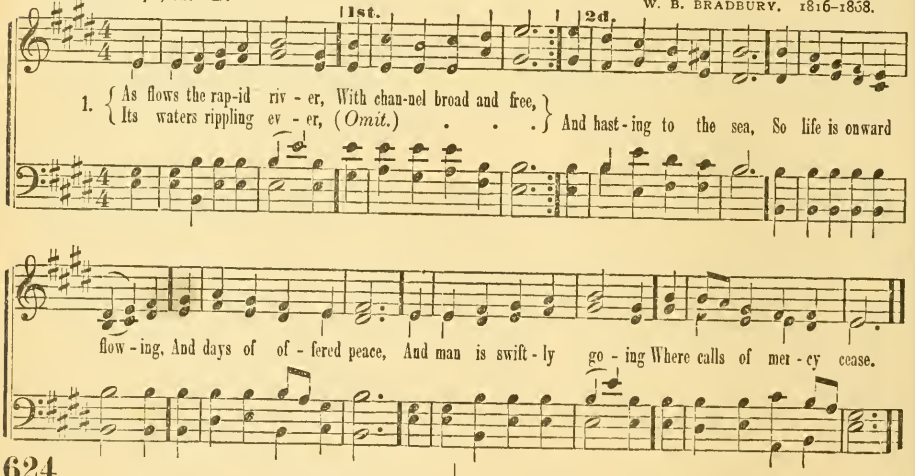
2 Yet not thus hopeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie:
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

3 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the archangel's trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.

4 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

PASSAIC 7s, 6s. D.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1858.



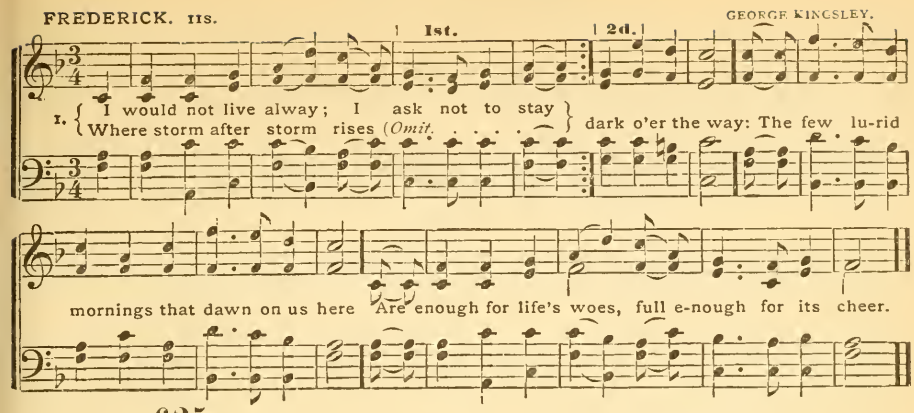
624

S. F. SMITH. 1843.

1 As flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As storm and winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us,
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us;
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.



625

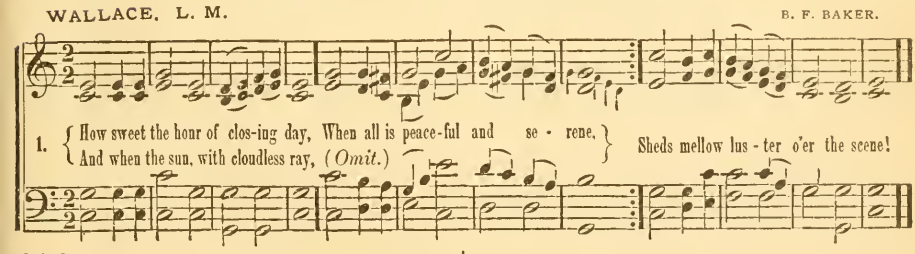
WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG. 1823.

1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no,—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



626

WILLIAM H. BATHURST. 1831.

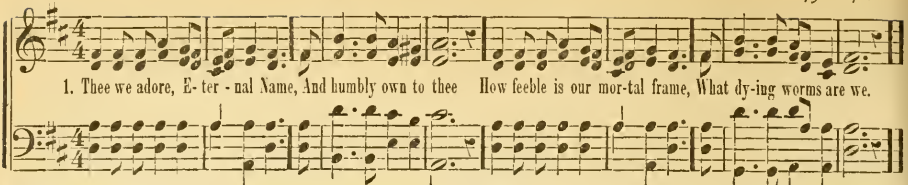
1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour:
So peacefully he sinks to rest,
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

NAOMI. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



627

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Thee we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we stray,
We're traveling to the grave.

3 Eternal joy or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

4 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

628

REGINALD HEBER. 1827.

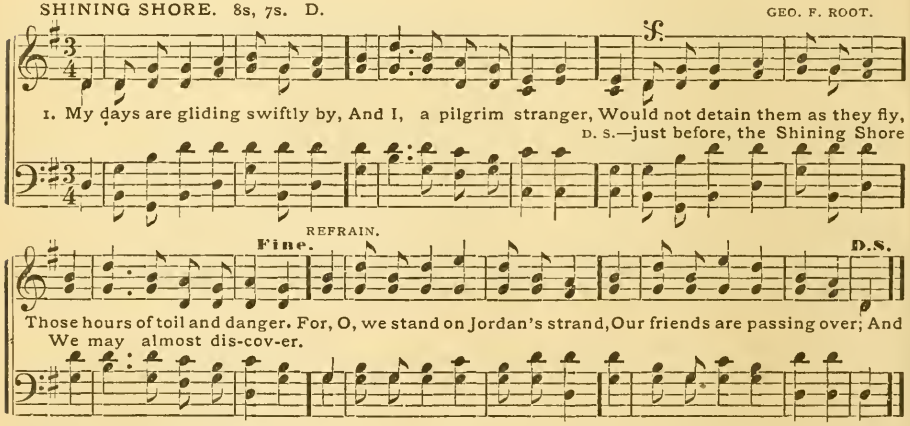
1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, sinner, turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy feet can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

4 Turn, Christian, turn; thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven or hell.

SHINING SHORE. 8s, 7s. D. GEO. F. ROOT.



629

DAVID NELSON. 1835.
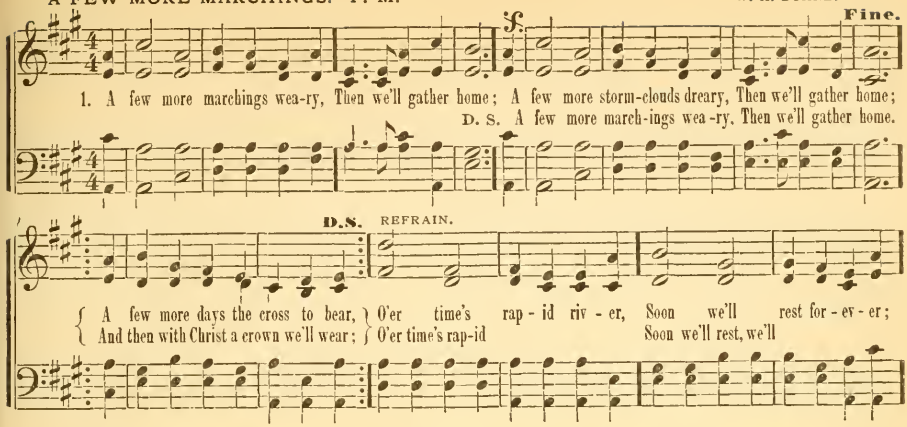
1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.—REF.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave:
"Let every lamp be burning;"
We look afar across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.—REF.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow;
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
There's glory on the morrow.—REF.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says Come, and there's our home,
Forever! O forever!—REF.

A FEW MORE MARCHINGS. P. M. W. H. DOANE.



630

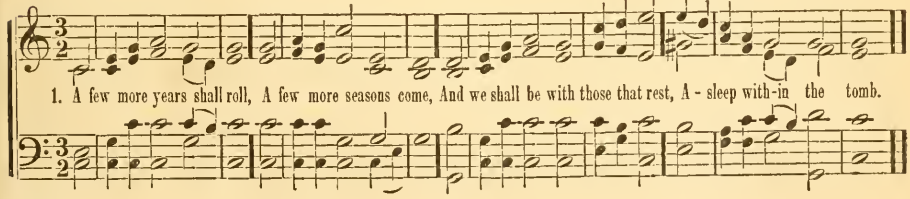
F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1882.

1 A few more marchings weary,
Then we'll gather home;
A few more storm-clouds dreary,
Then we'll gather home;
A few more days the cross to bear,
And then with Christ a crown we'll wear;
A few more marchings weary,
Then we'll gather home.—REF.

2 A few more nights of weeping,
Then we'll gather home;
A few more watches keeping,
Then we'll gather home;
A few more victories over sin,
A few more sheaves to gather in,
A few more marchings weary,
Then we'll gather home.—REF.

3 A few more sweet links broken,
Then we'll gather home;
A few more kind words spoken,
Then we'll gather home;
A few more partings on the strand,
And then away to Canaan's land;
A few more marchings weary,
Then we'll gather home.—REF.

HOBART. S. M. HENRY TUCKER. 1826-1882.



631

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

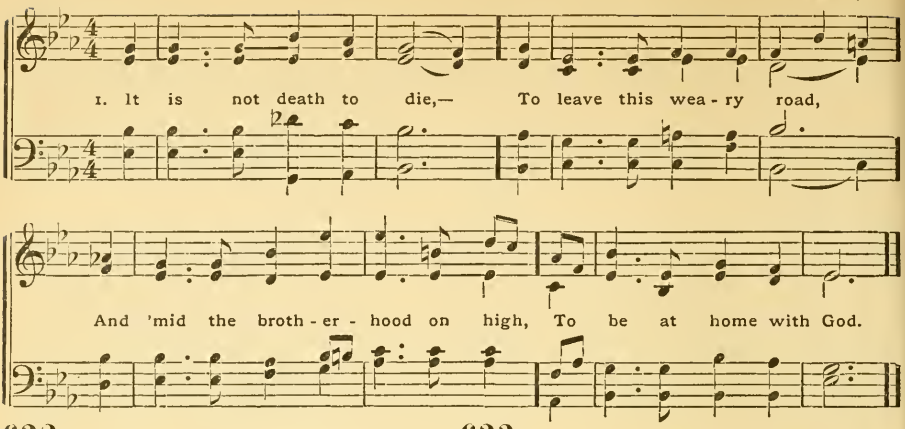
1 A few more years shall roll
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

3 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

4 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

FESCA. S. M. Arr. from A. E. FESCA. 1826–1849.



632

GEORGE W. BETHUNE 1847.

1 It is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen can not die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

633

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1831.

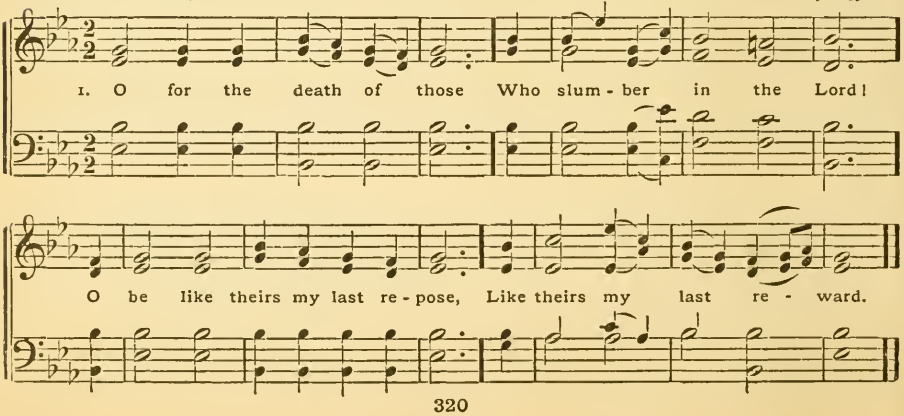
1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

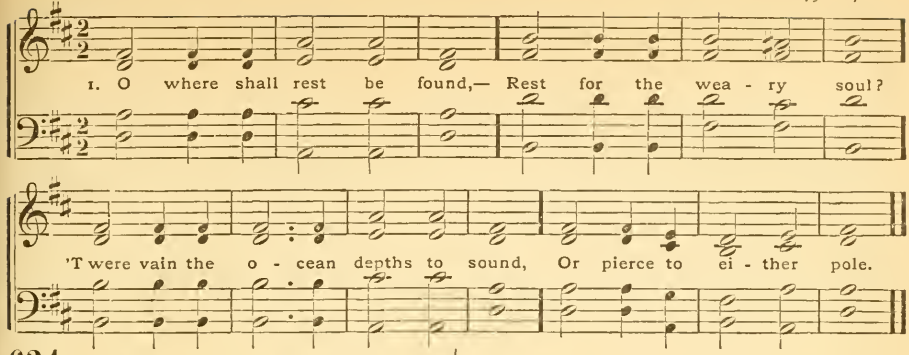
3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

OZREM. S. M. I. B. WOODBURY. 1819–1859.



SHAWMUT. S. M. ARR. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



634

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

1 O where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

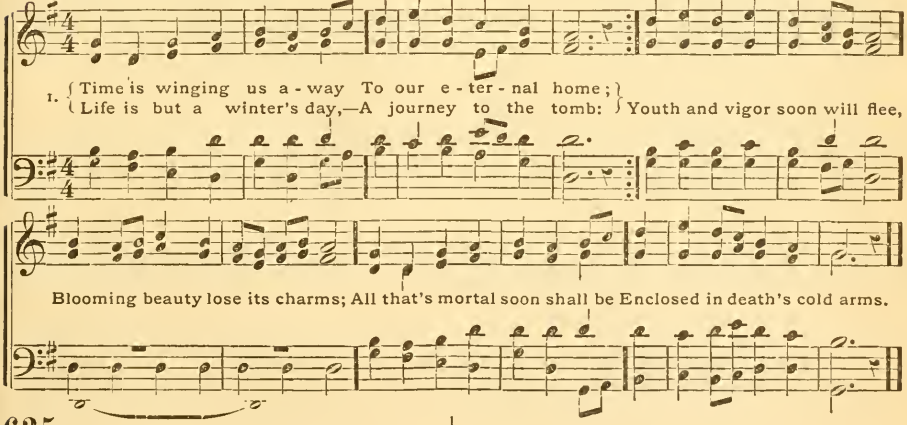
2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s. D. DR JAMES NARES. 1715–1783.



635

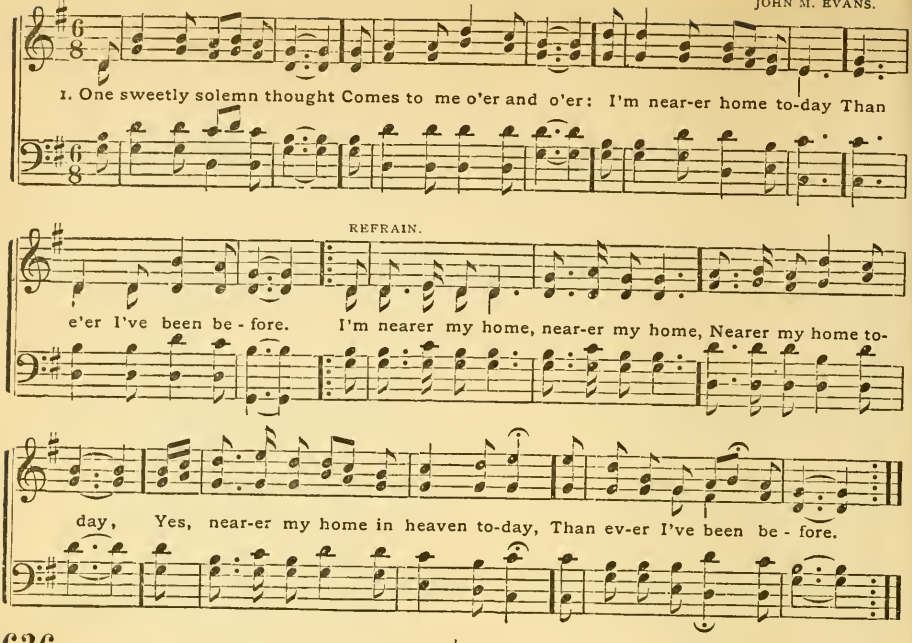
JOHN BURTON. 1815.

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,—
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

NEARER MY HOME. 6s.

JOHN M. EVANS.



636

PHOEBE CARY. 1854.

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer home to-day
Than e'er I've been before.

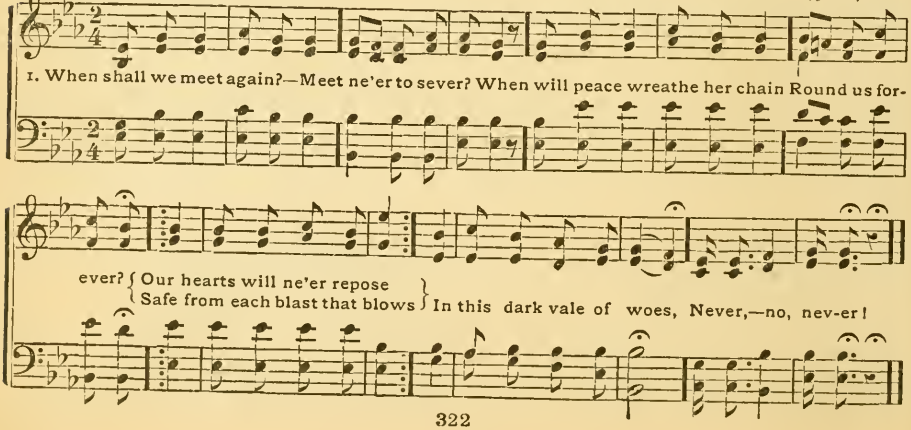
REF.—I'm nearer my home, nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day;
Yes, nearer my home in heaven to-day,
Than ever I've been before.

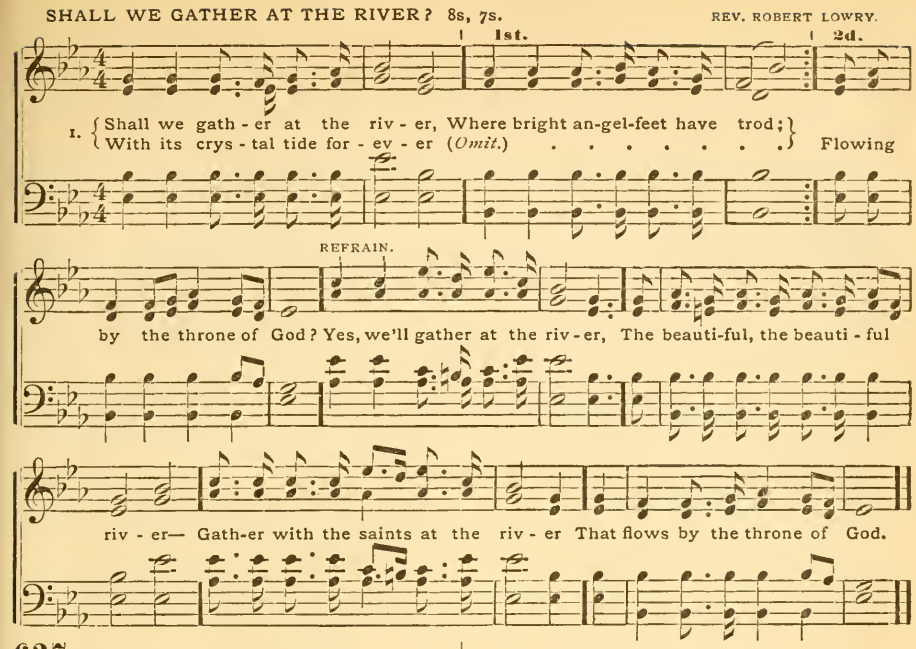
2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

3 For even now my feet
May stand upon its brink;
I may be nearer home,
Nearer than now I think.

UNITY. 6s, 5s.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.





637

ROBERT LOWRY. 1864.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God.

REF.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

638

6s, 5s.

V. 1. ALARIC A. WATTS. 1821.
Vs. 2, 3, 4. S. F. SMITH.

1 When shall we meet again?—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,—
Never,—no, never!

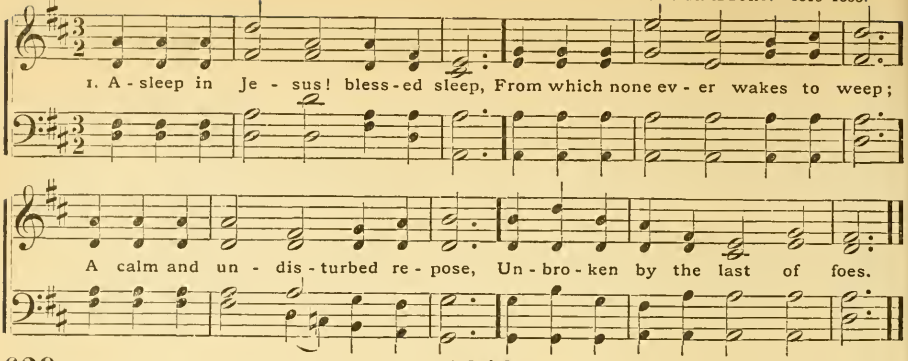
2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never!

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



639

MARGARET MACKAY. 1832.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

640

ISAAC WATTS. 1734.

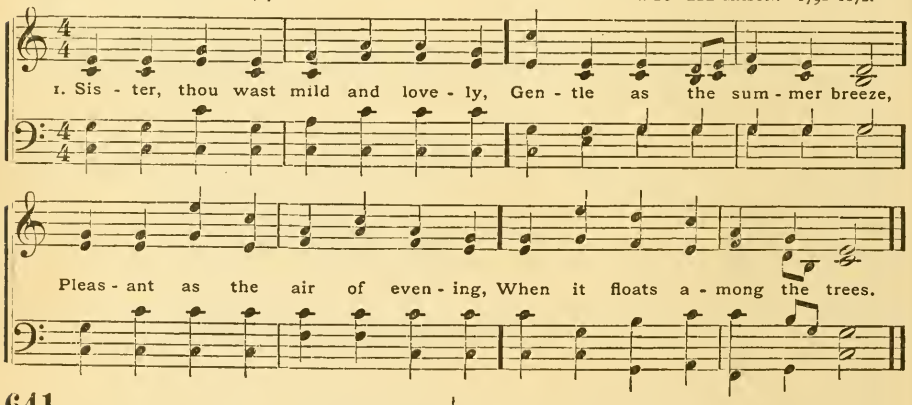
1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain nor grief nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s, 7s.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



641

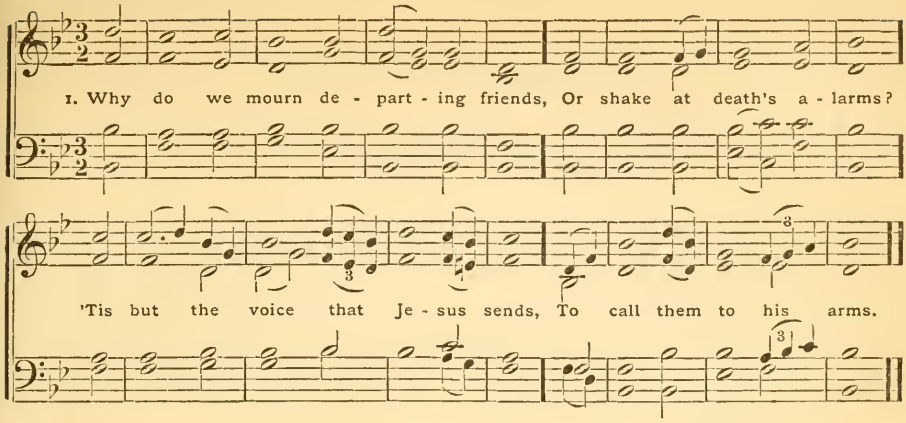
S. F. SMITH. 1843.

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

CHINA. C. M. TIMOTHY SWAN, 1758–1842.



642

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising day.

643

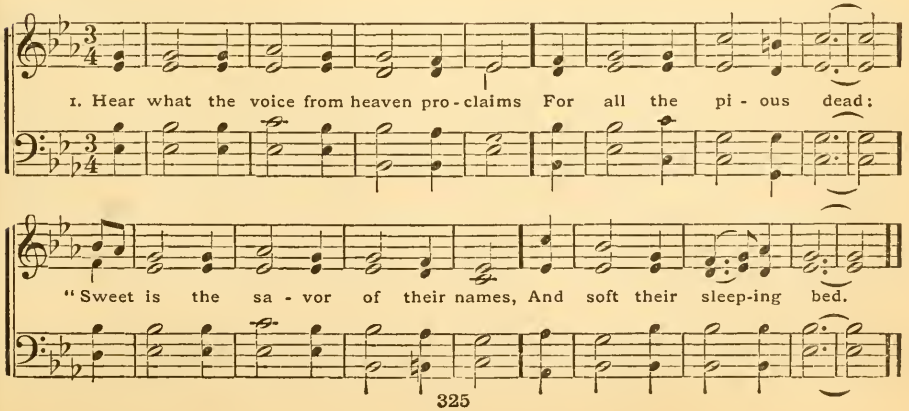
ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

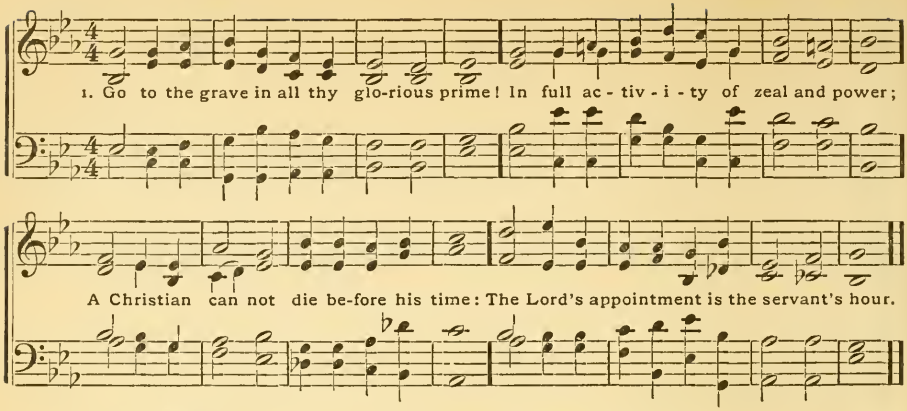
2 "They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.

3 "Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

ZIBA. C. M. W. H. D.



VALEDICTORY. 10s. J. BARNBY. 1838—.



644

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771–1854.
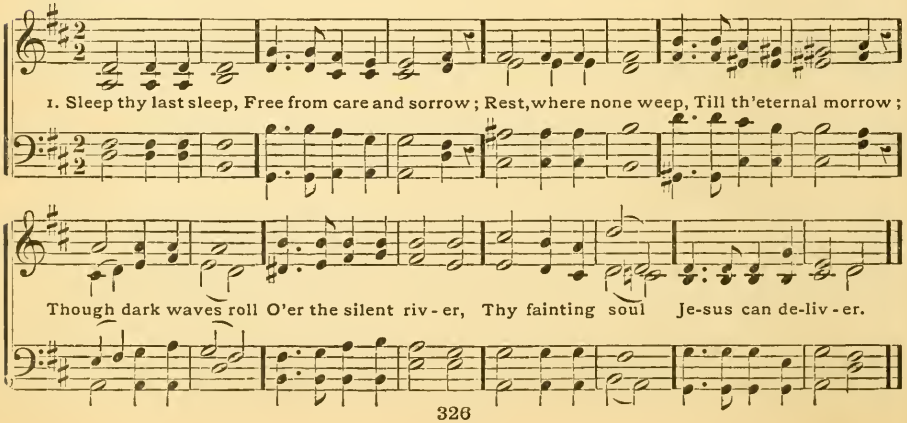
1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime!
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian can not die before his time:
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier! go home; with thee the fight is won.

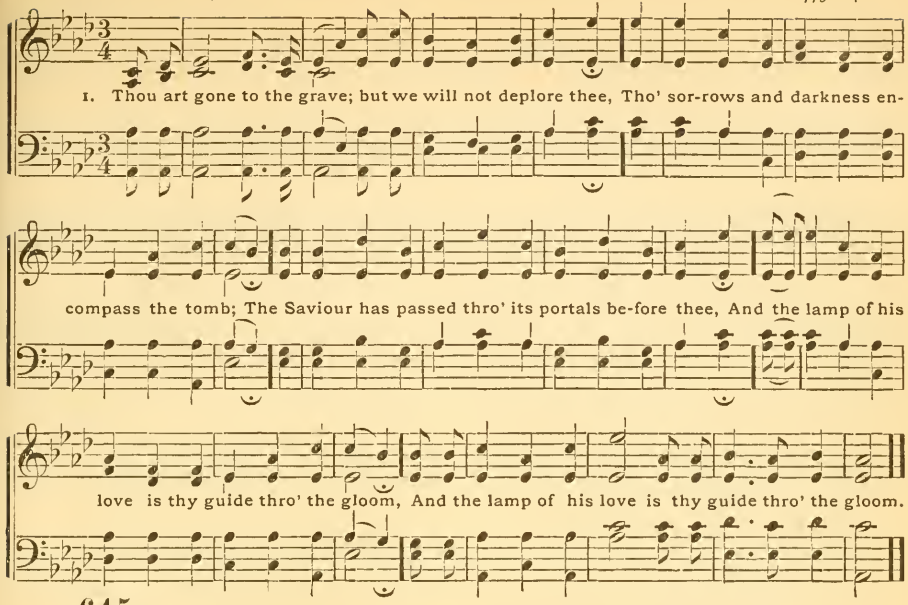
3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave! no, take thy seat above!
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word. Amen.

LAST SLEEP. 4s, 6s. D. J. BARNBY. 1868.



SCOTLAND. 11s, 12s. DR. THOS. CLARK. 1775–1842.



645

REGINALD HEBER. 1812.

1 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

646

4s, 6s. D.
E. A. DAYMAN. 1869.

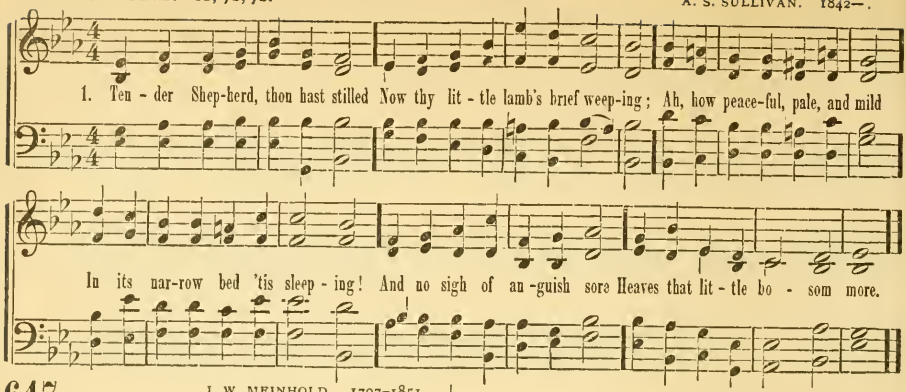
1 Sleep thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till th' eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all his pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when thou appearest!
Soon shall thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

LONG HOME. 8s, 7s, 7s.

A. S. SULLIVAN. 1842—.



647

J. W. MEINHOLD. 1797–1851.
Tr. by C. WINKWORTH. 1858.
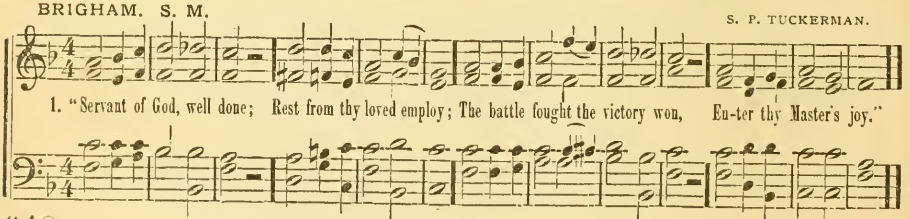
1 Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

BRIGHAM. S. M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.



648

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

1 "Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

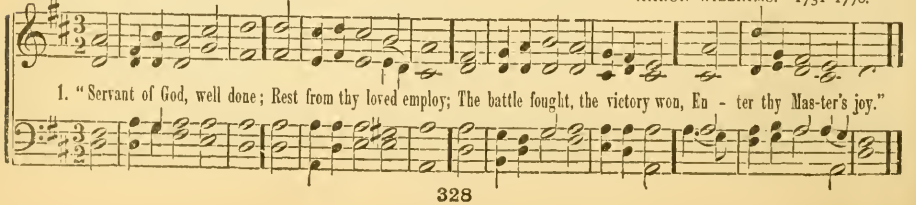
2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

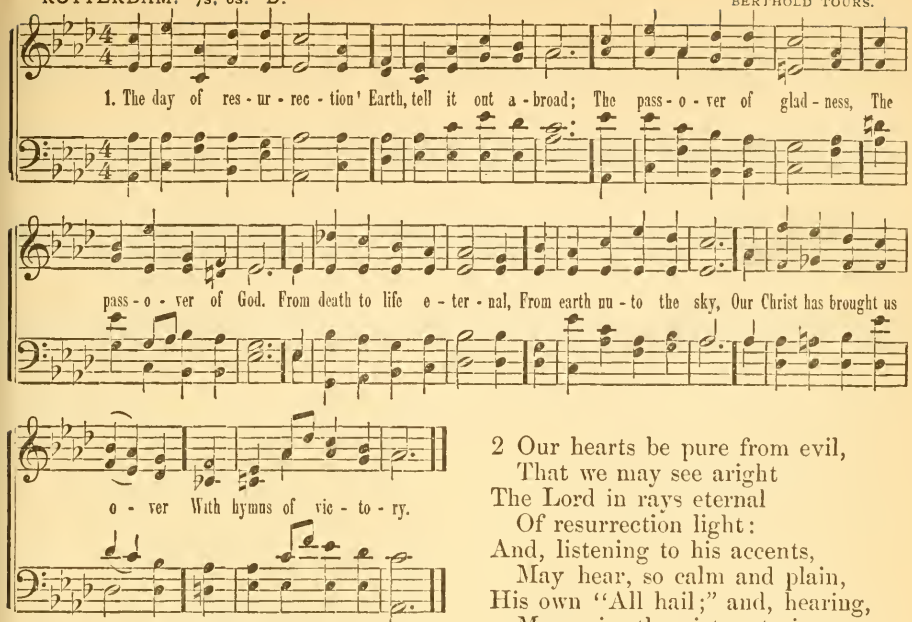
4 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

DOVER. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS. 1731–1776.



ROTTERDAM. 7s, 6s. D. BERTHOLD TOURS.



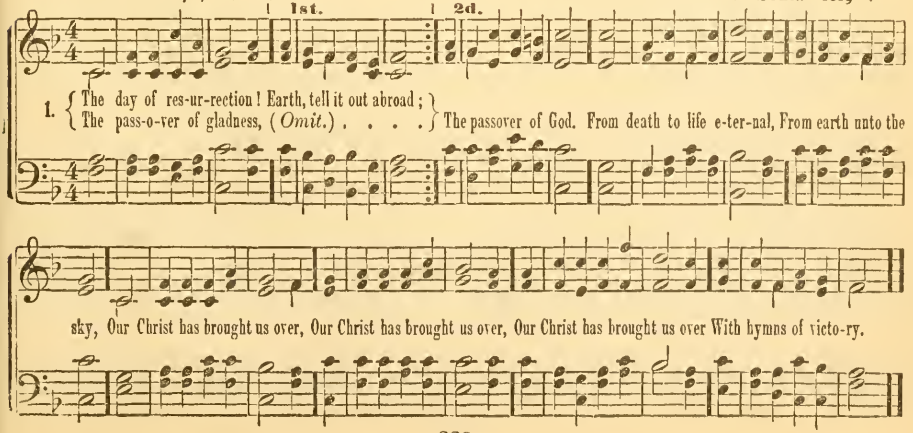
649 JOHN OF DAMASCUS. 8TH CENT.
Tr. by J, M. NEALE. 1862.

1 The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light:
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail;" and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

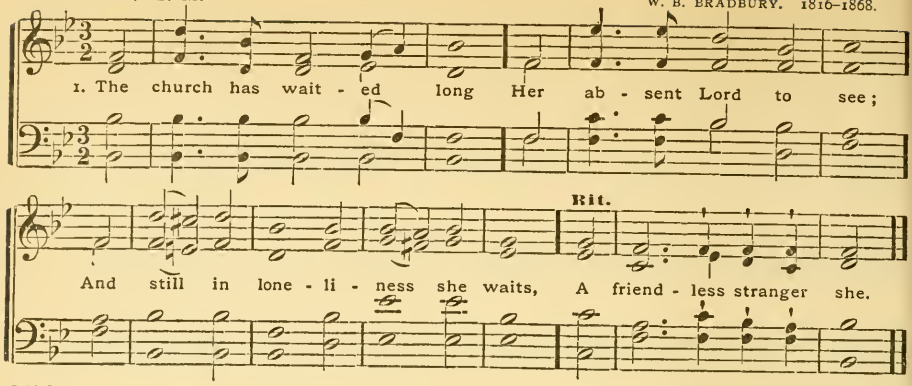
3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

YARMOUTH. 7s, 6s. D. C. W. BANNISTER. 1819—.



BRADEN. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



650

HORATIUS BONAR. 1845.

1 The church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

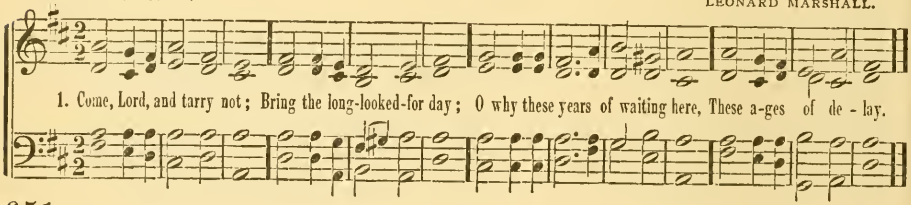
2 How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?

3 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.

4 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

PRAYER. S. M.

LEONARD MARSHALL.



651

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

1 Come, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
O why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

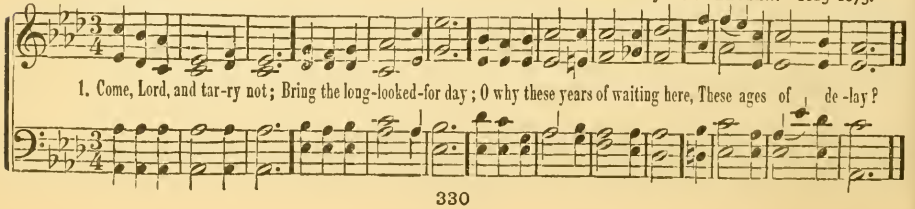
2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.
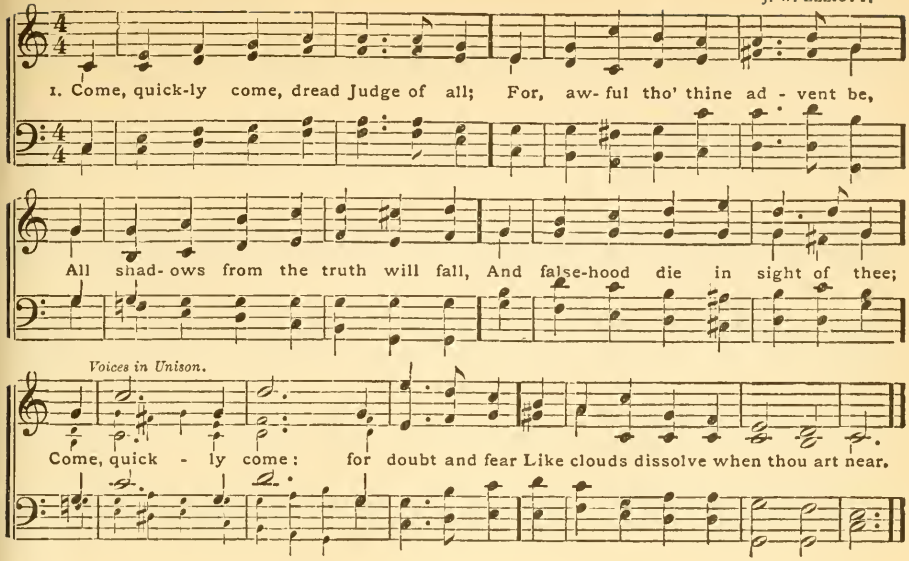
4 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness!

GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER. 1825–1873.



IMMANUEL. L. M. 61. J. W. ELLIOTT.



652

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT. 1825—.

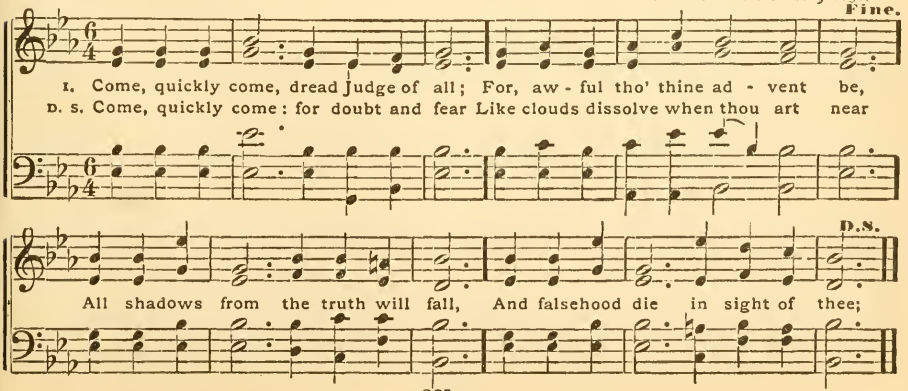
1 Come, quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die in sight of thee;
Come, quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

2 Come, quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
Come, quickly come; for thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.

3 Come, quickly come; true Life of all;
The curse of death is on the ground;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
Come, quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

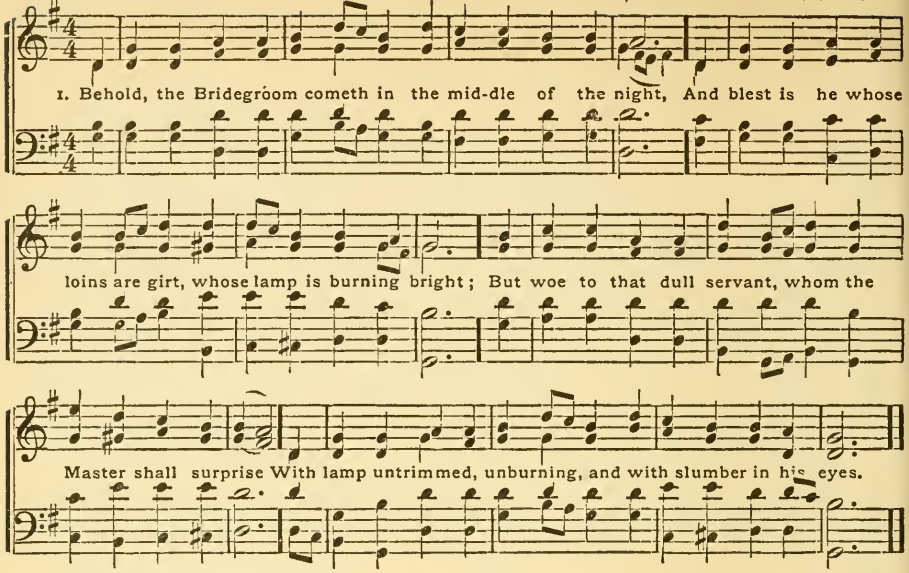
4 Come, quickly come; sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall,
With weary watching for the day:
Come, quickly come; for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

MELITA. L. M. 61. I. B. WOODBURY. 1819–1858.



ASAPH. C. M. D.

J. M. GIORNOVICHI. 1745–1804.



653

GERARD MOULTRIE. 1867.

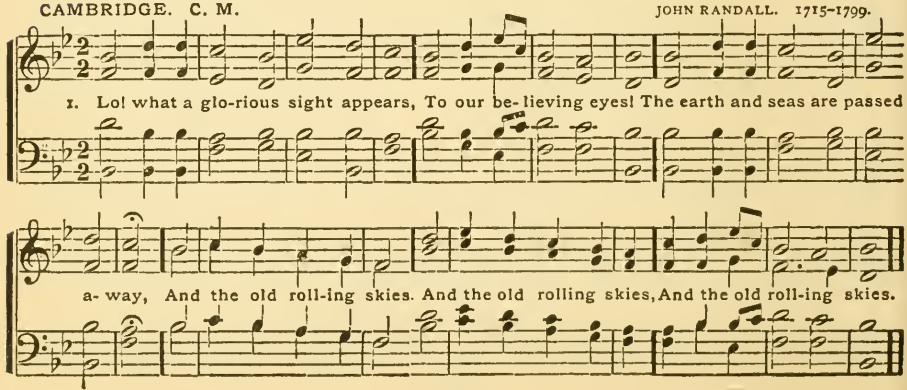
1 Behold the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant whom the Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

2 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise! go forth to meet the Bride."

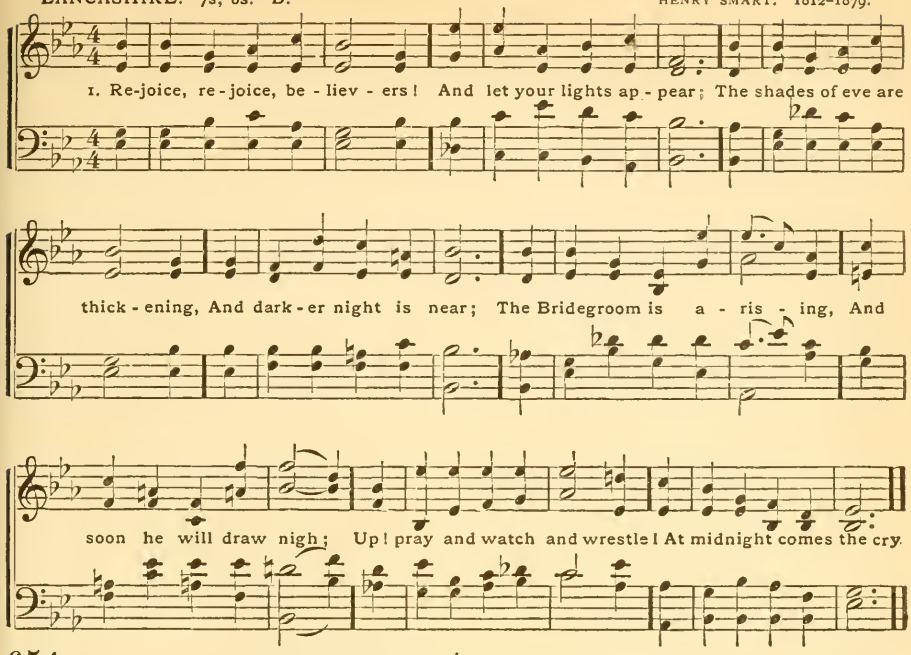
3 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light,—the glory of the Son.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

JOHN RANDALL. 1715–1799.



LANCASHIRE. 7s, 6s. D. HENRY SMART. 1812–1879.



654

L. LAURENTI. 1660–1722.
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. 1854.

1 Rejoice, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he will draw nigh;
Up! pray and watch and wrestle!
At midnight comes the cry.

2 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till in your jubilations
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with thee.

655

C. M. ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

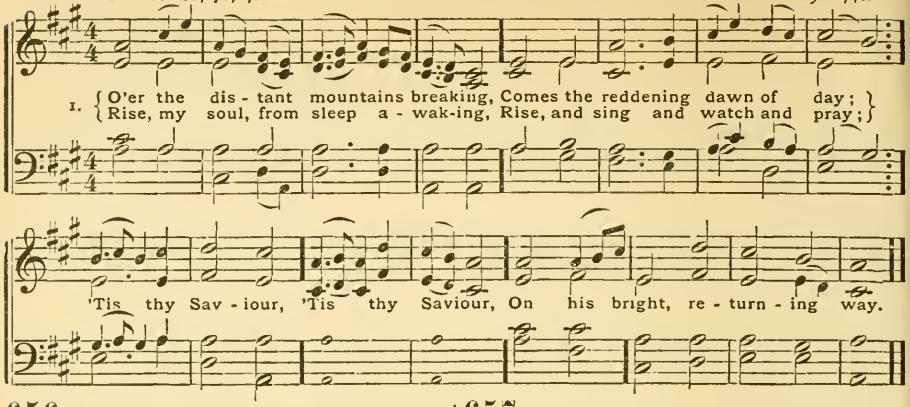
2 From the third heaven, where God resides—
That holy, happy place,—
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die!"

5 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HELMSLEY. 8s, 7s, 4s. H. MADAN. 1698–1748.



656

J. S. B. MONSELL 1863.

1 O'er the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing and watch and pray;
'Tis the Saviour,
On his bright returning way.

2 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand,
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In thy bright and promised land!

3 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home;
Come, my Saviour!
O my Saviour, quickly come!

657

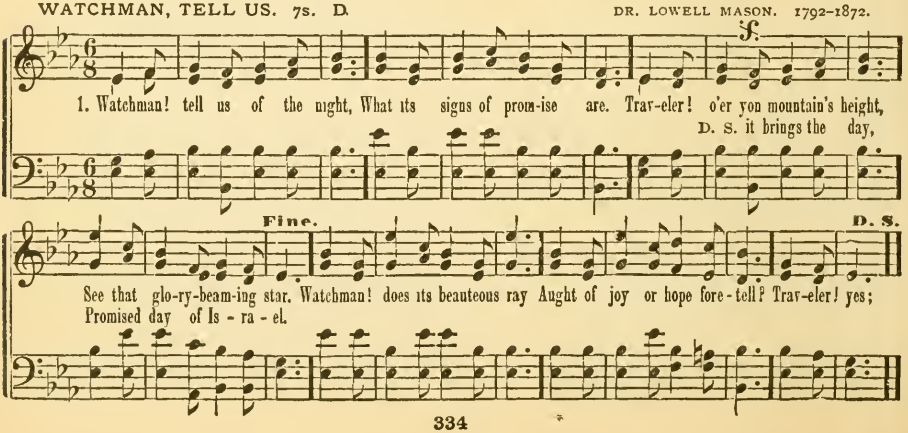
JOHN R. MACDUFF. 1853.

1 Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

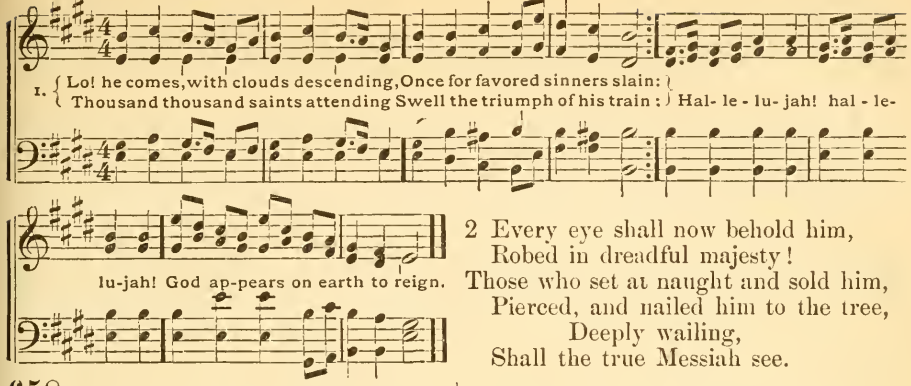
2 Long thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest and home and thee;
But in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

3 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

WATCHMAN, TELL US. 7s. D. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s. SICILIAN MELODY.



658

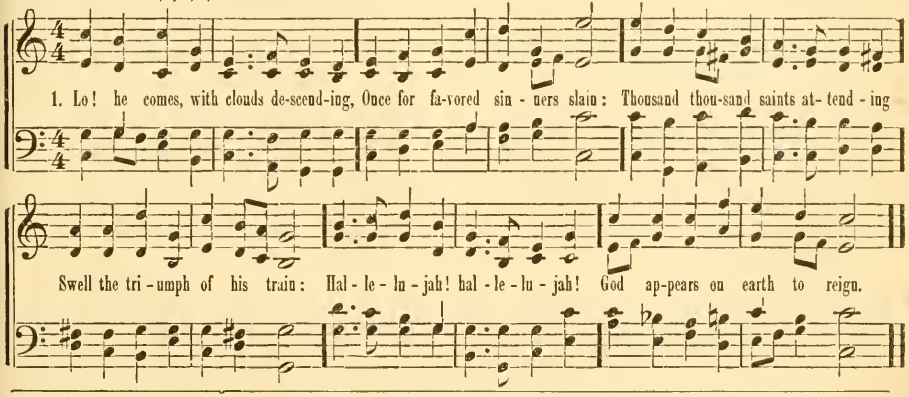
Alt'd from J. CENNICK. 1752.

1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain:
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

ALTON. 8s, 7s, 4s. HENRY SMART. 1868.



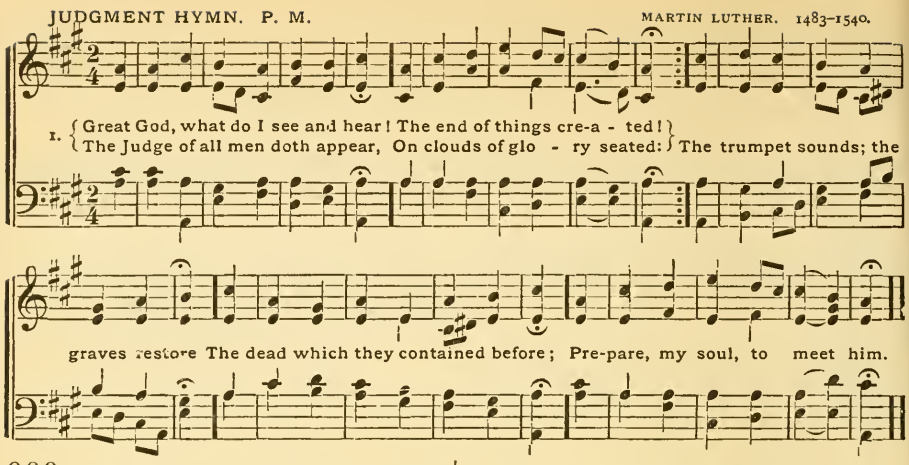
659

7s. D. SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1823.

1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.



660

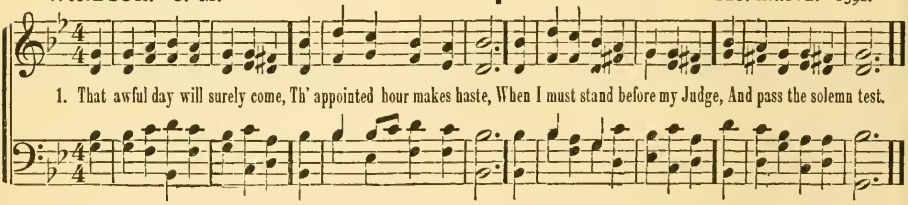
B. RINGWALDT. 1585, and W. B. COLLYER. 1812.

1 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,—
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Low at his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.



661

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

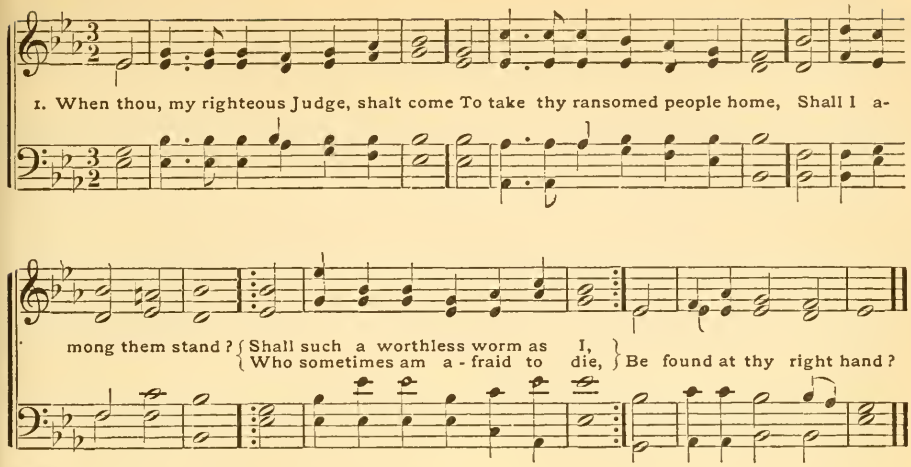
2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 Jesus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit can not rest.

4 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands!

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



662

S. SHIRLEY, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGTON 1772.

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?
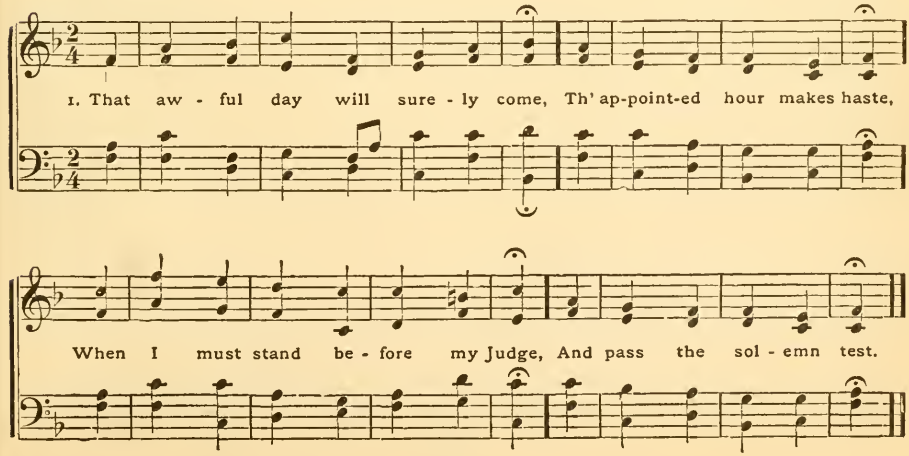
2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
 In this, th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

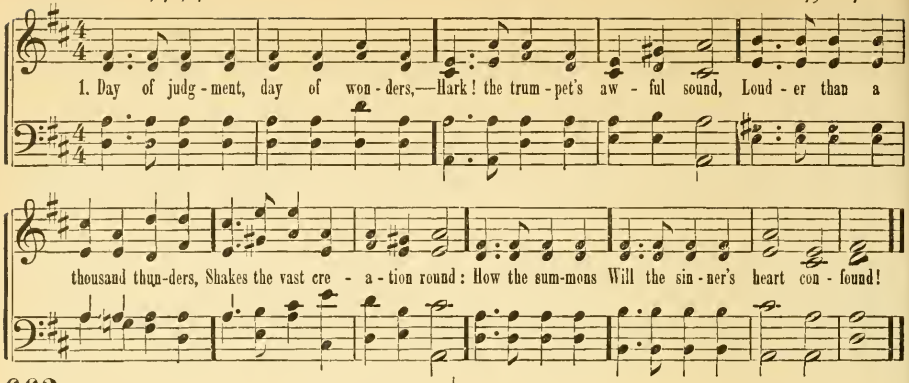
4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

DUNDEE. C. M.

G. FRANC. 1520–1570.



BREST. 8s, 7s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



663

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

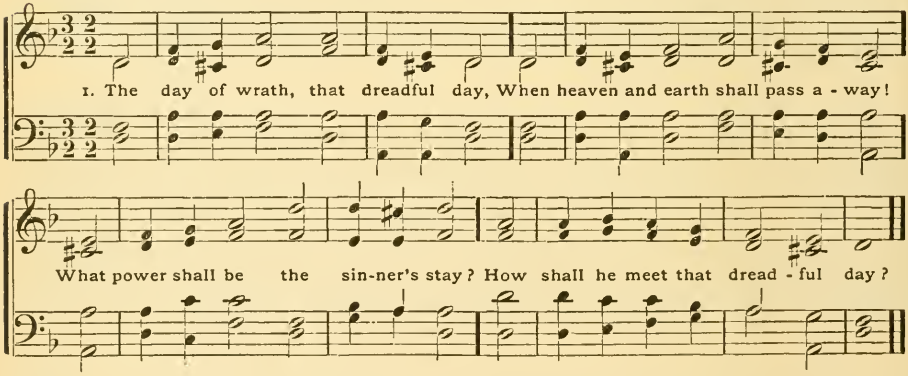
1 Day of judgment, day of wonders,—
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

WINDHAM. L. M. DANIEL READ. 1757–1836.



664

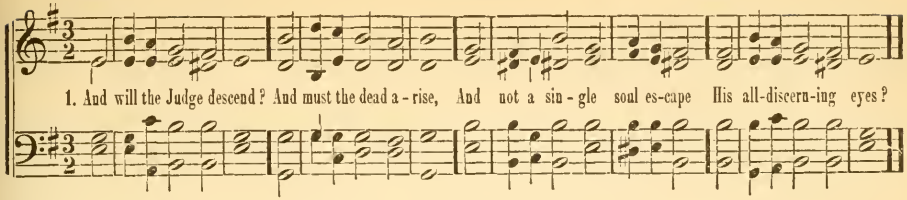
"DIES IRAE."
Tr by SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1805.

1 The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

AYLESBURY. S. M. REV. J. CHETHAM. 1700–1760.



665

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

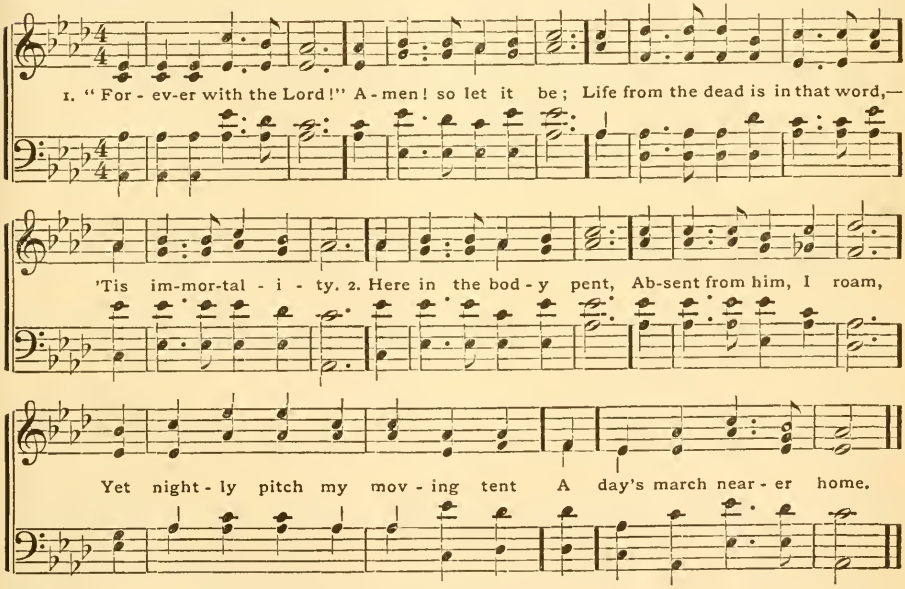
1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye can not bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

WOODBURY. S. M. D. I. B. WOODBURY. 1819–1858.



666

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

1 "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,—
'Tis immortality.

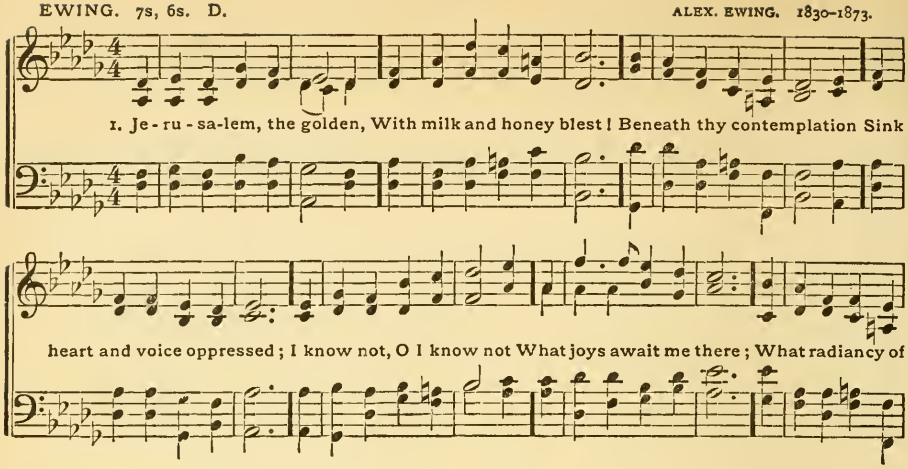
2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him, I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

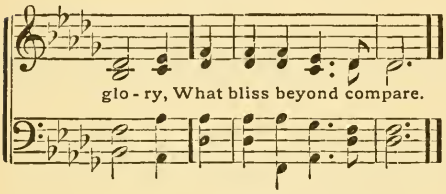
3 My Father's house on high,—
Home of my soul,—how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

EWING. 7s, 6s. D.

ALEX. EWING. 1830–1873.





667

BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1150.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE. 1851.

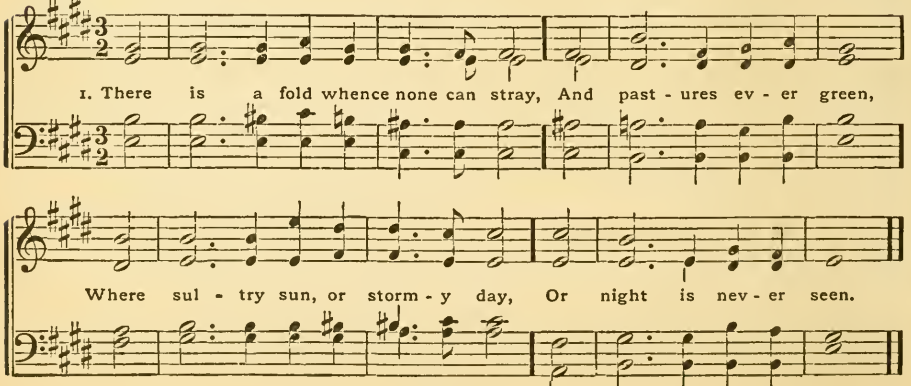
1 Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed;
I know not, O I know not
What joys await me there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
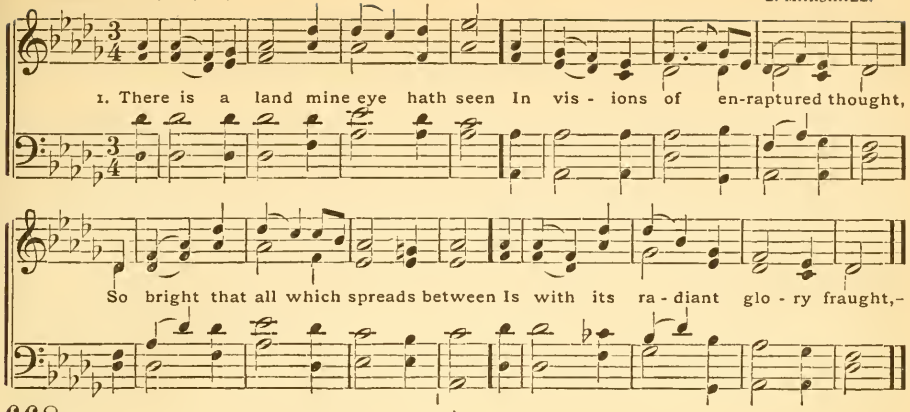
3 O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

SERENITY. C. M.

W. V. WALLACE. 1815–1866.



ALTITUDE. L. M. L. MARSHALL.



668

GURDON ROBINS. 1843.
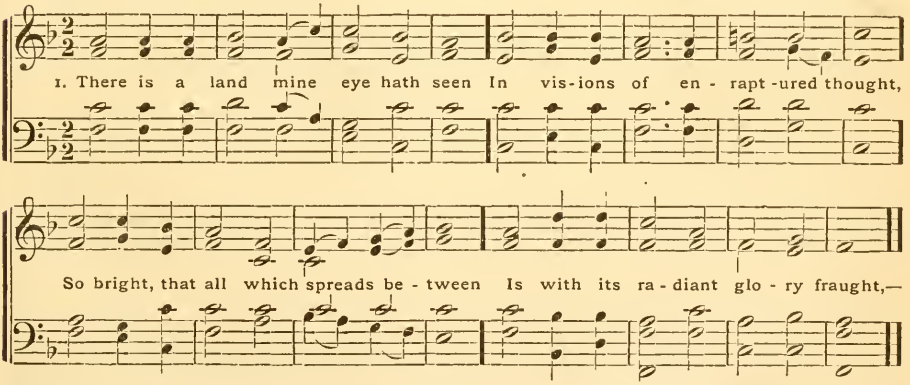
1 There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught,—

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER. 1800.



669

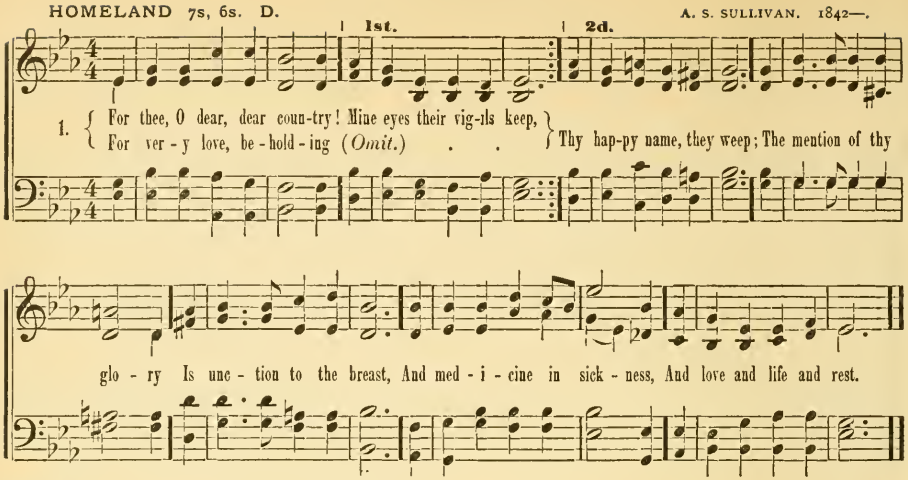
C. M. JOHN EAST. 1836.

1 There is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 Soon at his feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,—
I shall not taste of death.

4 Far from this guilty world to be,
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is life.



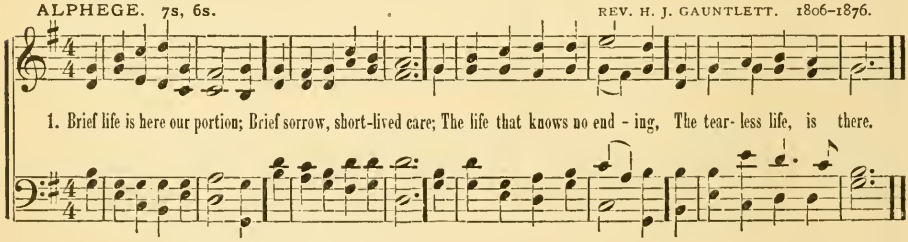
670

BERNARD OF CLUNY, about 1145.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE. 1858.

1 For thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep,
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy:
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.



671

BERNARD OF CLUNY, about 1145.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE. 1851.

1 Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

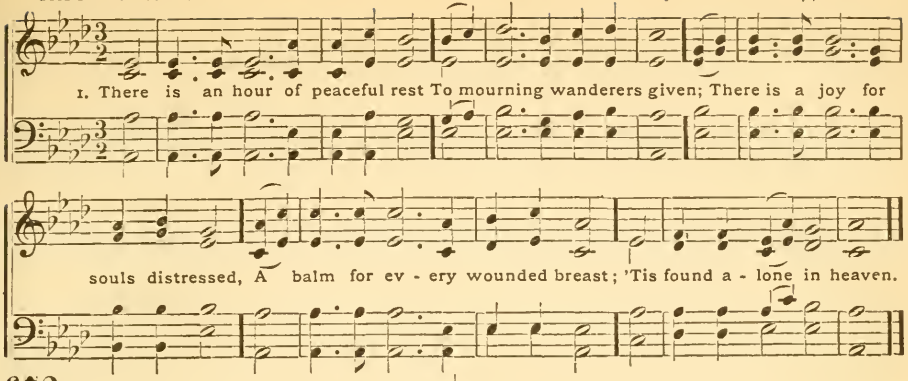
2 O happy retribution;
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

3 But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

4 There God, our King and portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

TAPPAN. C. M.

J. G. NAUMAN. 1741–1801.



672

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN. 1829.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven.
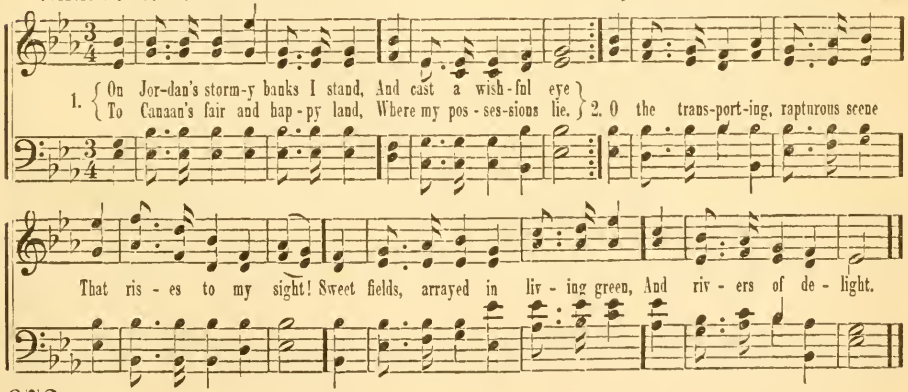
2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear,—'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

VARINA. C. M.

JOHANN C. H. RINK. 1770–1846.



673

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie.

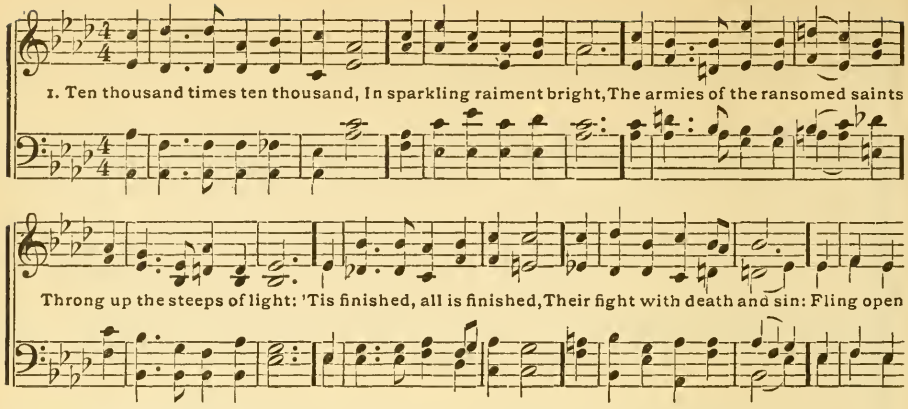
2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide, extended plains
Shines one eternal day:
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

ALFORD. P. M.

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.



674

HENRY ALFORD. 1866.

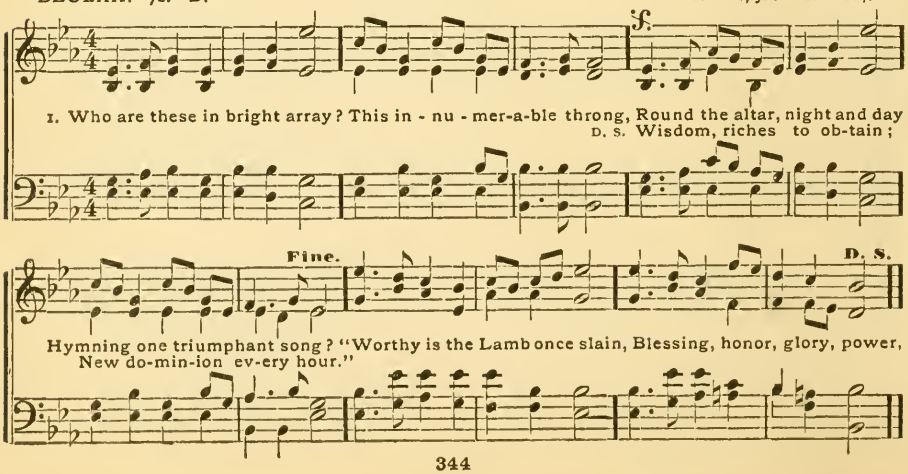
1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

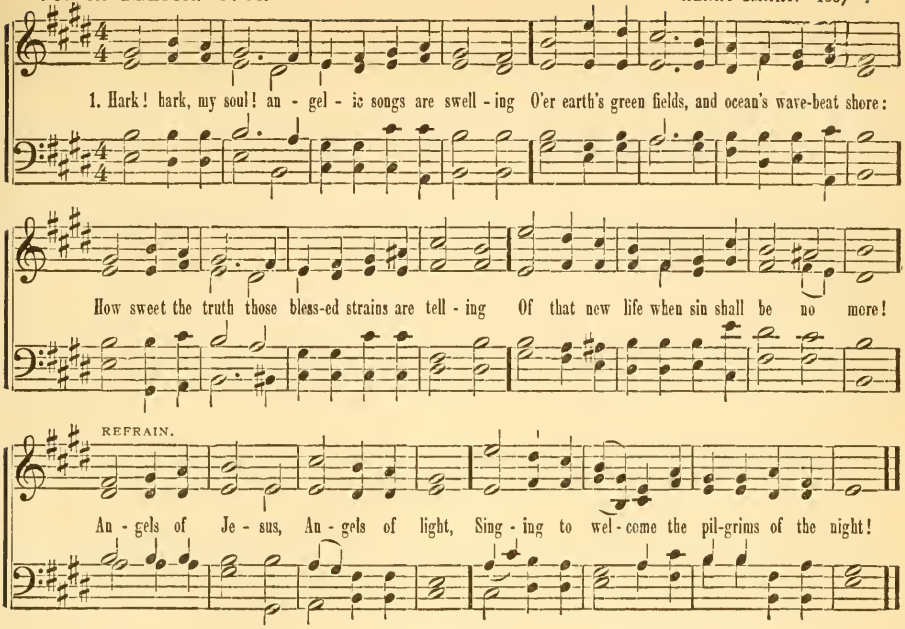
3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

BEULAH. 7s. D.

E. IVES, JR. 1800–1864.



VOX ANGELICA. P. M. HENRY SMART. 1867—.



675

F. W. FABER. 1849.

1 Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!—REF.

2 Onward we go; for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.

3 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

676 7s. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

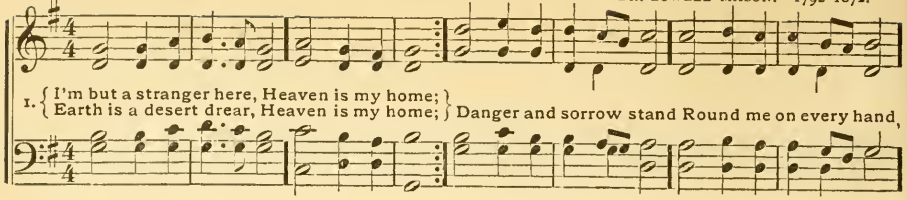
1 Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain;
New dominion every hour.
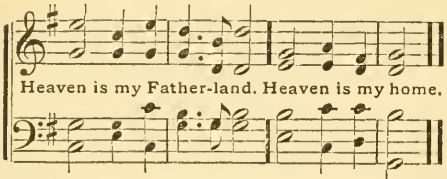
2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears

OAK. 7s, 4s.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.





677

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR. 1835.

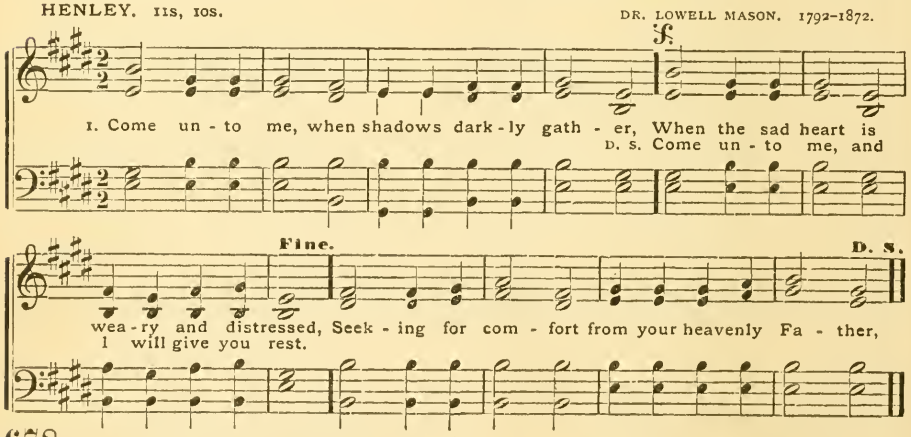
I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Father-land,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,—
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,—
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

HENLEY. 11s, 10s.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



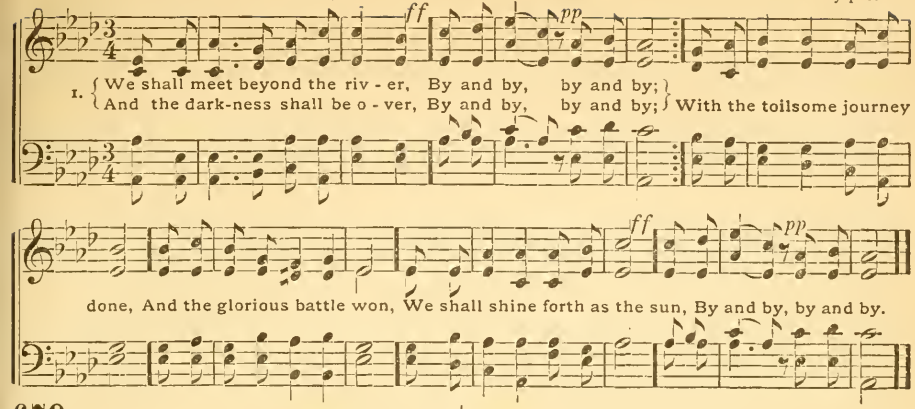
678

CATHERINE H. WATERMAN. 1848.

1 Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.



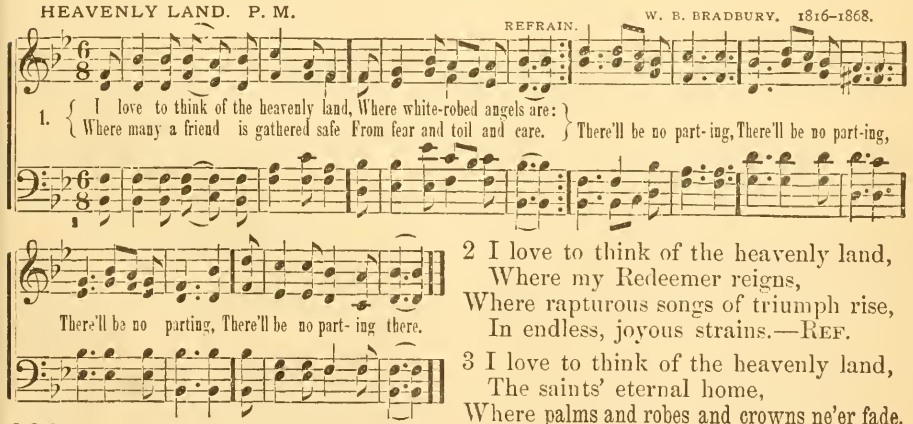
679

JOHN ATKINSON.

1 We shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over,
By and by, by and by;
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story,
By and by, by and by;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;
And the angels who fulfill
All the mandates of his will
Shall attend and love us still,
By and by, by and by.



680

Alt. from LOUIS HARTSOUGH.

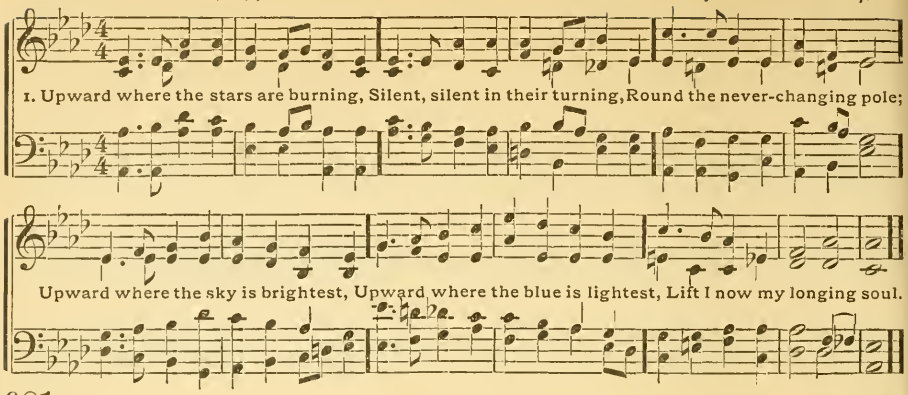
1 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where white-robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear and toil and care.—REF.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—REF.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms and robes and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.—REF.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair;
O how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there!—REF.

ASPIRATION. 8s, 8s, 7s. J. B. CALKINS. 1827.



681

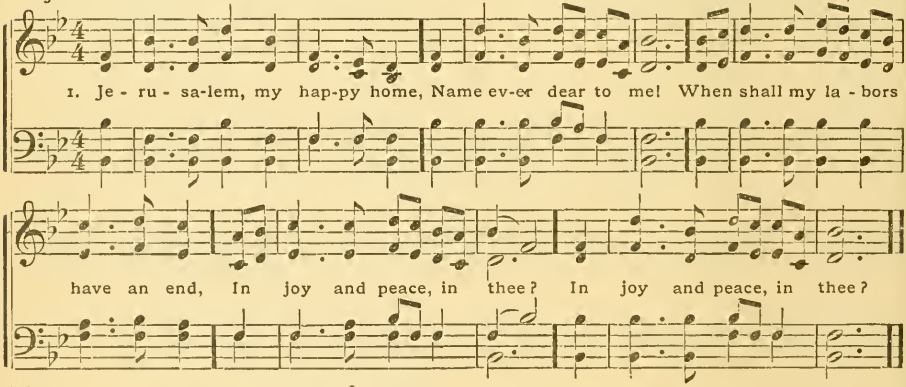
HORATIUS BONAR. '66.

1 Upward where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown him;
Son of God, they own, they own him;
With his name the palace rings.

3 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet.

JERUSALEM. C. M. F. BURGMULLER. 1804—.



682

LATIN HYMN, 8TH CENT.
WILLIAMS AND BODEN'S COL. 1801.

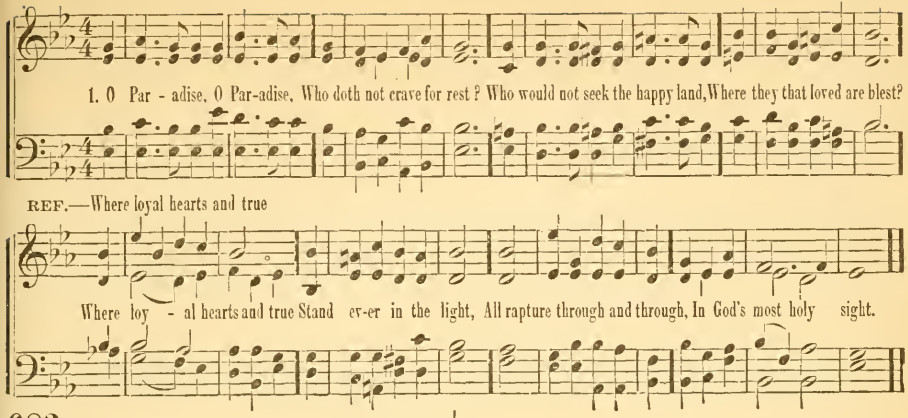
1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace, in thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Jerusalem, my glorious home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

O PARADISE. P. M. JOSEPH BARNBY. 1868.



683

F. W. FABER. 1862.

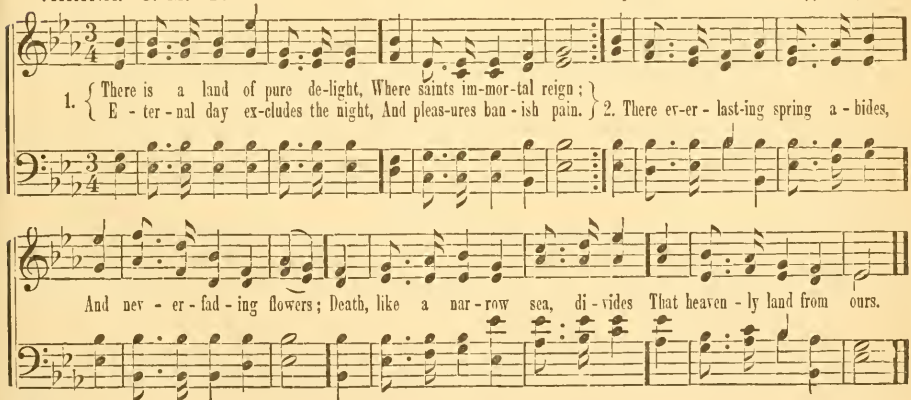
1 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?

REF.—Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

VARINA. C. M. D. JOHANN C. H. RINK. 1770–1846.



684

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

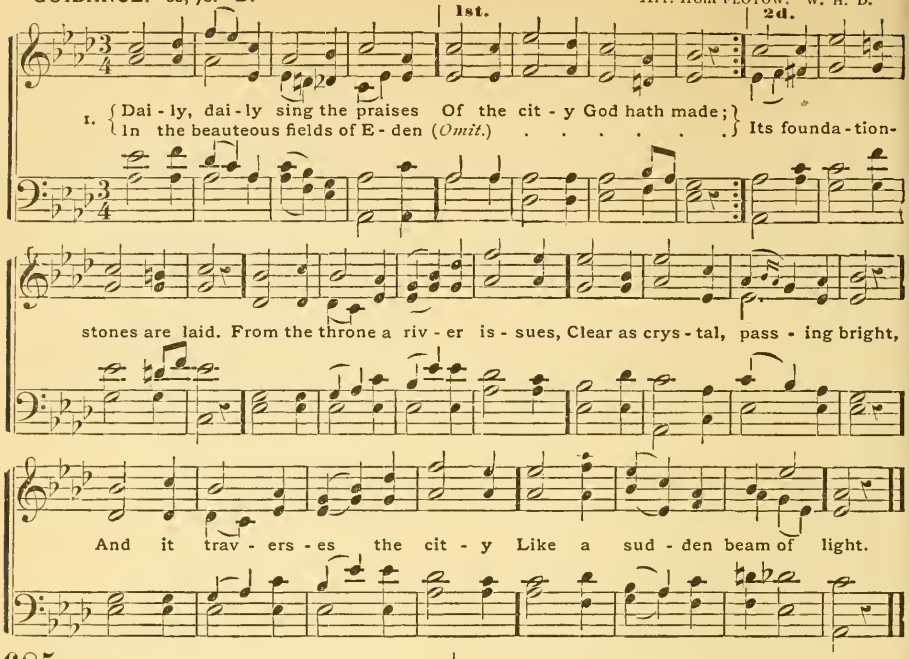
1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

GUIDANCE. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. from FLOTOW. W. H. D.



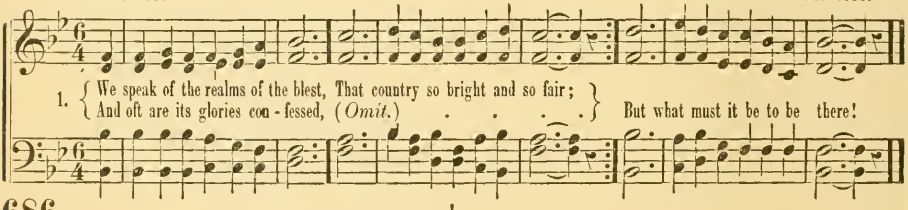
685

SABINE BARING-GOULD. 1834.

1 Daily, daily sing the praises
Of the city God hath made;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid.
From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the city
Like a sudden beam of light.

2 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs and the elders,
And the great redeemed throng.
O I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
O I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!

FOSTER. 8s. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1863.



686

ELIZABETH MILLS. 1829.
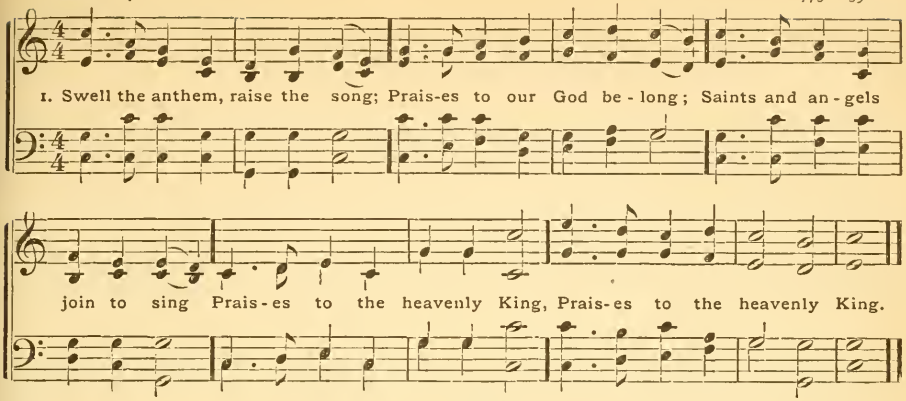
1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

ESSEX. 7s. THOMAS CLARK. 1775–1859.



687

NATHAN STRONG. 1799.

1 Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod;
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

688

ANNA LAETITIA BARBAULD. 1825.
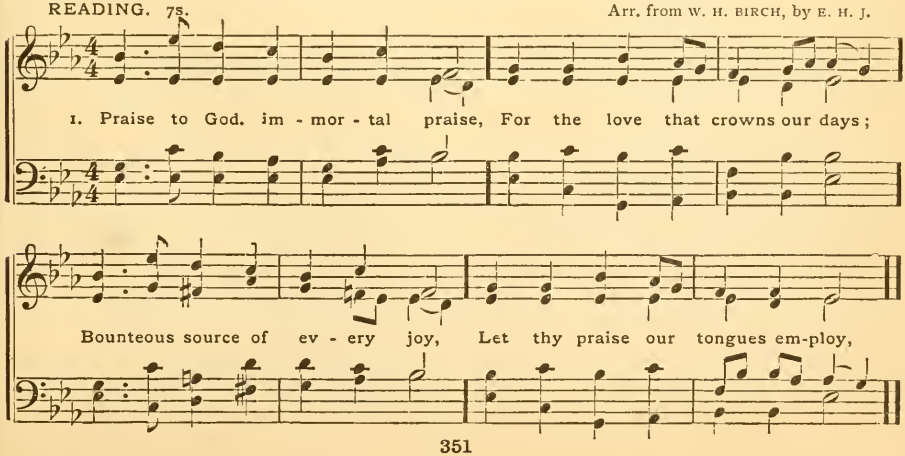
1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

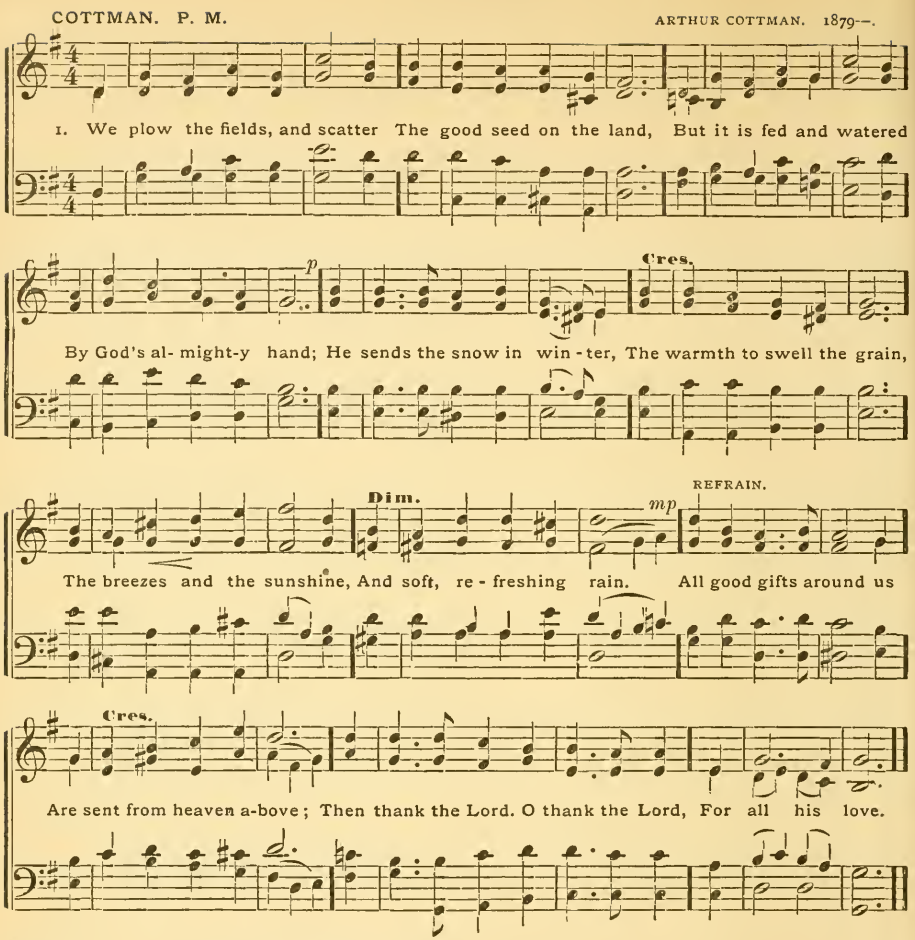
2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—

4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

READING. 7s. Arr. from W. H. BIRCH, by E. H. J.





689

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS. 1782.
Tr. by MISS J. M. CAMPBELL. 1861.

1 We plow the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain.

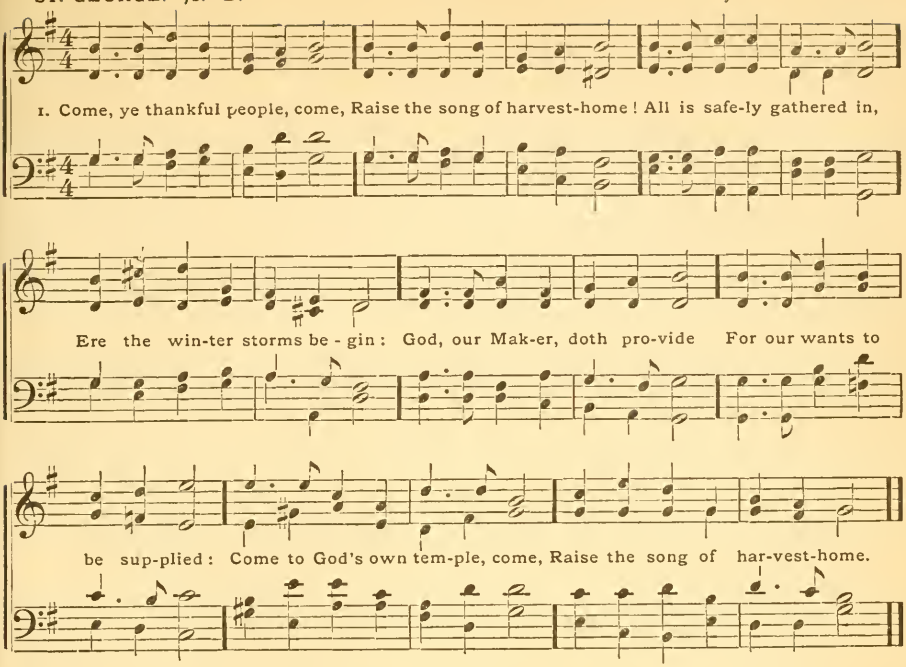
REF.—All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

ST. GEORGE. 7s. D.

SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY. 1816—.



690

HENRY ALFORD. 1844.

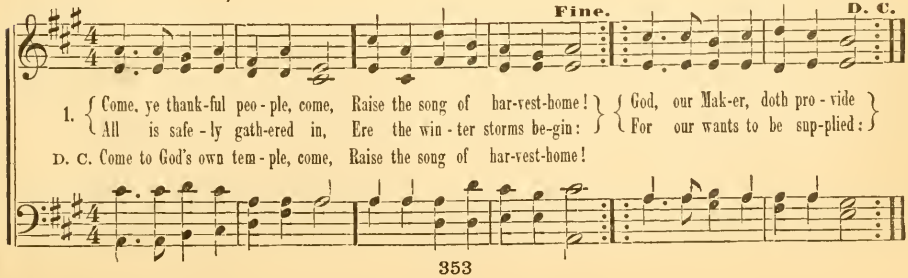
1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 We ourselves are God's own field
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest! grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

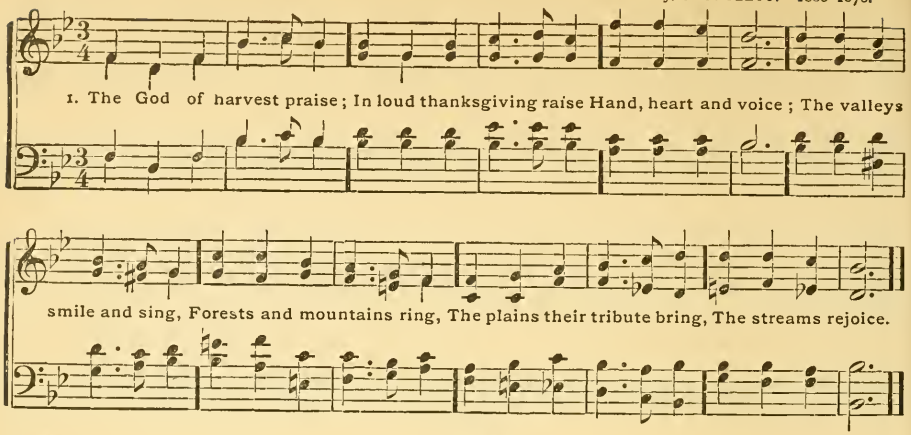
3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.

SPANISH MELODY.



AUDLEY. 6s, 4s. H. J. GAUNTLETT. 1806–1876.



691

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

1 The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along;
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

692

JOHN S. DWIGHT. 1844.

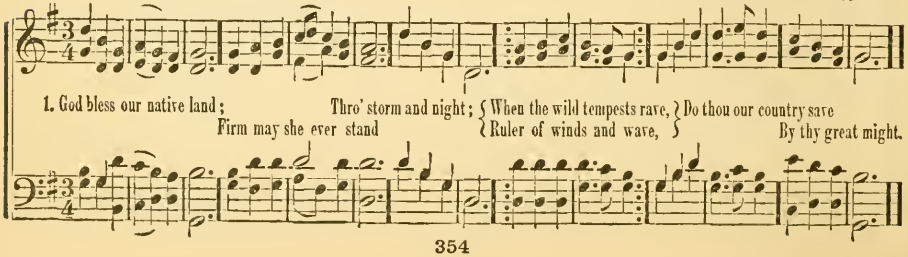
1 God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state.

DOXOLOGY.
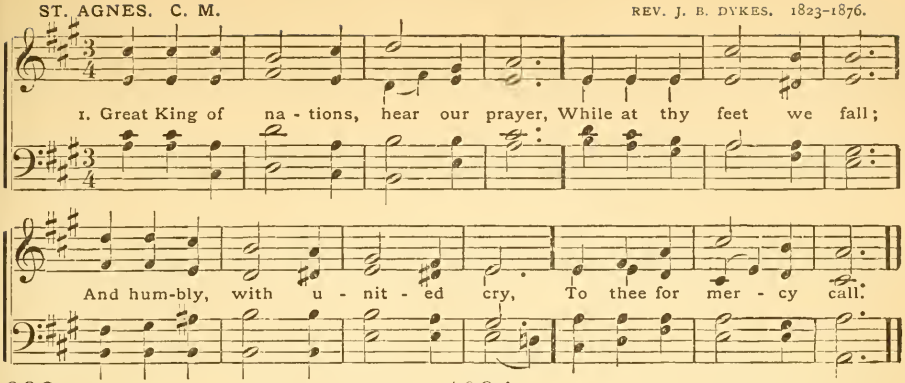
To God,—the Father, Son,
And Spirit,—three in one,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong,—
On earth, in heaven.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s. F. GIARDINI. 1716–1796.



ST. AGNES. C. M.

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.



693

JOHN H. GURNEY. 1851.

1 Great King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at thy feet we fall;
And humbly with united cry,
To thee for mercy call.

2 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To thee we looked, to thee we cried,
And help in thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

4 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with thy judgments, Lord,
Then let thy mercy spare.

694

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD. 1837.

1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

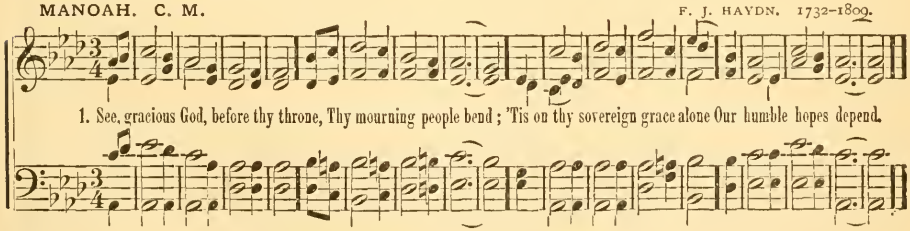
2 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

MANOAH. C. M.

F. J. HAYDN. 1732–1809.



695

ANNE STEELE. 1756.

1 See, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

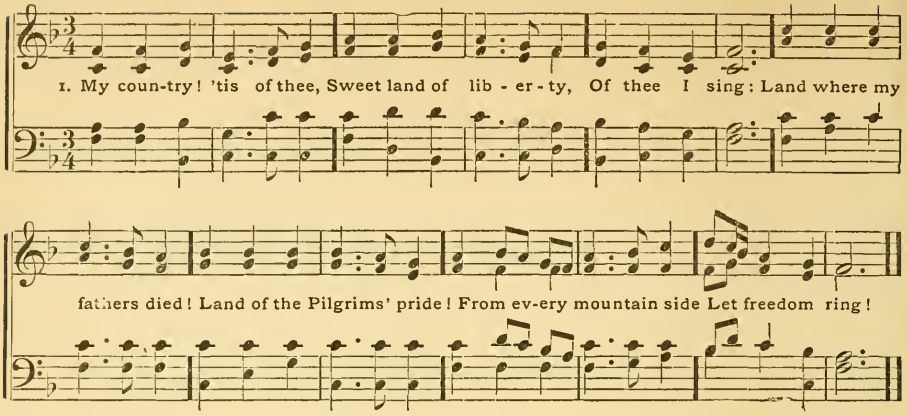
2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

AMERICA. 6s, 4s. HENRY CAREY. 1685–1743.



696

S. F. SMITH. 1833.

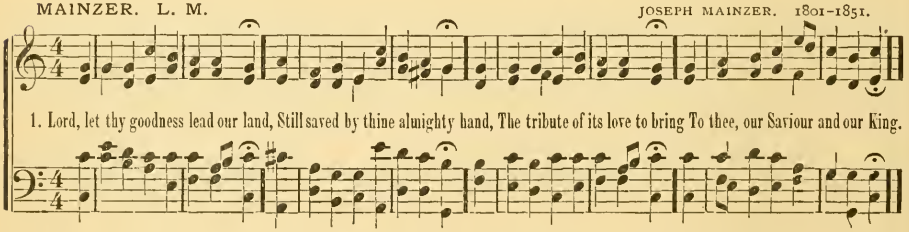
1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

MAINZER. L. M. JOSEPH MAINZER. 1801–1851.



697

ANON.

1 Lord, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.
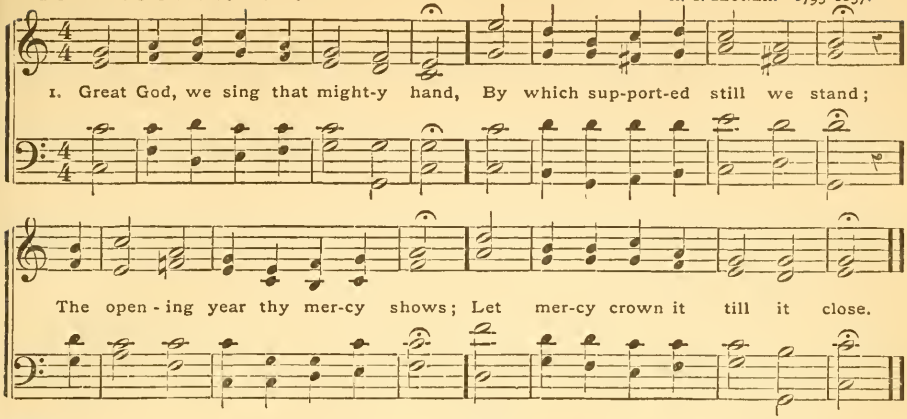
3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in One,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven!

LUTHER'S CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER. 1795–1857.



698

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future,—all to us unknown,—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

699

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1751.

1 Our helper, God, we bless thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin and crown and close the year.
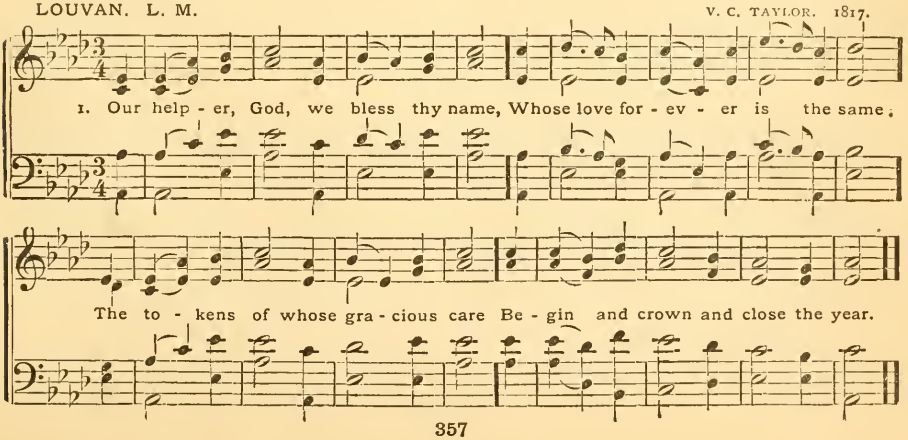
2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

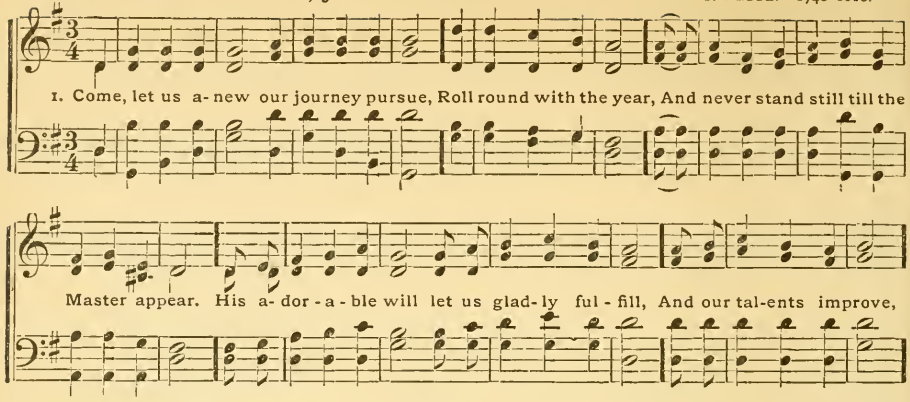
LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR. 1817.



NEW YEAR'S HYMN. 11s, 5s.

S. WEBBE. 1740–1816.



700

CHARLES WESLEY. 1750.

1 Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.
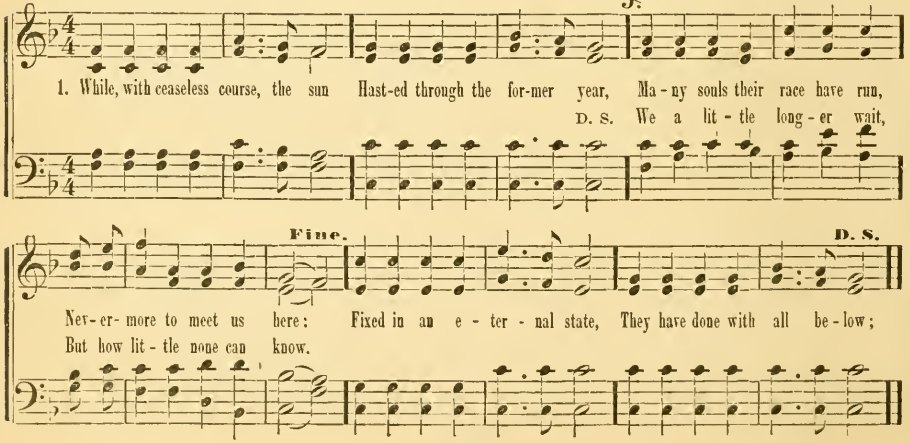
2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through:
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

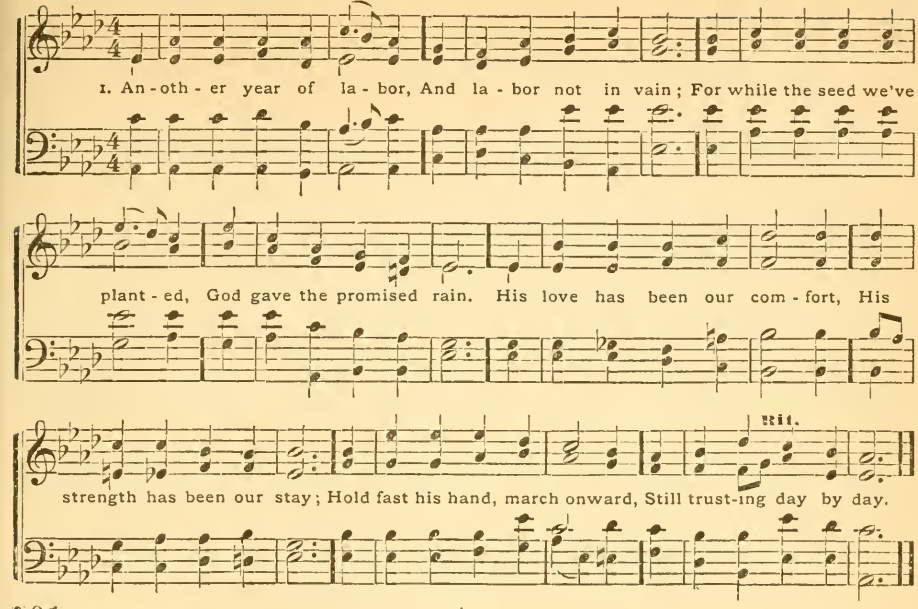
BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

f.

S. WEBBE. 1740–1816.



ENCOURAGEMENT. 7s, 6s. D. W. H. DOANE.



701

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. 1823.

1 Another year of labor,
And labor not in vain;
For while the seed we've planted,
God gave the promised rain.
His love has been our comfort,
His strength has been our stay,
Hold fast his hand, march onward,
Still trusting day by day.

2 Hold fast his hand, march onward,
The reaping soon will come,
And then our harvest bearing,
We'll gladly gather home.
Toil on, O Christian workers,
To each and all we say,
Hold fast his hand, march onward,
Still trusting day by day.

3 O blessed, blessed harvest
Of souls for Christ our King,
When we who toil in weakness
With joy our fruit shall bring.
Then let us not be weary,
But work and watch and pray;
Hold fast his hand, march onward,
Still trusting day by day.

702

7s. D. JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

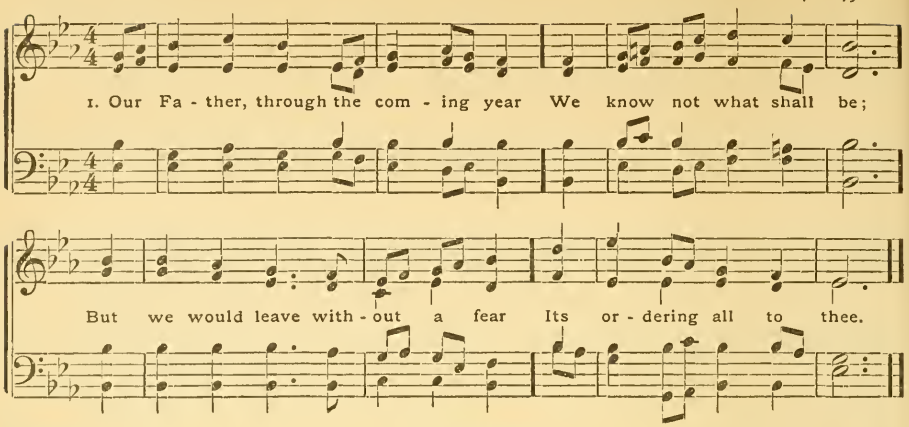
1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,—
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

FROME. C. M.

ARR. HUGH BOND. 1702–1792.



703

ANON.

1 Our Father, through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art perfect Love.

704

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.
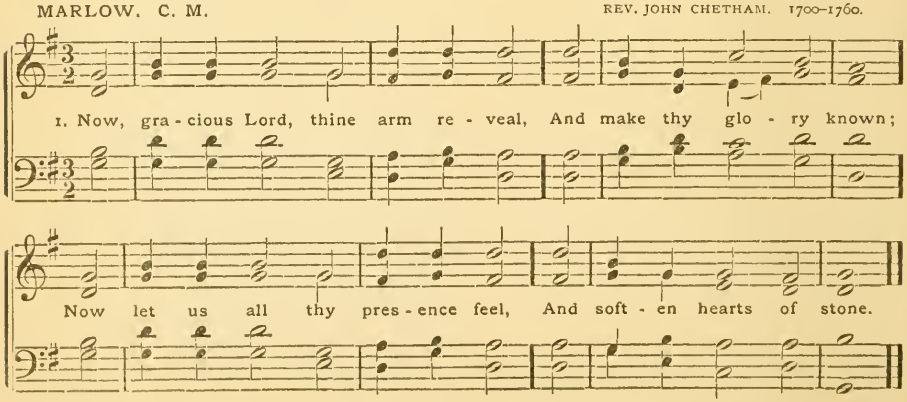
2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

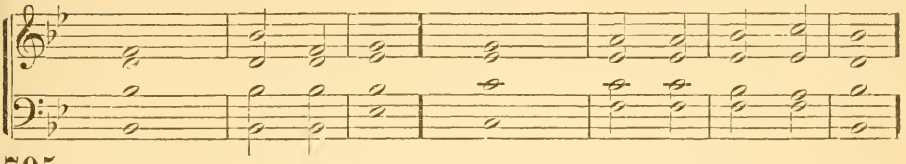
4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

MARLOW. C. M.

REV. JOHN CHETHAM. 1700–1760.
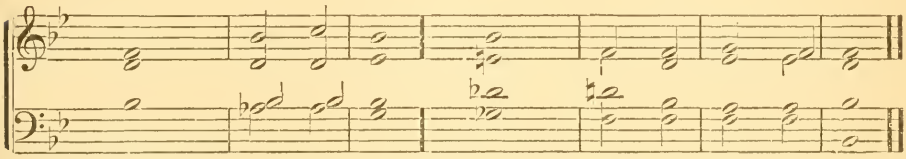


No. 1. PRAISE THE LORD. (Benedic Anima Mea.) L. V. BEETHOVEN. 1770–1808.
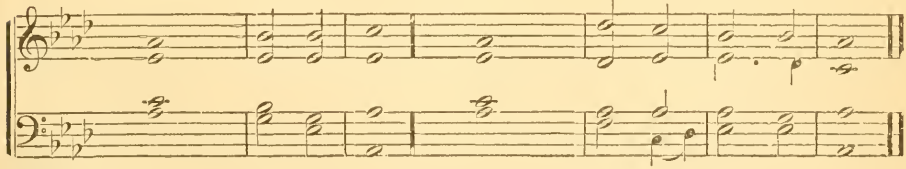


705 *Psalm ciii.*

1 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and all that is within me | praise his | holy | name.
3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, || and healeth ·· all | thine in- | firmities.
5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his; ye that ex- | cel in | strength; || ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken un- | to the | voice of ·· his | word.
7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye | works of | his || in all | places ·· of | his dominion.



2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all his | benefits;
4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction, || and crowneth thee with | mercy ·· and | loving- | kindness.
6 O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts; || ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure. |
8 Praise thou the Lord, | O my | soul, || praise thou the | Lord,— | O my | soul.

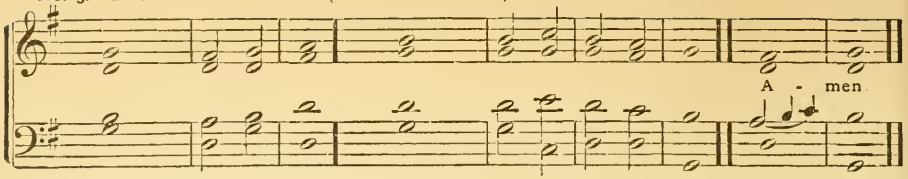
No. 2. O BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD. (Jubilate Deo.) DR. WILLIAM TURNER. 1652–1740.



706 *Psalm c.*

1 O be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands: || serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | presence | with a | song.
2 Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God: || it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people, | and the | sheep of ·· his | pasture.
3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise: || be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | name.
4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever- | lasting; || and his truth endureth from gener- | ation ·· to | gener- | ation.
5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost.
6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

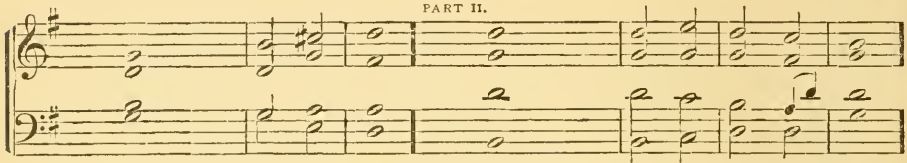
No. 3. GLORY BE TO GOD. (Gloria in Excelsis.) PART I.



707
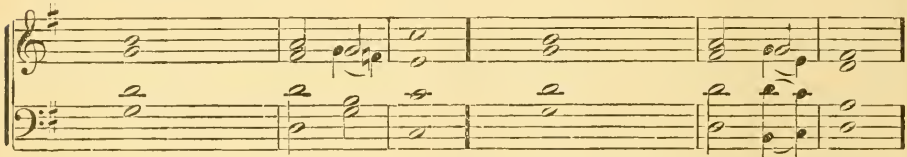
1 Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will towards | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.

PART II.



3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- | mighty;
4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son | of the | Father:

PART III.

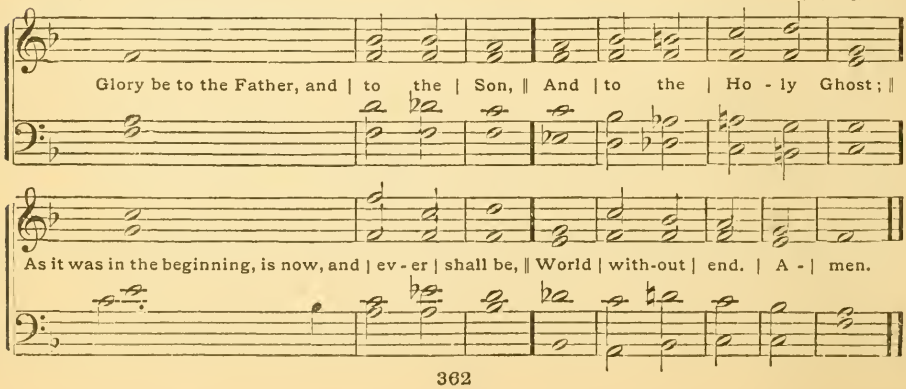


5 That taketh away the | sins ·· of the | world, || have mercy up- | on— | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, || have mercy up- | on— | us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy up- | on— | us.
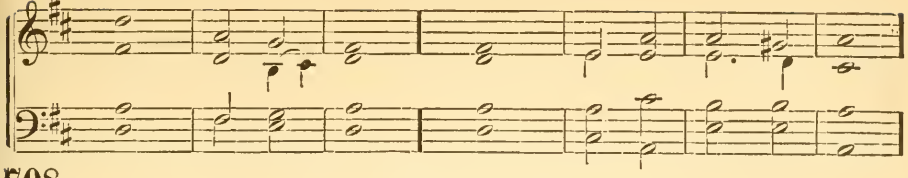
RETURN TO PART I.

9 For thou | only ·· art | holy; || thou | only | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory ·· of | God the | Father. || A- | men.

No. 4. GLORIA PATRIA. DR. L SPHOR. 1784-1839.
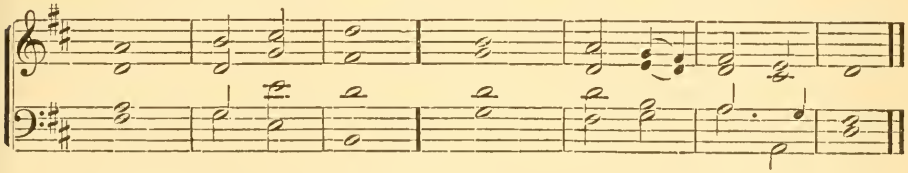


No. 5. O COME, LET US SING. (Venite, Exultemus Domino.) DR. WM. BOYCE. 1710–1744.



708

Psalm xcv.

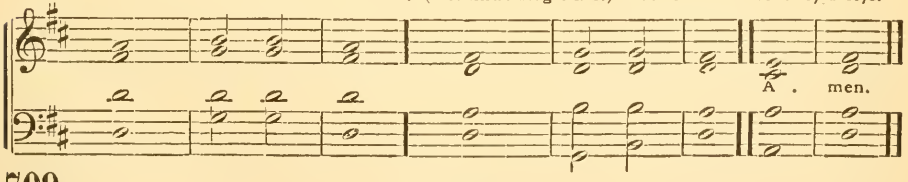
1 O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
3 For the Lord is a | great— | God, || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
5 The sea is his, | and he | made it; || and his hands pre- | pared the | dry— | land.
7 For he is the | Lord our | God; || and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.
10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost.



2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.
6 O come, let us worship | and fall | down, || and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty ·· of | holiness; || let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.
9* For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth, || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.
11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

*Begin at middle of the chant.

No. 6. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. (Dominus Regit Me.) DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.
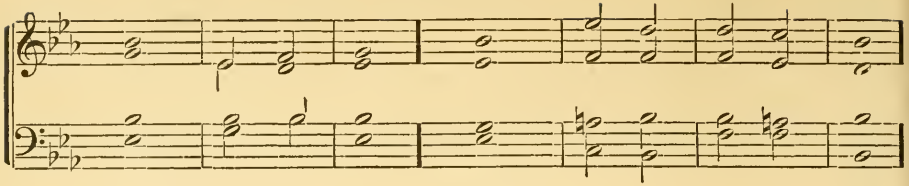


709

Psalm xxiii.
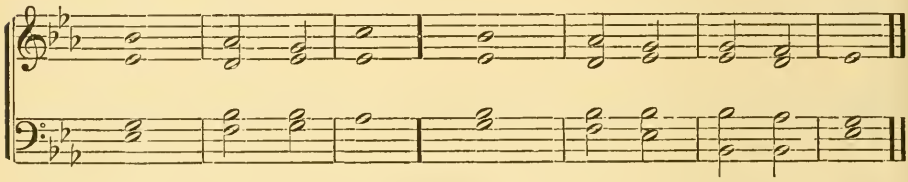
1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.
2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff | they— | comfort me.
3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup ·· runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- | ever. || A- | men.

No. 7. O SING UNTO THE LORD. (Cantate Domino.) DR. JOHN RANDALL. 1715–1790.



710

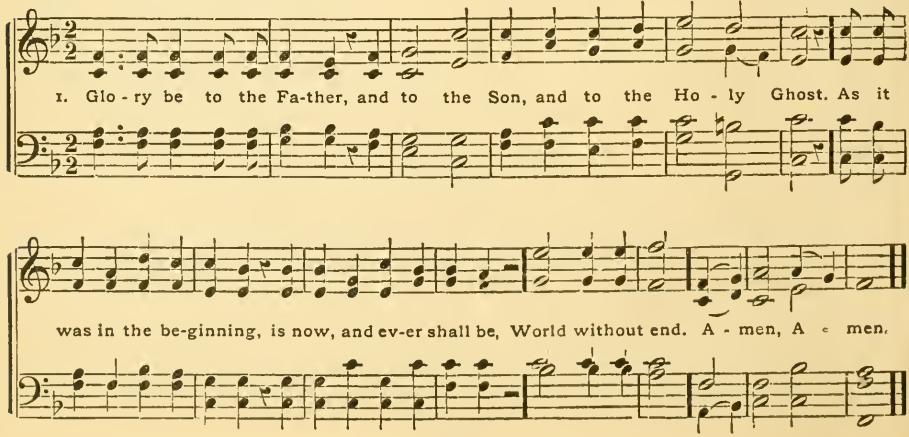
1 O sing unto the Lord a | new | song; | for he | hath done | marvelous | things; ||
3 The Lord declared | his sal- | vation; || his righteousness hath he openly | showed in the | sight of the | heathen.
5 Sing unto the Lord | with ·· the | harp, || with the harp | and ·· the | voice ·· of a | psalm.
7 Let the sea roar, and the | fullness ·· there- | of; || the world, and | they ·· that dwell ·· there- | in.
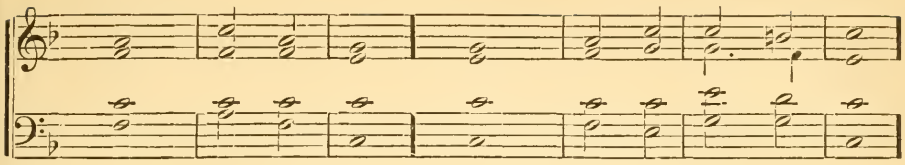


2 With his own right hand, and with his | ho-ly | arm, || hath he gotten him- | self the | victo- | ry.
4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth towards the | house of | Israel, || and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God. ||
6 With trumpets and | sound ·· of | cornet || make a joyful noise be- | fore ·· the Lord ·· the | King.
8 Let the floods | clap ·· their | hands, || let the | hills ·· be | joyful ·· to- | gether
9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to | judge ·· the | earth; || with righteousness shall he judge the world, | and ·· the | people ·· with | equity.

711

No. 8. GLORIA PATRI. Irr. UNKNOWN.
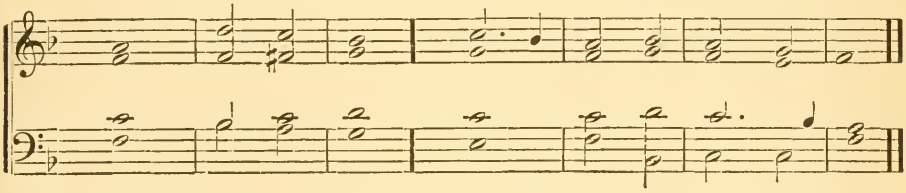


No. 9. MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE. (Jubilate Deo.) REV. HENRY N. ALDRICH. 1647–1710.



712
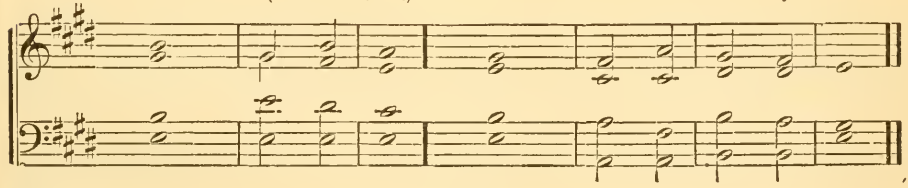
Psalm c.

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands; || serve the Lord with gladness; come before his | pres-ence | with— | singing.
3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; || be thankful unto him | and— | bless his | name.
5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the ·· Son, || and | to ·· the | Ho-ly | Ghost.



2 Know ye that the Lord, | he is | God? || It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep of ·· his | pasture.
4 For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ev-er | lasting, || and his truth endureth to | all— | gen-e- | rations.
6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, | world without | end.—A- | men.

No. 10. I WAS GLAD. (Laetatus Sum.) J. BARNBY.
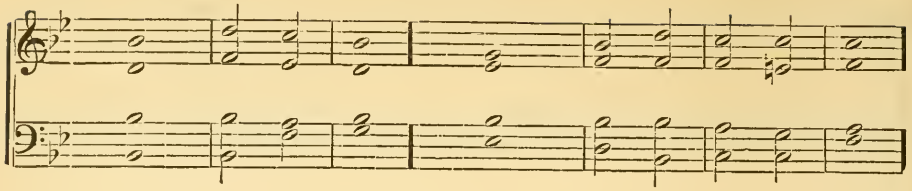


713

Psalm cxxii.
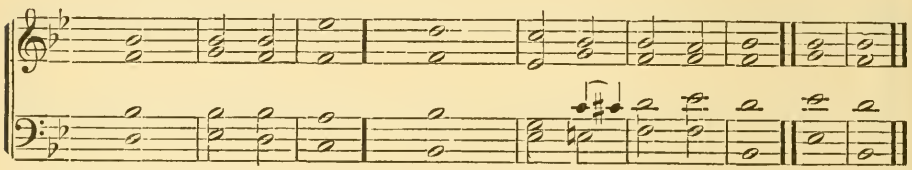
1 I was glad when they said | un-to | me, || let us go in- | to the | house of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, || O | Je— | ru-sa- | lem!
3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city || that | is com- | pact to- | gether:
4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes of the | Lord, || unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks un- | to the | name of the | Lord.
5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || the thrones | of the | house of | David.
6 Pray for the peace of Je- | ru-sa- | lem: || they shall | prosper ·· that | love— | thee.
7 Peace be with- | in thy walls, || and prosperi- | ty with- | in thy | palaces.
8 For my brethren and com- | panions' sakes || I will now say, | Peace— | be with- | in thee.
9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God, || I will | seek | thy— | good.

No. 11. O COME, LET US LIFT OUR HEARTS. W. H. DOANE.



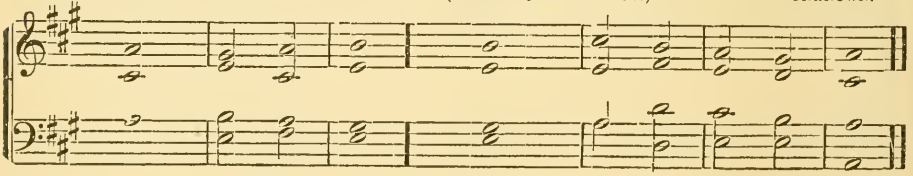
714

1 O come, let us lift our | hearts to | God; || let us gratefully be glad, and re- | joice in | his sal- | vation;
2 The Lord hath prepared his | throne in | heaven; || he hath covered himself with | light as | with a | garment;
3 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;



1 Let us bow ourselves before him | with de- | vo-tion, || and hallow his | name with | songs of | praise.
2 Yet his mercy is over | all that | love him, || and his dwelling with | those who | trust in | him.
3 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men. || A-men.

No. 12. I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES. (Levavi Oculos Meos.) UNKNOWN.
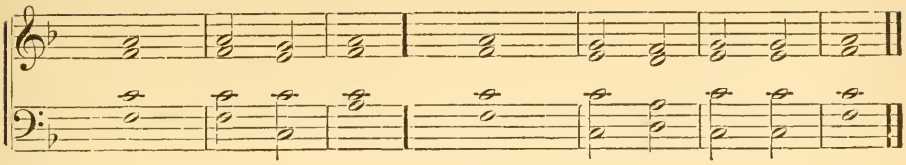


715

Psalm cxxi.

1 I will lift up mine eyes un- | to the | hills, || from whence | com-eth | my— | help.
2 My help cometh | from the | Lord, || which | made— | heaven and | earth.
3 He will not suffer thy | foot ·· to be | moved; || he that | keepeth ·· thee | will not | slumber.
4 Behold, he that | keepeth | Israel || shall neither | slumber | nor— | sleep.
5 The Lord | is thy | keeper; || the Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right— | hand.
6 The sun shall not | smite thee ·· by | day, || nor the | moon— | by— | night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all— | evil; || he | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | com-ing | in || from this time forth, and | even ·· for | ev-er- | more.

No. 13. HAVE MERCY UPON ME. (Miserere Mei Deus.) THOMAS TALLIS. 1520–1585.

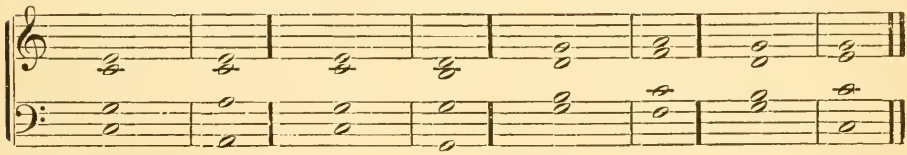


716

Psalm li.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving- | kindness: || according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, | blot out | my trans- | gressions. ||
2 Wash me thoroughly from mine in-|iqui- | ty, || and | cleanse me|from my|sin. ||
3 For I acknowledge|my trans- | gressions: || and my|sin is|ever ·· be-|fore me. ||
4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight: || that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest and be|clear--|when thou|judgest. ||
5 Create in me a clean|heart, O|God! || and re-|new ·· a right|spirit ··with-|in me. ||
6 Cast me not away | from thy | presence; || and take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me. ||
7 Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation; || and uphold me | with thy | free— | Spirit. ||
8 Then will I teach trans- | gressors ·· thy | ways; || and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee. ||
9 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God! thou God of | my sal- | vation: || and my tongue shall sing a- | loud ·· of thy | righteous- | ness. ||
10 O Lord! open | thou my | lips; || and my mouth ·· shall show|forth thy | praise. ||

No. 14. OUT OF THE DEPTHS. (De Profundis.) UNKNOWN.
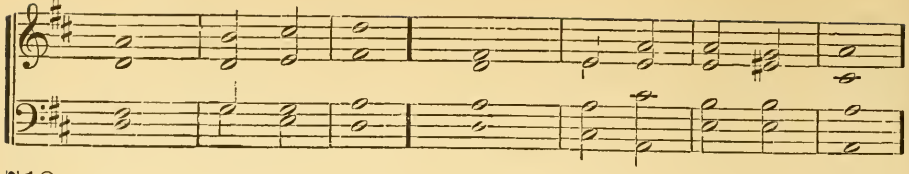


717

Psalm cxxx.

1 Out of the | depths || have I cried unto thee, O | Lord! ||
2 Lord, hear my | voice: || let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my suppli- | cations. ||
3 If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in- | iquities, || O Lord! who shall | stand? ||
4 But there is forgiveness with | thee, || that thou mayest be | feared. ||
5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth | wait; || and in his word do I | hope. ||
6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the | morning: || I say, more than they that watch for the | morning. ||
7 Let Israel hope in the | Lord; || for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous re- | demption. ||
8 And he shall redeem | Israel || from all his in- | iquities. ||
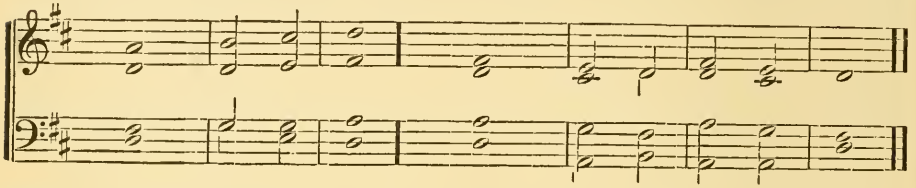
No. 15. THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.



718

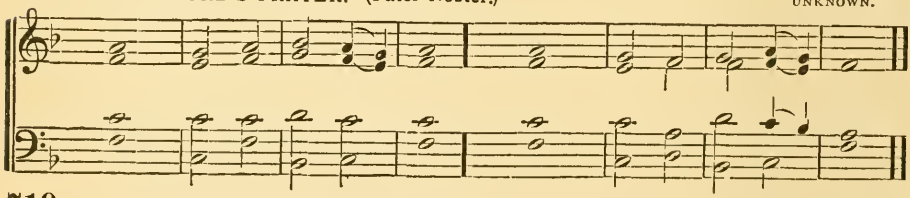
Psalm xxvii.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom | shall I | fear? || The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom | shall I | be a- | fraid?
3 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I | seek— | after, || that I may dwell in the house of the Lord | all the | days of ·· my | life.
5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his pa- | vilion: || in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me | up up- | on a | rock.
7 Hear, O Lord! when I cry | with my | voice: || have mercy also upon me, | and— | answer | me.
9 Hide not thy face | far— | from me; || put not thy | servant ·· a- | way in | anger.



2 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart | shall not | fear; || though war should rise against me, in | this will | I be | confident.
4 To behold the beauty | of the | Lord, || and to in- | quire— | in his | temple.
6 And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies | round a- | bout me; || therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing; yea, I will sing | prais-es | unto ·· the | Lord.
8 When thou saidst, Seek | ye my | face, || my heart said unto thee, Thy face, | Lord,— | will I | seek.
10 Thou hast | been my | help; || leave me not, neither forsake me, O | God of | my sal- | vation!

No. 16. THE LORD'S PRAYER. (Pater Noster.) UNKNOWN.
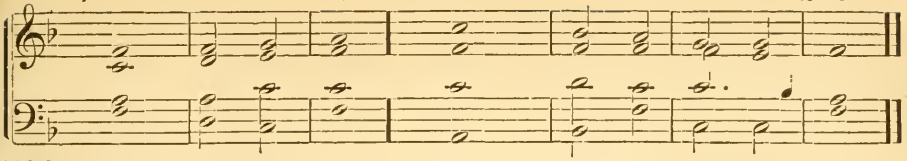


719

Matt. vi. 9–13.

1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come: thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that | trespass ·· a- | gainst— | us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- — | men.

No. 17. GOD BE MERCIFUL. (Deus Misereatur.) RICHARD FARRANT. 1530–1580.
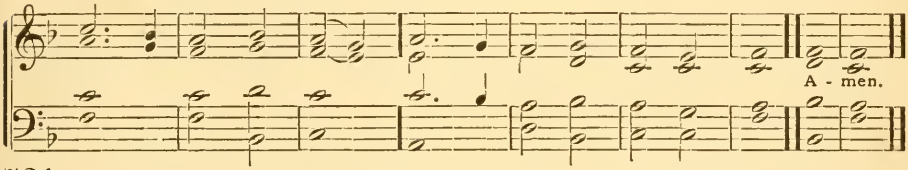


720

Psalm lxvii

1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || and show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci- ·· ful | unto | us.
2 That thy way may be | known up- ·· on | earth; || thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; || for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; || and God, even our own | God, shall | give us ·· his | blessing.
7 God | shall— | bless us; || and all the ends of the | world shall | fear— | him.
8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

No. 18. COME UNTO ME. (Venite Ad Me.) UNKNOWN.

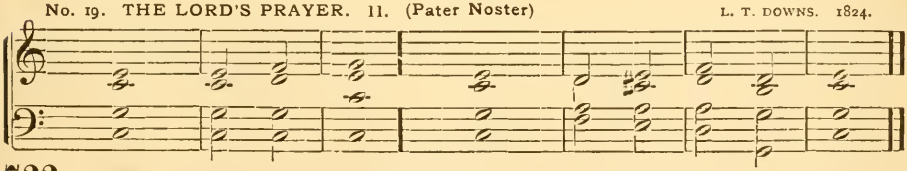


721

Matt. ix. 28–30. *Rev. xxii.* 17,

1 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden, || and | I will | give you | rest.
2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly ·· in | heart; || and ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.
3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden ·· is | light; || for my yoke is easy, | and my | burden ·· is | light.
4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth ·· say | Come. || And let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take the | water ·· of | life— | freely. || A- | men.

No. 19. THE LORD'S PRAYER. 11. (Pater Noster) L. T. DOWNS. 1824.
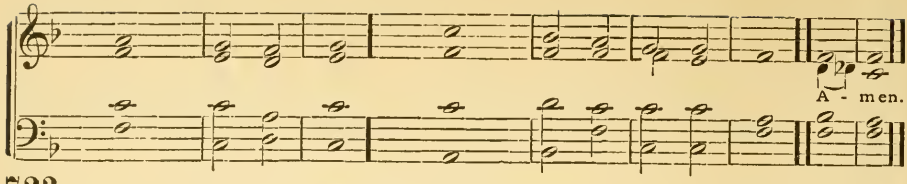


722

Matt. vi. 9–13.

1 Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. || Thy kingdom come: thy will be done on | earth ·· as it | is in | heaven.
2 Give us this day our | daily | bread: || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those who | trespass ·· a- | gainst us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: || for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, ·· for- | ever. A- | men.

No. 20. COME UNTO ME. (Venite Ad Me.) UNKNOWN.



723

Matt. xi, 28–30. Rev. xxii, 17.

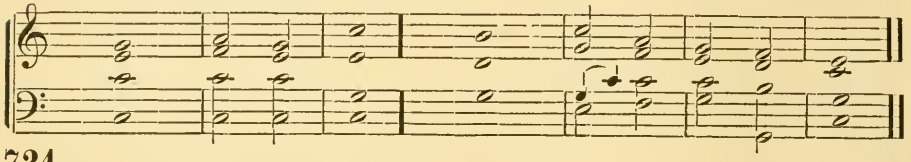
1 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden, || and | I will | give you | rest.

2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly ·· in | heart : || and ye shall find | rest ·· unto | your— | souls.

3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden ·· is | light, || for my yoke is easy, | and my | burden ·· is | light.

4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth ·· say, | Come. || And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the | waters ·· of | life— | freely. | A- | men.

No. 21. WITH TEARFUL EYES. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



724

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1841.
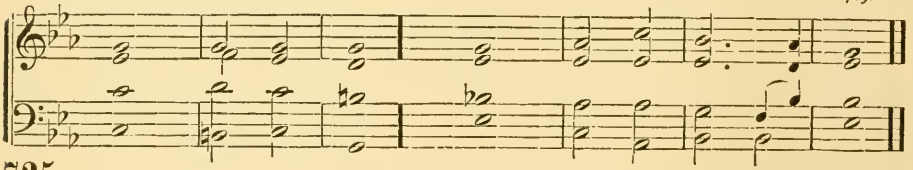
1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | me.

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
O to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me!

3 Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting- | place for | thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy | portion; | Come to | me.

4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

No. 22. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD. DR. WILLIAM FELTON. 1769.
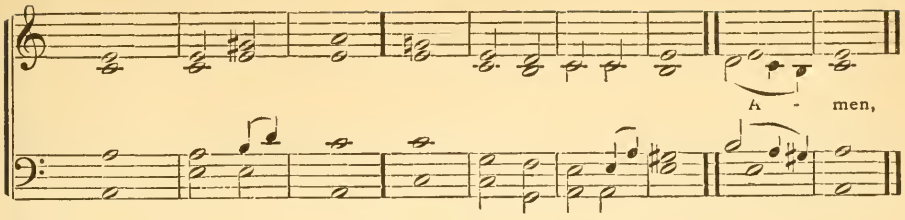


725

Rev. iv. 8–11; v, 12, 13.

1 Holy, holy, holy, | Lord ·· God Al- | mighty! ||
2 Which was, and | is, and | is to | come. ||
3 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and | honor ·· and | power; ||
4 For thou hast created all things; and for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated. ||
5 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain, ||
6 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and | honor, and | glory, and | blessing. ||
7 Blessing, and honor, and | glory, and | power, ||
8 Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the | Lamb for- | ever ·· and | ever.

No. 23. HE WAS DESPISED.

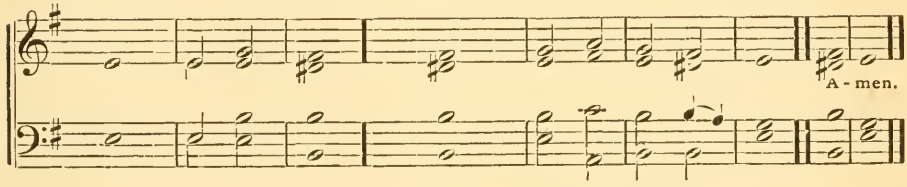


726

Isaiah liii: 3.

1 He is despised and re- | jected ·· of | men; || a man of | sorrows, ·· and ac | quainted ·· with | grief:
2 And we hid as it were our | faces | from him: || he was despised, and | we es- | teemed him | not.
3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and | carried ·· our | sorrows: | yet we did esteem him stricken, | smitten ·· of | God, ·· and af- | flicted.
4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was | bruised for ·· our in- | firmities: || the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his | stripes— | we are | healed.
5 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his | own— | way: || and the Lord hath laid upon | him ·· the in- | iquity ·· of us | all.

No. 24. BURIAL OF THE DEAD.



727

1 Lord, let me know my end, and the number | of ·· my | days: || that I may be certified how | long ·· I | have ·· to | live.
2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a | span ·· = | long: || and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is | al-to- | geth-er | vanity.
3 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth him- | self ·· in | vain: || he heapeth up riches, and can not tell | who ·· shall | gath-er | them.
4 And now, Lord, | what is ·· my | hope: || truly my | hope ·· is | even ·· in | thee.
5 Deliver me from all | mine ·· of- | fenses: || and make me not a re- | buke ·· un- | to ·· the foolish.
6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth | fretting ·· a | garment: || every man | there - fore | is but | vanity.
7 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears con- | sider ·· my | calling: || hold not thy | peace ·· — | at ·· my | tears;
8 For I am a | stranger ·· with | thee: || and a sojourner as | all ·· my | fathers | were.
9 O spare me a little ·· that I may re- | cover ·· my | strength: || before I go hence, | and ·· be | no ·· more | seen.

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Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy,

To the only wise God our Saviour be glory, and Majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me.

Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord: for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting: and let the people say: Amen.

Praise ye the Lord.